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HEMISPHERE DEFENSE

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The Assistant Secretary of War

ON April 9, 1940, Germany occupied Denmark. On that day, the present war jumped the Atlantic Ocean. Greenland is America. Denmark, its erstwhile owner, has lost her sovereignty. Who will rule over Greenland is the business of America.

On May 10, 1940, the German blitzkrieg flashed into the Netherlands. On that day the war was brought within seven hundred miles of the Panama Canal. The Dutch West Indies are in the Western Hemisphere. The swastika now flies over Holland. Who may try to take over these possessions is the concern of the free American Republics.

In the hands of an un-American power, these parcels of New World territory may prove dangerous to the security of the entire twenty-one American Republics. To talk of oceans as formidable barriers against a war three thousand miles away is therefore empty prattle. The guns may not yet be shooting, but reverberations from the shock of battle in Western Europe we feel now in the Americas.

The security of this hemisphere depends on the maintenance of two funda-

mental conditions: first, a Panama Canal open for the transit of the United States fleet; second, an America that denies aggressors operation of bases anywhere in the western world. So long as these requirements are met, the Americas will be safe from a foreign aggressor.

Traditionally, the Navy has always been our first line of defense. It remains so today. But it is a one-ocean Navy, with danger lurking in both the Atlantic and the Pacific. To divide our fleet would court disaster. It is a sound naval doctrine that a second-best Navy is as valueless as a second-best poker hand. We must be able to move it promptly, in its entirety, wherever it may be needed. The importance of the Panama Canal for this purpose becomes obvious.

Within American waters, the United States Navy probably could oppose successfully any single fleet which can now be brought against it. We cannot feel assured, however, that it could deny access to this hemisphere under all conditions. The recent trend of world affairs has disclosed possible naval combinations of greatly superior strength not to be lightly discounted. Years are re-

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quired to effect material increases in naval forces. We can scarcely afford to stake our existence as a free people on a single barrier.

The Atlantic Ocean never has been an insurmountable obstacle. It has been jumped before. In the War of 1812, the British landed troops along Chesapeake Bay because our navy was too small, and marched on to Washington. During the War between the States, the French dropped anchor in Mexican waters and set up a puppet state in that country because we were too busy fighting elsewhere. What has been done before may be done again.

II

As was recently demonstrated in Europe, even vastly superior naval power is not a certain denial of invasion. Warfare has definitely entered the third dimension. To be sure, direct violation of continental America by air is impractical today, whatever it may become tomorrow. The danger lies in the establishment of enemy intermediate bases in such localities as Greenland, Bermuda, the West Indies, and the northern coast of South America to the east; or in Alaska, Hawaii, and similar areas to the west. The complete denial of such bases to an aggressor is beyond the unsupported capacity of the Navy. Recourse must then be had to our Army.

In furtherance of the common objective, the first duty delegated to the Army is the provision of garrisons in our overseas possessions for the protection of our naval installations. This project is nearing completion. The Hawaiian Islands now constitute a real Gibraltar in the Pacific. Recent additions to our garrison in the Panama Canal Zone have rendered it reasonably secure except from land-based air attacks, and we are taking steps that will soon protect us against that contingency. Material increases in our military forces in Puerto Rico have helped to convert the Caribbean Sea into an American lake, thus adding

to the defense of the all-important Canal. An air outpost will soon be developed in Alaska. The objective has been nearly reached, but the accomplishment has absorbed nearly one third of our active military strength.

The second task confronting the Army is the protection of America against raids. In pursuance of this end, the Army and Navy, acting as a team, must deny an aggressor bases from which he can institute an attack on the Canal or against any one of the American Republics. The protective wing thus spread over the Western Hemisphere is by no means entirely altruistic. It is indicated by *stern military necessity*. The establishment of an enemy base anywhere in the Americas is a definite and serious threat against the United States. If we cannot wholly prevent such landings by sea or air, at the very minimum we must be fully prepared to eject the invader promptly.

For this purpose we must have a small, adequately trained, properly armed, highly mobile, seasoned force capable of acting instantly in the event of an emergency. With this requirement in mind, the War Department, with additional funds authorized by the President last September, organized five triangular or streamlined divisions. These units are now equipped with modern material and have undergone a six months' period of intensive field training. As compared to the World War divisions, an actual increase in fire power has been coupled with a decrease of nearly two thirds in personnel. Mobility has been greatly accentuated. The triangular division includes no animals of any kind. All loads are carried or drawn by automotive equipment. Increased appropriations for the new fiscal year will enable the Army to create four more of these modern military teams, or a total of nine compact fighting units. Note, however, that this force will not greatly exceed that employed for the subjugation of Norway.

Another valuable asset is our mechanized cavalry brigade. Its basic arm is the combat car, in effect a light, fast tank. These modern chariots are supplemented by scout cars, lightly armored vehicles, whose mission is to contact the enemy, determine his intentions, and thus pave the way for attack, and by highly mobile artillery to support the effort. Motorized infantry has recently been added to this mechanized brigade. Within a few months we expect to expand this unit into a division. It will be the fastest and hardest-hitting force in our Army. However, it will not match even the mechanized force used by the British in Belgium.

To round out the national-defense team, we must have a highly effective air force. The ability to deny the American skies to all possible aggressors is beyond our immediate capacity. For the world of today, our air power is small indeed. The President's expansion program aims to correct this deficiency, but no matter how we try we must reconcile ourselves to some delay. Appropriations cannot be translated into planes and engines or pilots and mechanics in a month, or even in a year. Planes cannot be bought at the counter. Engines are not available in factories. Pilots cannot be recruited from chauffeurs. Airplane mechanics cannot be picked up in automobile garages. We cannot escape the time factor.

In addition to the Air Corps, we need anti-aircraft in quality and quantity to protect our land forces and installations from air attack. Although our strength in this field is today inadequate, within the next year we can be assured of greatly increased numbers of necessary weapons in this field.

The mass use of combat aviation in other parts of the world is no immediate threat to America. No aggressor can now operate against the Americas in great numbers. Before he could do so in the near future he would have to acquire bases on this hemisphere. To deny

him such steppingstones is the foundation of hemisphere defense; and to do so successfully we dare not depend on air power alone, particularly since it is not now obtainable; nor upon passive anti-aircraft defense, for the production of anti-aircraft artillery is another of our narrow bottlenecks; nor upon either of them alone, even if fully available. Successful defense is a team effort consisting of a compact, properly balanced force of all arms of all services, for land, air, and sea warfare.

III

Another problem confronting the War Department is the provision of a basic force which can be expanded to meet the full needs of a grave emergency. As already indicated, our primary M-day force is our Regular Army. It must be kept in a continual state of readiness. The supplementary M-day force is the National Guard. Its units are now receiving modern equipment in quantity, but it will be many months before the project is completed. Next August, National Guard organizations throughout the country will engage in intensive field exercises in conjunction with the Regular Army triangular divisions. The total number of men involved will exceed three hundred thousand. Twenty-one days will be utilized for this purpose instead of the usual fourteen.

We should not forget, however, that this is the first occasion in our peacetime history that such extensive field training has been undertaken. We should not expect seasoned, experienced soldiers from a three-week period in the field, but we should get more satisfactory results than we had in the past. What in the last five years have been known as military manœuvres were in fact little more than troop assemblies. The National Guard has been termed 'Minute Men.' If rushed into campaign conditions without adequate equipment or additional training to crush a stalwart foe, they might not last very much

longer. The Dutch commander-in-chief recently said of his citizen soldiers: 'They held on bravely against an overwhelming foe, but they were not equal to modern weapons.' We must assure ourselves without delay that these words will never apply to us.

The Officers' Reserve Corps constitutes a reservoir of about one hundred thousand commissioned personnel who have received a considerable amount of training. These patriotic individuals, who have so generously contributed of their time, will meet the increased need for officers to man our wartime expansion. In many cases their military knowledge is largely confined to theory. Comparatively few have had any extended active service with troops. Many of them will be given the opportunity to take part in the manoeuvres this summer. A greatly increased number will soon be offered active service for a period of six months in connection with scheduled increases in the Regular Army. And yet the majority will entirely lack troop experience. Leadership and technique cannot be acquired solely from the careful perusal of books.

The most serious of our national-defense problems lies in the procurement of munitions. We must assure ourselves that the Regular Army and the National Guard, our Initial Protective Force, can take the field at a moment's notice, properly armed and equipped. We must meet their requirements in munitions so that they will not later be overpowered because of lack of supplies and equipment. We must be prepared to meet the needs of wartime augmentations to our armed forces. In short, we must provide emergency equipment for five hundred thousand men, their maintenance in the field, and the prompt supply of an expanding wartime army of not less than one million men. This project, in all its ramifications, is known as the Protective Mobilization Plan.

To accomplish this end, we not only must provide the existing force with a

complete supply of modern arms and equipment, but must accumulate without delay a war-reserve stock of items not immediately available from commercial sources on the outbreak of war. If a million men are to spring to arms overnight, the arms must be on hand for them to 'spring to.' Because munitions are quickly expended when guns begin to shoot, it is necessary that there be enough on hand to tide over the early months of battle. In simple terms, an adequate war-reserve stock for our country should include enough munitions to maintain a force of one million men for a period of at least six months.

This equipment we do not have. Given sufficient time, the appropriations recently made by Congress will eventually provide the more critical portions of this material. But military arms and equipment cannot be bought in the open market. We have enough money to buy anything that is for sale, but munitions are not available in a warehouse. We have the capacity to build them, but we cannot do that in a hurry. Weeks, months, and in most cases a year or two may elapse before we can get all the military equipment we need.

IV

The service of supply has assumed a rôle in the warfare of today at least co-equal with that of the combatant forces. Nations have learned that, in general, it takes twice as long to manufacture, assemble, distribute, and issue to the soldier his equipment as it does to make him a well-trained and proficient fighting man. It takes time to produce tanks, artillery, gas masks, and other munitions for which no counterpart can be found in ordinary civilian production.

The question naturally arises as to why our Army is still threadbare in view of the military appropriations made during recent years. Under our budgeting system, funds are allocated by law for specific purposes. During the past ten

years, a total of only about one quarter of a billion dollars has been allotted to the purchase of new equipment. Including replacement of worn-out items and modernization of armament left over from the World War, the total amount applied to equipment has been only about five hundred million dollars. Nearly half of this sum was not made available until July 1, 1939. Modern armies cannot be created with such limited funds.

The amount appropriated for all military purposes since 1930 totals slightly more than four and one-half billion dollars. Approximately one half of this amount has been devoted to the pay of personnel. The American soldier receives a minimum of twenty-one dollars a month. According to wage standards in this country, surely seventy cents a day is not excessive. Yet in comparison with other armies of the world this constitutes very high recompense. One European government pays its soldiers sixty-five cents a month. Food, clothing, training, shelter, maintenance, repair, and similar items account for the remainder of military expenditures in our Army.

In 1939 this nation expended approximately 10 per cent of its total income on national defense. Only two important nations in the world, New Zealand and South Africa, have spent proportionally smaller amounts. In 1922 we voluntarily abandoned armed security in naïve confidence that a cynical world would emulate our example. Since then, the premium on our national-defense policy was not paid. Now we must make up the deficits with compound-interest charges attached.

This program, of course, will cost money, and, based on our own standards, more than any previous military expansion. It must be remembered, however, that compared to other countries we have only begun to build up our sinews of men and supplies. What is an appropriation of approximately

two billion dollars to our American economy, which is running above seventy billion dollars today? Contrast it, for instance, with what Germany is spending on her munitions. It is estimated that, before 1939, 80 per cent of her forty-billion-dollar economy went into the production of munitions. Since then she has added the munitions of Czechoslovakia, Poland, Holland, Belgium, and their arsenals and their productive facilities, including such extensive works as the Skoda in Czechoslovakia.

Preparedness is the most important challenge to America today. We must achieve it at whatever cost is necessary. Extensive as our program may be today, it might become but a drop in the bucket compared with what we may have to pay if we do not utilize our brains, our energy, and our resources toward getting ready now.

Our bottleneck is not money but time — time to convert money into guns and ammunition; time to erect factories and build airplanes; time to train and develop skilled labor and efficient management in the art of munitions manufacture; time to do those things which we have so long neglected. If we do not meet this challenge, we may not only have to pay the defaulted premiums on our national insurance, but have to face the loss of the policy as well.

V

To equip our Army, we need seventy thousand different items. The vast majority of them are commercial in character and are easily obtainable in the open market. There are, however, about thirty-seven hundred of them that present special problems.

Of these thirty-seven hundred, twenty-five hundred are in ordinary commercial use, but the demands for them in quantity in time of war might become so great as to impose a severe burden on industry. To avoid this contingency, thousands of manufacturing plants have

been surveyed and production schedules worked out that will take care of our full needs.

The last group of twelve hundred articles presents a more critical problem. It includes items not in ordinary use. For many there are no commercial demands. These are the munitions that are critical in building for national defense, and of which we must accumulate an adequate reserve.

For the production of these items we cannot depend on our government arsenals alone, since they were intended to be little more than experimental laboratories. For years they have operated on a restricted basis with antiquated facilities and reduced personnel. Their activities have consisted principally of the maintenance and repair of left-overs from the World War. Their equipment is being rapidly replaced and their capacity enlarged. They will soon be producing at accelerated rates, but at best they can satisfy little more than 10 per cent of our war needs. For the bulk of our munitions we must therefore turn to private industry.

We have no Krupp, Schneider, no Vickers in America; no munitions industry comparable to those abroad engaged almost wholly, in time of peace, in the production of implements of war. We must, therefore, rely on the conversion of our civilian plants into munitions factories. It is obvious that an industry geared to an economy of peace cannot be converted to war production overnight.

Recently we have placed educational orders with a number of plants, enabling them to obtain manufacturing experience on a limited scale. What is even more important, a small number of machine tools have been secured and production studies made. When quantity production became necessary last fall, dividends in both time and money savings accrued to the government. Unfortunately, educational orders could be extended to only six companies last year, hence the cumulative benefit is meagre

today. This year, increased funds have resulted in one hundred and fifteen orders. Within the next few months we expect to fortify our munitions front in this manner with an even greater number of firms.

Current educational orders are of great importance in assuring a revival of the munitions art in our industrial structure, but they do not furnish the arms and equipment needed today. For this purpose we must discover facilities capable of manufacturing the required items with as little modification of existing methods as is feasible. Each day saved goes on the credit side of the master ledger under the heading of time.

In the solution of our munitions problems, industry will be accorded every possible assistance by the government. Private business will not be expected to modify its equipment or expand its facilities without financial assistance. The demand is periodic and may be of short duration. Major capital investments cannot be made in projects of this nature without entailing the probability of serious losses. Therefore the government will make available funds to assist in the conversion or expansion of plants and the erection of such new installations as are found to be necessary.

We must move fast. How to get up speed is largely a matter for the industry itself to work out, but the government, too, is eager and ready to co-operate. Yes, it will take more machinery, more floor space, more skilled and semi-skilled workers, but it will also take greater freedom in the negotiation of contracts between the armed forces and industry and more flexibility in the expenditure of funds. In the latter essentials toward speed-up, the government itself must lead the way. The War Department will do all in its power to simplify and accelerate procurement procedure.

The chief impetus to speed up must come from the continuous use of the tools and machinery already available in our

factories. There are limits to the endurance of human beings, but machines do not wear out readily. We must prepare to put on two shifts and even three shifts a day to the full twenty-four-hour maximum, and seven days a week, three hundred and sixty-five days a year.

VI

The War Department is exerting every effort to expedite production of these items so essential to national defense. In 1917-1918, we managed to shift into high gear on the munitions front in about twelve months, but only with the aid of a previous three-year period of extensive Allied armament purchases from our industries. During the past ten months comparatively few such purchases have been made in this country. A generation ago we had a large munitions industry; today we have practically none. Even with our best efforts, we cannot hope, under existing conditions, to match our former achievement. Our industrial plants can produce any article we require, but they cannot put 'time' on the assembly line.

Hemisphere defense today must consider not only men, bases, and armament, but also a new technique of war which does not necessarily depend on the crossing of oceans by hostile ships, planes, or transports. Air bases are not the only foothold we must deny a would-be aggressor. There have been significant victories during the present war on land, on sea, and in the air by force of arms, but there also have been considerable contributions by the fifth column, the Trojan horse of modern combat.

The greatest danger to the Panama Canal is not in military force from the land, the sea, or the air. It lies in sabotage from within. A vessel might be

blown up in the gates. Time bombs might be dropped in the locks. Dams might be blown up or other vital installations damaged or destroyed. Steps have been taken to minimize or nullify efforts along this line, but the possibility of such action cannot be completely denied. As an additional precaution and to provide greater facilities in the Canal, the construction of another set of locks has been authorized. However, under present plans, they will not be ready for use for five or six years. Again, the persistent factor of time!

In the stables of the twenty-one American Republics there must be no stalls reserved for Trojan horses. On our American picket line there can be no room for these instruments of disruption and revolution. They do not advertise their presence. Their operations are insidious. Industrial dissatisfaction is fostered, essential machines fail, products contain hidden defects, fires or explosions occur, all presumably in the normal course of events. It is only by their undue frequency that we mark the work of the fifth column.

These hidden enemies do not confine their sabotage to the industrial front. Their disruptive efforts reach far beyond this limited objective. They extend to the spreading of confusion and discord throughout our entire national life. Their aim is to undermine our free institutions, ensure disunity of effort, and prevent effective resistance to the eventual lightning attack. We must be on the alert for manifestations of this Trojan-horse technique, not only in the United States but throughout the Western Hemisphere.

The fate of civilization may rest on the defense of the Western Hemisphere. That responsibility has been entrusted to the American people. We must not fail.

SHOULD TIGERS HAVE WINGS?

BY GEORGE DE ALTOVITTI

EARLY last fall I was talking with a number of Harvard students, trying to show the terrific changes the war might bring, the implicit danger to this country. After I had spoken, they put their heads together. Finally one of them came up to me. 'Sir,' he said, 'we think you are nuts.'

Then they offered me drinks. . . .

That word roused an echo in my mind. I remembered. Another round of drinks, two years before, and the time-honored plush seats of the Café des Deux Magots in Paris. Opposite was a young Nazi chieftain, very much the snappy youth-leader type, but with gentle eyes, and a mellow South-German accent which linked him with the past for me. He was gripping the table with both hands in a last effort to persuade.

'Look here — don't be pigheaded. Try to understand. If you have the feel of history, you must understand. *They* haven't got a chance. Way back in '36, I told you: "Give us five years, and Europe is ours without a struggle." You see how fast events have been moving. It's only '37 and they seem to be rushing into their coffins. Listen: I am not joking. Don't go to America. The future is here.

'Of course,' he continued, 'I don't mean that France wouldn't stand up to us, but these are not the days of Valmy. It takes time and method and a huge industrial setup. It takes a clear idea that war is worth waging, and the fire of creative imagination. You must believe in war to make it pay. Mark my words —

that Maginot Line will be their undoing. It has drugged their imagination. . . .

'The French are attached to a lot of things — so-called civilized life, power, enjoyment, economic exploitation — so their soul is divided, their feelings are contradictory. Look at the Front Populaire and the two-Sunday week. They can unite only in detesting us. That's not enough. When they think, it's in terms of possessions. When they doubt, they fall back on the power of Gold, on the Russian Steamroller. As to the English, it's easier still. They don't think at all. I tell you, that outfit is wide open to intelligent attack.

'I know, I know. Don't tell me. I know — they could crush us by their sheer weight, if they only rolled over now. But they won't. That's safe. As for America, she is going to stay out this time.'

He took a drink. 'Americans,' he said, 'are still waiting for their unpaid debts. They are wise. All they want is business. Why should they go in? I'll tell you about America. I've been there. There is a clique who think in terms of manifest destiny and so on, and who wait for the time to pick up the reins of the British Empire. Did you see Hull, the old gentleman from Tennessee? I did — quite an impressive man. I suppose it must be the Bible Belt and so on — you feel a lot of tradition there. A quiet, ruthless imperialist. That kind of man is a world danger.'

'Now look here, Werner,' I said, 'first you admit America is threatened,

then you gripe about Hull. I've had enough of that stuff. Leave it to the Party.'

He laughed.

'Right, I'm caught. It's just the professional kink. I'll try to think *en désahillé*. . . . But damn your niceties. Who destroyed those words anyhow — we or they? People talked of justice, but all that came was unemployment and class warfare. They talked of Europe, but Versailles only bred more nations, with all their senseless privileges. They talked of federation, but all they could bring about was the League. Now we drive our wedges into every crack. We turn all of their weaknesses to our profit. We dissolve all that is inconsistent. There's precious little of anything else in the world, you'll admit.'

'I've known you boys for a long while,' I said. 'I guess you are the Antichrist, if you don't mind my saying it.'

'Or call it the Black Death. It's all right with me. Do you think we could dissolve any kind of Christianity that was still whole? We, and we only, matured the crisis of Western conscience. We bore the cross of thought, we suffered all the evils of the world in our defeat, we went through the solutions from Christianity to rationalism. Now, we come as the judgment and the vengeance.'

'What I'm troubled about most,' I said, 'is the children that are going to grow up under you.'

He looked disturbed.

'You know,' he said slowly, 'I've wondered about it myself. . . . Caligula. . . . But anyhow,' — he warmed up again, — 'what are you trying to save? It's all tied up in one. It's bound for destruction. If we don't do it, it'll be Russia.'

'The other boys just can't get anywhere. They are inane. Their mind stops short all the time. They once used to say, "War doesn't pay." Now they trust the Force of Things or the Moral Law, or what not. When we get Central

Europe, they'll say that it's all right — that we can't hold it against its nationalities. See how it goes? They expect the Ideal of Liberty to deliver the goods.

'What is the use of technology then? Do they think that man has harnessed the thunderbolt and the atom just to promote the sale of chewing gum? He who has enough imagination to organize those forces in a system of power and production to their own scale will be master of the globe for centuries to come. I think it's only fair. England had the jump on us, for her financial empire: whichever way we tried to turn, we were held down by the strangle hold of usury. Now those idiots are thinking we want their bankbooks, so they try to settle on a fifty-fifty basis. But I tell you we have found our way to the monopoly of power, and, once the scales have tilted, woe to him who does not adjust. Peoples will forget the empty abstract words. The masses will turn back to bread and peace, the rulers go forward to actual freedom — creativeness and power. That's the way to a great feudalism.'

'If you were twenty million more, you might get away with it,' I said.

'But we can do it! If we win the decisive battle — or if we corner them — there will be armies no more. France and Britain and Russia shall be thoroughly purged, their heavy industries scrapped, their economy reorganized. No man to carry a knife more than two inches long. Flying fields every hundred miles, held by mechanized German garrisons, and dive bombers to deal with the least spot of trouble. Two hundred thousand men could hold all Europe that way forever. There are peace and disarmament for you. Besides, we know how to think biologically. The subject nations shan't be allowed to breed too much, or to develop unwelcome strains. Shift 'em around. Don't you think we can swing it?'

'I am thinking,' I said, 'of a Chinese proverb: "If God had given wings to tigers, there would be no escape."''

'Hm — well, anyhow, you'll admit that someone's got to come up with faith enough to unify the opposition if we're to be stopped!'

'How about America?'

'America? Well, I don't know. Most of our boys aren't interested. One mustn't lay down a too definite course. It isn't good historical thinking. The only thing is to stick to our logic of action and follow it wherever it leads. Some of the boys think of paralyzing America right away before she has time to make trouble. But I wouldn't be for it. One thing is clear: that he who controls Europe controls the world; and we must draw the full implications. It's an axiom that every source of power you neglect turns against you; remember that Rome fell because she had omitted to subdue the powers of the North and Near East. Caesar had seen it, when he wanted to draw the boundary at the Vistula.

'So you see, it's quite obvious America must be integrated. But I say, take it easy. In a few years' time we'll still find the American business man about where Chamberlain is today. America is tied up in confusion. They talk the big words, but what they're after is two cars in every garage. Their minds and souls are at odds — it's like a super-charged airplane engine mounted on a buggy cart. Several million Nordics there, too. If we start driving wedges, it will go like ice under the pick. We have borrowed from them all that was useful, just as we borrowed from Russia the Marxist tactics and the contempt for money-power. We know how to use the assembly line, the advertising campaign, the Fuller Brush technique, but we also know what we want out of that and they don't. Look — they are on the skids, *and* they know it. They vote themselves into Neutrality Acts like the booze fiend trying to lock up his gin. Call *that* a nation! Why, what they need is recolonizing. Actually the Middle West is ours already in structure; it

needs only a soul. The Southerner has always been a Fascist to his Negroes. From Europe, once we have it, we can disorganize their system of prosperity, set racial and sectional interests against each other, and stampede them into the arms of adventurers. See how much anti-Semitism there is there now. We'll hit the farmers with our barriers, the industrials with our prices, shove their markets around, and have them by the ears. Then, also, there are the pacifists, and the students, and the Rich, and all the Odd Groups. . . .

'Our best asset,' he went on, 'is, of course, the army of the unemployed everywhere — they can't help being our allies. But in America we have also the smart-aleck intellectuals; we need only humor them along with their talk on "confused issues." We can comfort the old ladies into believing that only the Church can help, and business men into thinking that sound business is the key to the future. We just prod them in the right spot, and pop they go. I guarantee you, they'll rush for our persuasion like mad sheep. Reason always comes around to us — in the end. Come on, this is the Civil War of the West that begins. We are specialists. Look at Spain.'

'Fine,' I said. 'Just look at it.'

'We laid the foundations long ago. You can't teach the average American to love us, but you can persuade him that Europe is a dirty mess. Hands off — that's the first step. Besides, it's an idea that appeals to the plebeian mind, always in search of something it can despise with profit. — By the way,' he added irrelevantly, 'you know, if there is a war, I go as a pilot. *Sturzkampf*.'

'Here's to you,' I said.

'Deception should be used sparingly, like salt, and only when they themselves beg you to. You see that we have been announcing our program quite openly. It's the best way not to be believed, even if things happen. It always works with the people. That's why I say we are

Fate. You try to tell them: they'll call you nuts. Or worse. Somehow, we keep the plebeians on the run after Marxist theories or Legion parades, we seem to convey reason to the practical, skepticism to the flat-footed, Monroe Doctrines all around. Whoever thinks in terms of limited interests will be our stooge. Whoever believes in profits will be our slave. Just naturally.

'And when it comes to action, you know our technique: the other fellow tries to outsmart us on his own with inadequate means; he manoeuvres himself into a false position; then comes surrender with dishonor. Down go the pillars of the temple. We worked that on our industrialists, the Thyssens and Hugenbergs. Then on the Gentlemen. Watch for old Neville next. It's a natural, like the perfect rhyme at the end of the perfect sonnet. In the end, Americans will go berserk on spy scares and witch hunts. Jump at the sound of their own voices. We only work from a distance, by prestige and fear: everyone becomes cagey; words all mixed up — no hold, no front anywhere, our surprises coming on *tempo rubato*. Talk of Europe. Europe is grand. Oh, boy!' He grinned.

'You're getting balled up,' I said. 'It's not that we are better, but that America is in a more tragic situation. I should say Americans try to keep their faith in abstract principle while they are snowed under by things — just loose things. Even the average feel by now some evil magic in their economic paradoxes. And they try desperately to remain individuals in a world of mass production, where the very meaning of personality becomes more and more vague, and one might say that's why they talk about it all the time — to keep it alive. To be really an individual in America, you've got, by now, to be either a hero or a wonder. How can you blame them? They try to cling to high ideals and at the same time to think things through, but men's minds

don't hold out against crazy problems on the modern scale. The poor mind gives way.'

'That's what I say. It gave way with us. Do you think I don't realize what we have become? Do you think when I read *Mein Kampf* . . . I do sometimes wonder whether we are not one vast hoax — but then I suppose it is the squeeze of modern times. Masses. We have to go through *that* barbarism to come out on the other side. . . . Americans are just up against Fate. Or maybe Change, if they can master it. Now, if they were a nation of Jeffersons and Ethan Allens, we couldn't do much. I guess they'd have come over before now and beat the hell out of us in Spain. Didn't they do something like that in Tripoli? That's how it goes.

'By now, France is the tougher problem. First, because it is a real democracy, and a damn individualistic one — and then because, as an empire, it is a federation of peoples. In a way. — No. The more I think of it, America is an easy job.'

He became thoughtful. 'It's their very capacity for trusting and admiring — why, they worship even their business men! Now there are so many people in a country who are really ours before knowing it. It's as if the future had a way of hatching in men without their guessing it. Then things suddenly start going, like a sand castle in the rising tide. Wait until they realize they've missed the boat for good. And when they see some of them, "the loveliest and the best," a man here and a man there, unexpectedly giving way — why, then they'll be *very* bewildered. — But what's on your mind again?'

'I was thinking,' I said, 'that by the time you people are through you'll be the nearest thing to Satan I can think of.'

He mused a bit.

'Maybe so. Maybe you're right. But isn't it a risk worth taking, for the sake of Germany? . . .'

PAYING FOR ARMAMENTS

BY SUMNER H. SLICHTER

THE size and nature of the expansion of our armaments still remain a mystery. If the American people desire a two-ocean navy and an air force large enough to give real protection to the entire Western Hemisphere, the original cost may possibly be 10 billion dollars. Certainly the 2.5 billion dollar armament appropriations, recently requested by the President in addition to the regular budget estimates, would be only a small part of the initial expense. Germany is estimated to have spent 6 billion dollars on armaments in 1938 alone.

If the program of armament expansion is to serve its purpose, most of the expenditures must be made within the next two years or less. During the last several years the receipts of the Federal Government have been about 6 billion a year and the expenditures about 9 billion. An increase of 3 billion on armaments in the next year would raise expenditures to 12 billion and thus double the federal deficit. If, in the following year, expenditures on armaments were raised by another 2 billion, the deficit for that year would become 8 billion — almost as much as the entire present expenditures of the government! In addition, the annual expense of maintaining the expanded navy, army, and air force is likely to be over 3 billion — a sum about as large as the entire budget of the Federal Government in 1929.

How can these immense increases in expenses be met, and what repercussions will they have on the industries of the country and our standard of living?

With 9 million unemployed out of 55 million would-be gainfully employed, and with many others employed only part time, it ought to be possible, in theory at least, to produce the needed armaments and to maintain them out of the existing idle capacity of industry.

Two million of the 9 million unemployed represent the irreducible minimum of seasonal unemployment. Hence, the real amount of slack in the labor force is about 7 million, plus some part-time unemployment. Furthermore, the 7 million unemployed are undoubtedly below the average in native ability. Nevertheless, it seems certain that they, together with the part-time employed, could increase the national output by about 12 per cent, or little better than 8 billion dollars. In addition, there are at least 2 million people in agriculture (and probably more) who could be shifted into industry with no effect more serious than a reduction in some of the agricultural surpluses that are putting the Federal Government to considerable expense. Such a shift would add over 2 billion dollars to non-agricultural output. An annual increase of 10 billion or more in non-agricultural production ought to make it easy to achieve a stupendous expansion of armaments without lowering our existing standard of living.

Unfortunately there are formidable practical obstacles in the path of achieving this theoretical ideal. Most obvious of all is the fact that few of the 9 million unemployed are skilled men. Hence, in

order to obtain the skilled men needed for a large and quick increase in armaments and in the machines and plants with which to produce armaments, it will be necessary to shift skilled men from their present work, thereby reducing the output of goods for current consumption. It is not ordinarily realized how acute is the shortage of skilled men in the country. In 1930, there were about 5.9 million skilled workers in various trades. Of these about 1.2 million have died or retired, and at least 400,000, and possibly more, have been promoted to supervisory positions or have left the trade. No one knows what proportion of these losses have been replaced, but probably not more than half. This indicates that the country has at least 800,000 fewer men now in the skilled crafts than in 1930. In the meantime, the number of would-be workers has increased by 6 million. At least half a million new skilled workers need to be developed without delay, exclusive of those needed in the army and navy. Incidentally, there is little foundation in fact for the popular superstition that the lack of skilled men is due to the opposition of unions. On the contrary, it is due to the shocking failure of American employers to give boys a chance to learn trades.

But the lack of skilled workers is not all. The country also lacks plant. Even if demand were to expand solely along traditional peacetime lines, there would not be enough plant and equipment for all of the 6 million persons who have been added to the would-be gainfully employed since 1930. The reason is that during the last decade expenditures on plant and equipment have been extremely low. The shortage of plant and equipment becomes more acute when the increase in demand does not assume traditional forms but is concentrated in new directions, on such things as ships, airplanes, machine tools, guns, and tanks. If industrial production were further expanded by moving 2 million agricultural workers into industry,

the shortage of plant and equipment would be still greater. To some extent shortages of plant can be met by operating two or three shifts, but the possibilities of doing this are limited. If we desire large quantities of airplanes, guns, tanks, and ships in a hurry, we shall have to get part of them by temporarily reducing our consumption of certain things, particularly automobiles.

The problem of getting a large and sudden increase in armaments is only partly a problem of training men and building plants. It is also a financial problem. How shall we pay for 10 billion dollars' worth of armaments in two or three years? The money might be raised in ways which produce a great contraction in production and employment and which add to our idle resources, or it might be raised in ways which stimulate employment and production. Hence, whether larger armaments are produced by reducing existing standards of living, or by putting idle men to work and increasing our plant, will depend in part upon how the program is financed.

To pay for the initial increase in armaments solely out of taxes is clearly undesirable. Suppose, for example, that the government were to increase its expenditures for armaments in the coming fiscal year by 3 billion, and in the following year by 5 billion. These are huge sums, but they are smaller than would be needed for a two-ocean navy and an air force only half as large as the 50,000 planes the President suggested.

One reason for not financing this large expenditure solely by taxes is that the entire cost would then fall upon the existing standard of living. New taxes of 3 billion would mean that the government would have that much more to spend and the people that much less. Certainly, in so far as our supply of skilled men, plant, and equipment permits, we should produce armaments by expanding production, not by reducing present living standards. But this is not

all. The sudden imposition of 3 billion dollars of taxes this year, by its effect upon the sales and profits of many industries, would produce a contraction of business spending, and hence in consumers' incomes, of considerably more than 3 billion. Consequently an attempt to pay for a large increase in armaments solely by taxes would reduce the standard of living of the country by far more than the expenditures on armaments.

Nevertheless, some increase in taxes for armaments is desirable. One reason is that our limited supply of skilled labor and our deficiencies of plant make it necessary to reduce the existing living standards moderately in order to get armaments in a hurry. Another reason is that a large deficit increase created by expenditures for assets of very short life (such as armaments) would be dangerously disturbing to business unless accompanied by some provision for meeting the cost of eventually replacing these assets. Congress, therefore, was right in proposing an immediate increase in taxes of about a billion dollars a year.

To the extent of perhaps one to one and a half billion a year, it ought to be possible to pay for armaments through economies in the government. The opportunities for such economies are enormous. In the last six years, for example, the government has spent over a billion dollars for 2200 million ounces of silver which are virtually useless to us. Certainly we can no longer afford this sort of nonsense. At least 400 million dollars a year might be saved by curtailing public works which have little real importance. Expenditures for public works increased from 472 million in 1933 to 1229 million in 1939. Another 200 million a year could be saved by the elimination of unnecessary personnel. The civilian personnel of the Federal Government has nearly doubled in the last ten years — in 1929 it averaged about 559,000, and in December 1939 it was 988,000. On the present scale of operations of the government, a 10 per cent saving in payrolls

would yield about 200 million dollars a year, and it could be made with a gain, not a loss, in efficiency. If the armament program is planned so as to increase employment, a reduction in relief expenditures would be possible. This, however, could occur only gradually. Furthermore, it must be remembered that the sifting of the unemployed which has been going on for six or seven years has concentrated a large part of the least employable in the WPA. Hence, an eventual reduction of expenditures for this agency to 500 million is all that can be expected. All in all, the possibilities for economies in the present operations of the government range from a billion to a billion and a half a year.

Suppose that additional taxes of a billion a year were levied and that economies of another billion were achieved. These would still fall far short of the needs of an armament program of 3 billion for the fiscal year of 1941, and 5 billion for 1942. Obviously a large increase in the deficit is inevitable.

This increase has both a bad and a good side. Its bad side is that (1) it discourages long-term investment, and (2) it may create a dangerous increase in demand deposits. The discouraging effect of a large and persistent deficit upon long-term commitments by business has been a matter of observation during the last five or six years. Deficits raise the level of current operations in the industries where government purchasing occurs, and this obvious fact has led to the conclusion that a deficit is always stimulating. But this is not true. When the deficit is large and persistent, as ours has been, business men conclude that large new taxes will be necessary to balance the budget. No one can predict what these will be or how they will affect particular lines of business. Consequently the direct stimulus of the deficit to current business is offset by its effect in discouraging long-term commitments.

A large increase in the deficit for the purpose of buying armaments which will

last only a few years makes the balancing of the budget more remote than ever and the eventual levying of large new taxes more imperative than ever. To prevent enterprise from being discouraged by uncertainty over the nature of new taxes, provision should be made at once for taxes sufficient to pay for the new armaments before they have become obsolete and must be replaced. Up to this moment the public has no information concerning the probable life of the new equipment and, therefore, its annual replacement cost. The taxes of a billion a year which Congress is about to impose will be more than sufficient to meet the annual replacement cost of the armaments that will be purchased in the fiscal year just beginning. Additional taxes, however, will be necessary to cover the replacement cost of armaments to be purchased in the following year. The sooner the nature of these taxes is known, the better.

During the last six or seven years demand deposits have nearly doubled, and they are now about 20 per cent above the level of 1929. Were they to circulate at a normal rate, they would create a speculative boom of great intensity. There would be a sharp rise in prices, a great volume of speculative buying, and ultimately a severe collapse. It is desirable, therefore, that the deficit made necessary by armament expansion be financed in so far as possible without adding to the dangerously large volume of demand deposits. This means that it should be financed with the minimum expansion of bank credit. It ought to be possible to avoid a large expansion of bank credit because of the abundance of idle funds. As production expands and generates more income, current savings will increase. Part of the savings made possible by the rise of incomes should go into financing the deficit. It would be particularly desirable for wage earners and small business men to put into government savings bonds a considerable part of increased incomes which they

derive from the expansion of armaments.

The good side of a deficit is that it makes possible an increase in expenditures and hence permits us to produce armaments to some extent by increasing the output of industry rather than by reducing living standards. At least a deficit will do this provided it is financed, not by saving more out of *present* incomes, but by drawing on idle funds or by saving more out of the increased incomes generated by the expansion of production.

The conclusion which follows from this analysis is that the original cost of armaments should be financed in three ways — by taxes, by economies, and by deficit. The proportions will depend upon how fast we wish to get armaments and how rapidly we are able and willing to increase the number of skilled men and to add to the capacity of our plant. To the extent that we must curtail current consumption because we wish armaments in a hurry and because we lack enough skilled men and plant to produce them without reducing current consumption, armaments should be financed by taxes and economies. On the other hand, to the extent that armaments could be produced by utilizing idle capacity, we should finance them by a deficit — subject to the qualification that a deficit is most effective in stimulating business when accompanied by sufficient taxes to remove uncertainty as to how the budget will eventually be balanced.

The expansion of armaments presents long-run problems as well as temporary ones. The cost to maintain a two-ocean navy and an air force sufficient to defend this hemisphere would depend, among other things, upon the magnitude of the forces against which defense must be provided, but the cost of 3 billion dollars a year, suggested above, is certainly not excessive. Since this is 2 billion more than we have been spending on the army and navy, and since the deficit in recent years has been running over 3 billion a year, the government may eventually

have to find over 5 billion in order to keep its budget in balance.

It has been suggested that perhaps one to one and a half billion might be found through economies. An increase in the national income to 80 billion would raise the yield of present taxes from about 6 billion to 8 billion. That would still leave 2 to 2.5 billion to be obtained. The only place that it can come from in the long run will be taxes. Obviously an enormous military and naval establishment will confront us with a tax problem far greater than we have ever faced in our history.

The need for additional revenue in enormous volume plainly requires a broad and careful reconstruction of the tax system of the country. It ought to be possible for the government to take a considerably larger part of the national income with even less discouragement to enterprise than is produced by existing taxes, because these taxes have been designed, not to avoid discouraging enterprise and employment, but to avoid arousing the voters. Our taxes weigh too heavily upon the people with very small and very large incomes and upon corporate profits, and too lightly upon persons in the middle income brackets.

Revision of the tax system for the purpose of getting far more revenue with less discouragement to enterprise will severely test the capacity of our democracy to manage its affairs. If the change is to be accomplished with a reasonable degree of success, Congress should authorize the appointment of a national tax commission selected from the ablest men in public and private life to study the problem and to recommend the best ways of providing the government with more revenue and of reducing the tax deterrents to employment and enterprise.

The government's need for more income requires that the government do a far better job of encouraging private investment, because the yield of any given system of taxes depends upon the volume of investment. In recent years a dollar

of consumer income has had less than half the power to evoke an increase in private investment that it had in the twenties. The government's need for funds requires that it do all in its power to raise the capacity of consumer income to stimulate an increase in investment.

A final word should be said about the relation of hours of labor to the armament problem. In view of the shortages of many types of skilled labor, would it not be desirable to amend the Walsh-Healey Act and the Fair Labor Standards Act to make penalty overtime begin, for a limited period (say two years), at forty-eight hours instead of forty or forty-two, and to make the penalty rate time and a quarter instead of time and a half? Mr. Roosevelt seems to oppose this. But the question will bear more careful scrutiny than Mr. Roosevelt seems to have given it. There are 15 million workers subject to the Fair Labor Standards Act — about one third of the persons now actually employed. This is their country no less than anyone else's. Their security is at stake as much as that of anyone else. What would they lose by working forty-eight hours a week? They would give up some leisure, but they would gain security and they would be paid for the extra hours at standard rates.

The executives of the government and industry are not restricting themselves to forty or forty-two hours a week. The 10 million farmers of the country are not limiting themselves to forty or forty-two hours a week, and never have done so. At a time when more production is needed in a hurry, why should the Fair Labor Standards Act be permitted to create a privileged class that jeopardizes the security of its own members and of everyone else? Either the security of the country is threatened or it is not. If it is not, then our immense expenditures on armaments are an inexcusable waste. If it is, then the maintenance of a forty or forty-two hour week is a criminal betrayal of the safety of the country.

SUPERCLOSSAL: THE MOVIES

BY MORRIS ERNST

I

MOTION pictures are the most modern example of American Bigness. Here is a creative business, whose mushroom growth coincides with the era of mergers, trusts, and the worship of all things big. It tells the story of a long line of creative inventors, of search for monopoly powers by entrepreneurs, pursuit of Bigness, deplorable confusion, and stupendous loss by stockholders.

From the days of Daguerre (1830) forward, men had been trying to develop 'motion' pictures. A famous argument among California turfmen in 1872 helped along that development. Leland Stanford, one-time Governor of California, railroad owner and philanthropist, was also a breeder of blue-ribbon winners. He contended that at certain times a horse in full gallop took all four feet off the ground at once. Other stable owners scoffed at Stanford's notion, so he wagered \$25,000 with James R. Keene and Frederick MacCrellich that he was right. He hired Edward Muybridge, a Britisher who had the carriage trade in photography in the San Francisco of the seventies, to prove by action shots that a horse really did, at full speed, have all feet off the turf.

Muybridge, after trying for many months, failed literally to click. Stanford then turned to John D. Isaacs, graduate of the University of Virginia, class of '75, able engineer and advanced amateur photographer. Isaacs solved the problem first in the laboratory and then applied his findings by building a chro-

nophotographic apparatus. By means of quickly succeeding exposures of twelve cameras electrically controlled, he recorded a horse in motion, vindicating Stanford's view.

In 1887, Thomas Alva Edison, who had completed his phonograph, was seized with the desire to complement its capacities by adding recorded sight to recorded sound. He examined the Isaacs method, along with others, and cast them all aside; then hit upon the idea of feeding picture images into the camera via a belt or tape. His first experimental films were too fragile for use.

However, in 1889 George Eastman, seeking a film material that could be employed in the roller of his new Kodak, started to manufacture a film that had a flexible nitro-cellulose base. Edison got hold of a sample of this and it solved his problem, since the Eastman film was strong enough to be wound back and forth many times, retaining its surface images.

On October 6, 1889, the first model of the Edison Kinetoscope, progenitor of today's elaborate projector machines, was shown to the world at West Orange, New Jersey. It was a small black box into which one spectator at a time could peer at a running film magnified by a lens illumined from behind by an electric bulb. The film itself was about an inch wide, fifty feet long, and was run off at the rate of forty-eight images a second. Edison's first efforts to project pictures on a screen were not especially satisfac-

tory or exciting, but the peep show did give a pretty fair idea of motion.

By 1904, the Kinetoscope business was going full blast, and Edison was receiving excellent revenues. Among the thirteen or fourteen hundred establishments that sprang up in former shops and pool parlors all over the country, perhaps the most famous was the Penny Arcade which in 1904 was located in New York City just where East Fourteenth Street, as it crosses Broadway, forms the south side of Union Square.

Here, by dropping a penny in an ornate tubular machine, you looked into a black eyepiece and beheld such stirring dramas as 'The Servant Girl's Dream' or 'Girl Climbing a Tree,' in which latter a quantity of black stocking, the era's *sine qua non* of erotica, was progressively revealed. On Saturday nights, queues of men waited patiently with pennies in hand to get their turn in viewing such art as Adolph Zukor, furrier and one-fifth partner in the Penny Arcade, was presenting daily until midnight.

Meantime, technical developments were taking place that were to make screen projection of motion pictures a reality. In France the Brothers Lumière, and in Washington, D. C., the American inventor Thomas Armat, had been busy experimenting with Edison's devices, and in 1895 both the Lumières and Armat hit upon successful methods of screen projection. Promoters persuaded Armat and Edison to bring out this perfected projector under Edison's name, and Armat has only in recent years received the credit which is rightly his.

The new Armat-Edison mechanism was christened the Vitascope. It was set up on the balcony of Koster and Bial's Music Hall, in Herald Square, the site now occupied by Macy's, and on April 20, 1896, there flashed on the screen, as the last number on the playbill, 'Kaiser Wilhelm Reviewing His Troops,' 'The Bar Room,' 'Sea Waves,' 'Venice, Show-

ing Gondolas,' and similar exciting attractions.

At this stage of the game, Edison, like the Lumières in France, regarded the Vitascope as merely a toy. He refused to spend the few hundred dollars necessary to protect his European rights. Others, however, were glimpsing the enormous potentialities of the 'movies,' and when the film industry began to get its stride, largely by violation of Edison's patents in the United States, the Wizard of West Orange became a very litigious old gentleman indeed. In 1897, he hired lawyers to protect his interests, since he felt that he deserved a monopoly position, and for years suits raged against existing producers, notably the Biograph Company, which fought stubbornly against Edison in the courts until a peace pact was signed between all other producers and Edison in 1908.

But this peace, which marked Edison's virtual retirement from the scene, was followed by renewed warfare. The Motion Picture Patents Company was a trust involving ten of the biggest producers, each of whom paid Edison a royalty in return for the right to employ his apparatus, both the cameras and the projectors. These ten pooled their various claims to patent rights in their own corporation, and the new trust's legal advisers assured such participants as the old Vitagraph, Essanay, Kalem, Selig, Biograph, and Edison that, whereas the Sherman Antitrust Law could be invoked against other forms of industrial combination, the Motion Picture Patents Company would not encounter any such difficulty.

This merger, which excluded the fifty or seventy-five smaller fry in the field, had virtually complete control over machinery, equipment, processes, and patents. Indeed, it was hardly possible to photograph, develop, print, or exhibit a motion picture without coming to an arrangement with the MPPC.

On the surface it seemed to its sponsors that this new venture in Bigness

would enable them to sit tight and let the funds roll in. All they had to do was make the movies, rent them at the largest possible prices, and rake in the profits. From January 1909 forward — birthday of the trust's Big Ten — dimes were replacing nickels, as in the preceding decade nickels had replaced pennies as admission prices, while more and more ticket windows were opening up.

The single reel was at this time the standard unit of the silver screen. It was either a complete story, showing a cowboy rescuing a maiden from Indians, or a custard-pie comedy, or it might be in two parts, half scenic, half dramatic. Exhibitors who presented an hour's show used four or five reels; those who gave a two-hour performance needed eight or ten reels or more. Since the program was changed daily, the exhibitors required on the average thirty to sixty reels a week.

This meant that each member of the Big Ten must produce from three to six reels every seven days. To do so, of course, the manufacturer had to have a competent studio staff and a reliable labor force. Since the ten big companies included in the amalgamation had such requisites, they were not worried by the prospect of competition. They had everything sewed up tight. Some of the independent producers might have managed an output of two or three reels a week, but all of them put together could not fill the demands of exhibitors.

Meanwhile, as independents kept appearing and as distributors or wholesalers were getting an upper hand in the business by means of their ability to influence, if not to dictate, the price paid to producers and the rental charged exhibitors, the trust determined to banish these middlemen, the film exchanges. The Motion Picture Patents Company therefore decided to freeze out the independents by creating a distributing agency of its own. The new combine was called the General Film Company. Each of the ten manufac-

turers was allotted one tenth of the stock and granted equal representation on the board of directors. General Film thereupon purchased sixty of the leading wholesalers, or film exchanges, and proposed to make war on all others.

General Film next sought to classify each exhibitor and force him to pay the same price as others in his group. There would be neither haggling nor bargaining. The trust had the power to dictate. The bigger and better theatres would pay \$100 to \$125 per week on a sliding scale based on size and location, and the little hole-in-the-wall on the side street would pay \$15. The top-class contingent was to have first-release dates — an important point, because film patrons attended first showings with great fervor. Furthermore, at this stage, the newer the film, the clearer the image on the screen. No theatre was to use projection apparatus or reels made by any manufacturer outside the confines of General Film's sacred precincts. Each exhibitor, as manifest of his intention to abide by this ruling, was to be licensed by General Film to the tune of two dollars a week per license.

This fee, first of its kind in American business history, was a shakedown of terrific proportions. General Film auditors during the first weeks of this 'come across or no pictures' edict had to use clothesbaskets in their offices to receive the two-dollar bills and money orders that poured in from all over the United States. By 1911, the number of contributors to this racket was about twelve thousand; General Film's take was \$1,250,000 per annum — all this, be it noted, exclusive of film rentals. But this two dollars a week 'kick-in' aroused theatre owners, who regarded it as the very symbol of an oppressive monopoly.

Capitalizing on this resentment of exhibitors against the General Film Company, independent producers took new courage and began turning out reels as fast as they could. Significantly, the commercial risk at this time wasn't

very great. For the five years (1909–1914) during which General Film was filing hundreds of lawsuits against independents, and sending thugs into their plants to wreck their cameras, and calling upon federal marshals to confiscate ‘illegal’ equipment, the top cost of a big two-reeler was a thousand dollars. Plots were simple to the point of childishness; actors, directors, and writers still thought that \$75 a week was big money; a few standard props, which, with a little ingenuity, could be used over and over again, provided the ‘set.’

By 1910, the patronage of the movies had grown to an estimated twenty million per annum. There was no accurate count available until 1918, when the United States Government began collecting a tax on every ticket sold. The boys at the head of General Film had built their enterprise to conform with the best thinking on mass-production methods. They believed that the public wanted standard merchandise, of dependable quality, and retailed at a dime top. They had, they believed, included all the sane, reliable companies in their trust. Hence *quantity*, a large volume at set costs, a constant flow of uniform product, were to General Film the criteria of successful operation. Studios thus turned out film of 1000 feet per reel, and all prices were fixed on this footage system, regardless of the subject, the actors, or whatever. General Film steadily charged ten cents per foot for everything produced by its ten affiliates.

Since rentals paid by exhibitors were definitely fixed, there was very little leeway or elasticity in studio costs, for producers had to regulate their outlays carefully to establish a sane ratio between expenditures and earnings. While all the vagaries — human, climatic, and chemical — entered into the cost of movie making and rendered standardization difficult, General Film’s ten usually averaged out by keeping their costs down to about \$750 per reel. They had to do this or endanger their profits.

Their rivals, however, the independents, could take chances. They could dicker with exhibitors, and if an independent had a particularly popular picture he could often persuade exhibitors to pay him a price above the normal; if some of his stuff wasn’t so good, he could cut his prices, make bargains.

Moreover, since the independents had almost all been former exhibitors, they were on their toes to sense changing taste in audience reaction, while the big boys were too far removed, too enthusiastic over their factory-like clockwork methods, to bother with changing tastes. There was the arrogance of distance from the place of operation, too. The heads of General Film, for example, felt too secure to consider the reports of their field men that, in 1910–1911, the consumers were tiring of the same product, wanted something more startling, more elaborate, and more dramatic. This was absurd. Motion pictures, the tycoons said, were the poor man’s entertainment, and what poor man was discriminating? Furthermore, better films would cost more; two-reelers were very expensive, three-reelers were extravagant. The poor wouldn’t pay more nickels or dimes, so what was the use of seeking to alter cinema fare? The profits were rolling in, and the independents were being gradually tangled in lawsuits that handicapped them at every turn.

But one independent, Carl Laemmle, head of Imp (forerunner of Universal), had noticed that the ‘Little Biograph Girl,’ Mary Pickford, was being talked about by patrons of theatres. Biograph, of course, was one of the strongest of the ten firms in General Film. Laemmle hired Mary away from Biograph by the simple expedient of doubling her salary, and began to advertise her, starting the first big ballyhoo build-up for a movie ‘star.’ Other independents followed his lead with celerity and abandon.

At the same time, the independents first saw and profited from the possibilities of the more-than-one-reeler. The

trust, with its whole *modus operandi* based on inflexible pay envelopes and standard footage prices, was damming back cinema progress, but meanwhile prospering mightily. It chased independents — constantly under threats of prosecution for patent infringements — from New York and Chicago to San Francisco and finally to Los Angeles. This last community was chosen by the pioneers among the independents not only because of exceptional photographic climate, but also because it was so close to the Mexican border that they could escape the writ-armed minions of the General Film Company by picking up their cameras, their casts, their props, and their hats, — if they had the time, — and diving into a haven where United States process servers couldn't reach them.

II

Despite its lack of ability to adjust to the times, the trust and its ten components continued to thrive for some years. One of the General Film affiliates, for example, the Vitagraph Company, was organized in 1897 with \$500 in cash and an office for which it was paying \$10 a month rent. Its original assets, acquired by one means and another, couldn't have topped \$2000. In 1912, its gross income was about \$6,000,000, and its net profits available for dividends, after liberal salaries to top executives, were in excess of \$1,000,000. And this was typical of the other nine members of General Film Company.

It was argued by General Film's radical W. W. Hodkinson, who had started as telegraph operator in Utah and had advanced to the management of General Film's important San Francisco exchange office, that the public of 1911-1912 was ready for better entertainment. He said that ten cents as an admission charge was merely a step in the right direction; that the day would come when people would pay twenty-five cents through the wickets of the nation's playhouses. He

was hooted down at meetings of General Film's Board. He pleaded, in vain. He faced a group of self-sufficient men, relying on the Power of Bigness. The daily program change, he contended, impaired a really good picture's chief asset, the word-of-mouth advertising of satisfied patrons. When friends of the pleased patron arrived at the theatre, anxious to see the praised film, it had moved on to parts unknown. A sale was therefore lost. Hodkinson said that, from his experience on the premises of his own exhibition houses, he was certain that the public would keep a really interesting picture on the screen for two or three days in succession, perhaps a week or more. His logic could be summarized as follows: If the public were given superior pictures, it would pay higher prices; exhibitors, out of their enlarged profits, could construct better theatres and pay higher rentals to producers; out of such increased revenues the producers would be able to spend more for pictures, making them better in every respect; and a policy of this kind would enable the industry to achieve genuine advances. His associates on General Film thought him a lunatic. Why should a monopoly ever change its practices?

About this same time Adolph Zukor was hanging out in the reception room of General Film, vainly trying to interview the big shots and impress them with the necessity of going into production of feature films with four or five reels each. This was Zukor's great idea; he was obsessed with it. He couldn't convince General Film, however. The trust had taken a single flyer into a four-reel feature when David W. Griffith had turned out for Biograph *Judith of Bethulia*. It was really a splendid piece of work; audiences were enthusiastic. But under General Film's system of a flat price for everything and everybody, the standardization of bigness built on mass production, *Judith*, costing four times as much, didn't gross any more than any

other film on General's rigidly conducted schedule.

Nevertheless, *Judith* was a turning point in the history of American cinema. Within the next five years, writers, artists, directors, and players from Biograph's own studio were to leave the ironclad rules of the trust and to win fortunes for producers who, like Zukor in New York, were beginning to manufacture on shoestrings and prayers such features as *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Rebuffed by the Big Ten, Zukor over the years was to build up Paramount, only to have it flop in the end from the same essential faults which the trust itself had exemplified. For by this time the trust was already going into a decline. Unable to adapt itself to changing business needs, staggered by a court decision against Edison, which denied the exclusiveness of his patents, baited by newly sanguine exchange owners, who alleged that General Film had wrecked their businesses and who therefore demanded treble damages under the Sherman Antitrust Law, the amalgamation of the Big Ten went to pieces. A government decree of dissolution in 1915 merely confirmed the preceding decree of economics.

With the decline of General Film, the independent went to town. The very men who had rebelled against the Trust, the Giant, the Mammoth, forgot their rantings, while they themselves strove for increasing power and domination. Not one of the outs kept his eye on quality rather than quantity. Zukor, Lasky, Fox, Selznick, Laemmle, — all of them former clothing manufacturers, furriers, or clothing retailers, — outdid Horatio Alger's most lavish imaginings. By 1915, Zukor was recognized generally as the leading producer through his insistence upon four- and five-reelers, his emphasis upon the star system, and his willingness to take long chances. He had Mary Pickford, Cecil B. De Mille, and ideas. *The Squaw Man*, released in 1915, cost \$40,000; and it typified the changing costs of production. In 1909, the stand-

ard cost of film negatives for exhibition was \$1000, including everything; in 1919, it was verging toward \$100,000; by 1929, pictures costing \$1,000,000 or more were almost commonplace; today, 1940, a feature averages about \$300,000.

In 1918, Zukor, accepting the faith of bigness at its face value, merged Paramount and Artcraft producing companies into the larger Famous Players-Lasky combination. He now had 50 per cent of the favorite stars; his consolidation controlled between 20 and 25 per cent of film rentals. He was 'big' in a way that must have soothed an ego rankling under the rebuffs of the General Film magnates of a few years before. But he wanted to be bigger. He started quietly but persistently in 1918-1919 to put the squeeze on exhibitors by raising rental rates. He began giving first-run preferential treatment and even rebates to theatre owners who would use Paramount-Artcraft products to the exclusion of all others. Leading theatre owners like Eugene Roth in San Francisco had followed the sensible practice of using a part of the Paramount output, rounding out their usual fifty-two-features-a-year schedule by buying from Fox, Metro, Universal, and others.

Under this arrangement the better exhibitors were assured of first runs from the better producers, and their ability to choose from among their sources of supply kept prices fairly in line. Some of them quickly perceived the implications of Zukor's 'preferential' policy; they saw that soon 'preference' could become 'insistence'; and if Zukor's program were carried out to its logical implications, other producers might well starve and he alone would have attained a monopoly of moviedom similar to Rockefeller's monopoly of oil. On the other hand, managers who discarded Zukor's commodity noticed that, since he had the best stars and directors, other theatre owners who presented Zukor offerings prospered while those who rejected them were at a great disadvantage.

Hence, in self-defense, such exhibitors as Thomas L. Tally of Los Angeles organized the First National Exhibitors Circuit with the underlying purpose of banding together the twenty-five or thirty chief theatre owners in the country, who, among them, had about a hundred first-rate or good houses; and who would produce, distribute, and exhibit their own pictures. First National, set up in April 1917, quickly became a threat to the very person who had forced it into existence.

Zukor realized that he was in danger of being hoist with his own petard; for, as First National began to lure big-name stars from Paramount and other studios, it seemed that it wouldn't be long before the First National's components, owning as they did the country's key places of exhibition, would be forcing him aside. First National exhibitors, most legally, could quietly supplant Zukor pictures with their own, especially since they were busy getting their hands on such top drawing cards as Charlie Chaplin. Paramount's profits would then be very much endangered.

Zukor began to view the situation with alarm. 'The evil of producing and exhibiting coalitions,' he lamented in *Variety* in 1918, 'is one of the gravest perils that have ever confronted the motion-picture industry. For some time past this condition has been developing and now threatens to halt the industry's progress. . . . It has been permitted to develop this far because no one individual, either producer or exhibitor, has dared face the facts himself and compel other producers and exhibitors to face them with him. . . . We should all realize that the most effective way to develop the industry to its largest capacity is to maintain a broad open field of endeavor in its every branch.'

Behind these crocodile tears Zukor was already scheming to profit from control of retail outlets, and in the spring of 1919 he acquired the Rialto and Rivoli in New York City and the Grauman Million

Dollar Theatre and the Rialto in Los Angeles. After three months of experimenting with these theatres, Zukor decided that he could lick First National by building first-run houses in principal cities throughout the United States. His first step in this direction was to hire Walter W. Irwin, a lawyer adept in avoiding possible Sherman Law contingencies. Irwin later testified before a Federal Trade Commission hearing in 1927 that he had 'suggested to Zukor that Paramount could destroy First National if it would threaten to go into each one of the First National cities and build, or threaten to build, the finest and largest theatre in the city. . . . In any event, it would not be necessary for Zukor to build more than a few theatres to frighten First National members.'

Meantime Zukor had impressed A. G. Connick, vice president of the American International Corporation, a Kuhn, Loeb and Company affiliate, with the possibilities of building theatre chains and tying the production, distribution, and exhibition branches of the industry into a big profit knot. In a report to Kuhn, Loeb and Company, Connick said: —

'From an examination of such theatre records as are available, and assuming that the sum required to amortize the building will not exceed 2 per cent of its cost, and that the amount of the ground rent per annum does not exceed thirty dollars per seat, and with prices of admission ranging (1918-1919) upward to sixty cents, a preliminary guess has been made that a theatre with 3100 seats will return at least 25 per cent on the investment in addition to the usual first-run rental charge in their district for the use of the films. That the 25 per cent is conservative is indicated by the fact that the Grauman Theatre of Los Angeles is now earning profits of 100 per cent a year; the Stillman in Cleveland at the rate of over 100 per cent.'

The bankers thought the water fine. In the fall of 1919 they and associated

bankers sold a \$10,000,000 issue of preferred stock of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, listing both preferred and common on the stock exchange. Investors gobbled the issue; Zukor had the coin required to expand into the field of exhibition. His swinging of this support was at the time unique. Previously he had himself epitomized the industry's general practice of growth via the ploughing back of profits into the business. Zukor's entrance into Wall Street thus began a new era in cinema financing. Within a few years, shares of Loew's, Inc., Fox, Pathé, and others were also being listed, while Samuel Goldwyn was being backed by the du Pont interests, and William Fox was being supported by John F. Dryden and a group of the Prudential Life Insurance Company.

'On July 22, 1919,' declares the report of the FTC in 1927, 'respondents Zukor, Lasky and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation had become, long had been, and still were the dominant power in the moving-picture industry. . . .

'On July 22, 1919, the Board of Directors of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation . . . to modify its distribution policy and to intimidate and coerce exhibitors into leasing its films adopted a progressive and increasing policy of building, buying, owning or otherwise controlling theatres. . . .

'The Zukor outfit adopted the fixed method of leasing . . . its films under a system known in the trade as "block booking." It still maintains this unfair distribution policy. It offers to lease . . . blocks of films as such, the exhibitor taking all or none offered. If an exhibitor declines to take all, the block is successively offered to competitors until a sale is made.'

The idea of this program, of course, was simply to coerce the exhibitor into 'surrendering his free choice' and 'thereby denying to him the opportunity or privilege of leasing and exhibiting other films of higher qualities. . . . The purpose and . . . effect of such distri-

bution policy is to lessen competition in the motion-picture industry, and tending to exclude from the market and the industry small independent producers and distributors . . . and denying to exhibitors freedom of choice in leasing films.' Like oil, chain stores, and other businesses, Big Movies strove for reduction of fair and free competition.

That Zukor, in seeking to gain a supreme position in moviedom by stressing theatre control, either by ownership or by threats, was on the 'right track' was accepted by many other operators. Zukor was not alone in this program. He was only the leader. Most of the major producer-distributors emulated his example.

III

If we accept the statement that 1890 marked the beginning of all things in motion-picture commerce, the cinema's half-century growth was staggering. In 1926, Paramount alone was worth around \$150,000,000. It entered 1931 with \$300,000,000 in assets and a 1930 profit of \$18,000,000. In 1932 it was bankrupt, with its Publix theatres and its Paramount producing unit alike in a state of complete chaos. Zukor had invested \$50,000,000 of his personal fortune in Paramount, but he didn't know where. His company had become too big for him. He couldn't tell where his money was, what it was being used for, actually, but he knew that it was 'there.' In 1934, Elihu Root, Jr. (says *Fortune Magazine* for March 1937) stated as counsel to the trustees of the bankrupt Paramount Publix Corporation: 'A railroad receivership is child's play compared to this vast multiheaded company which could have lost its business overnight to its competitors if mishandled.'

'Fifty-three different law firms,' *Fortune* continues, 'banks, protective committees, and experts yammered and bled for two and a half years over the sick giant and its 500 subsidiaries.'

A few motion-picture companies have always dominated the field, and Zukor, the grand old man of the movies, was not the only entrepreneur who chewed off more than he could digest. In fact, it is quite unfair to blame the Zukors alone for the conditions of the silver screen. Bankers conditioned to think in terms of millions or tens of millions had much to do with the debacle. And behind all these figures stood the great American public, which time and again dropped its savings into Hollywood enterprises in the high hope that the Biggest was inevitably the most profitable. And for short — very short — periods this was true. But in the long run Bigness has brought more confusion than security, more corruption than intelligence, more false standards of values and salaries than profits.

Warner Brothers is the present Mammoth. First established in 1915, it was incorporated in Delaware, the state of Bigness of Incorporations, on April 3, 1923. Two years later, it acquired control of Vitagraph, sole survivor of the ill-fated General Film Company.

By 1926 it had jumped the gun in exploiting the benefits of talkies while Zukor and the others were asleep at the starting line. Zukor in 1926 spurned the talkies because they would never be good enough for the mass of theatregoers. The magnates of General Film had dismissed Zukor and other independents, scorning their new ideas, their daring innovations. Now Zukor, himself a magnate, surrounded by myriad yes-men, was no longer close enough to audience reactions to perceive that the talkies were the instrument to lift the movies out of their mid-twenties slump and revolutionize the screen.

In 1928 Warners obtained dominant positions in large theatre chains. Producing pictures and distributing them were not enough. The control of theatres seemed essential. If enough theatres were owned, then pictures, no matter how bad or inept, had a sure market. They acquired the Stanley Chain of America in

the East and Skouras Brothers enterprises in the West. This process of owning the customers continued until Warner Brothers owned circuit and independent theatres in about twenty different states, reaching a total of well over 400 separate theatres.

But that wasn't enough. The Warner Brothers felt that they didn't have enough to do in just buying stories, hiring actors, directors, cameramen, and scenic artists — that is, in producing profitable movies. Off they went into an industry only vaguely allied to their own business. In 1929, they invaded the field of music publishing by purchasing M. Witmark and Sons, Harms, Inc., and Remick Music Corporation. A decade later they gained control over the Associated Music Publishers, Inc., and AMP Recording Studios.

The Warners invested upwards of \$11,000,000 in the music business and have been collecting at the rate of \$400,000 a year on their ASCAP (American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers) royalties. In 1935 they did not feel this was sufficient, so they told ASCAP that unless they were guaranteed \$1,000,000 a year they would pull out and operate as competitors. At this time Warners were trying to get hold of Leo Feist and Mills, which would have given them domination of ASCAP, and of course of all radio music business as well as of songs used in the motion-picture industry. M-G-M, instead, bought Leo Feist for \$450,000, thwarting this particular drive toward Warner monopoly of the ASCAP setup.

However, in December 1935, Warners resigned from ASCAP, jacked up rates over the air lines for use of any music they controlled, and later brought suits totaling \$2,000,000 for alleged infringements. National Broadcasting Company and Columbia Broadcasting System barred Warner songs from broadcasts over their chains during this war; among the barred Warner-owned songs were those composed by George Gersh-

win, Victor Herbert, Noel Coward, Rodgers and Hart, Jerome Kern; and all one hundred and eleven of Harry Lauder's Scotch burrings. Yet the Warner *Putsch* for complete dominion of ASCAP had not yet ended. Said the *New York Herald Tribune* of May 14, 1938: 'Warner Brothers . . . has strengthened its commanding position in the music and music-publishing field through the acquisition from North American Company of certain subsidiaries, information filed with the SEC yesterday reveals.'

In time, Warners purchased First National Pictures, and then sallied forth in other directions to acquire Brunswick Radio Corporation and only recently the Muzak Corporation, which operates a wired radio-transmission service.

Genius of a sort Jack Warner seems to have, but the history of his empire is not a finished chapter. It is doubtful if he or any other human being can long keep on an even keel as mammoth an enterprise as Warner Brothers Pictures. The mere list of the Warner subsidiaries is staggering. It includes some thirty-seven wholly owned companies, sixteen others that are at least 50 per cent Warner-controlled, and another twenty-eight that handle the Warner products abroad. The line covers everything from films and real estate to sheet music and cellulose, television and radio. It has assets of about \$180,000,000. Its working capital in 1937 was over \$5,000,000; yet it was less than half that amount in 1932, when even the Warners must have had temporary qualms and possible secret wishes that they hadn't grown so very, very big. Eighteen thousand people are directly employed by this corporation. That's not many people as industry goes nowadays, but this is a custom-made-to-order business.

Warner Brothers are in many ways the wisest of the movie magnates. No outside banker sits on their board of directors. Ironically enough, the directors of Warners are really engaged in the enter-

tainment business, and are not primarily interested in stocks, bonds, discounts and refundings. Moreover, the drive of Jack Warner has permitted the elimination of internal company committees. In Warner Brothers, action is direct, without little groups pondering as a committee on the purchase of a story or the hiring of a star. This setup makes for speed of decision and absence of red tape. In order to maintain some semblance of action, all vital decisions rest in one man. That may make money for a while. It may make big money. But it is still doubtful if any movie concern of such proportions is a sound, durable economic structure.

The Warner Brothers financial jungle is by no means unique. Hollywood is cluttered up today with half a dozen other equally fantastic combinations, and it is a temptation to explore all of them, for, excepting only a few of our fancier utility holding companies, there is probably no industry in the country which affords a richer field for the study of bigness run riot. Most of the companies are overgrown and have interests sprawled over the map from New York to Los Angeles and from Canada to Texas, not to mention their European ramifications; most of them are involved in enterprises that have little or nothing to do with the production or distribution of film.

Good pictures are made in Hollywood, but they are made despite the top-heavy unwieldy system and not because of it. If Schenck, Kent, and Jack Warner—just to mention a few—could escape from the myriad corporate problems with which they spend nearly all of their time hopelessly struggling, and concentrate on making a dozen pictures each, they would turn out a better and cheaper product. Others could adequately distribute their pictures, others exhibit them. Present concentration from retail box office to cameras has led inevitably to mismanagement and extravagance. Goldwyn,

Wanger, and Disney stand as representatives of small, well-coordinated organizations — the maximum which a single individual can adequately handle. Universal, as an example, shows what happens when creators like Pasternak are in control rather than when groups of exhibitors man the studios.

Loew's, number-two Titan in the industry, has assets of \$142,544,024. Its seventy-odd subsidiaries, foreign and domestic, control, among other things, the M-G-M studios, 157 theatres, a music-publishing house for which it paid \$450,000, radio station WHN in New York, and a vaudeville booking agency. In all this welter of scattered and sometimes conflicting interests, the lost motion is so enormous it is a miracle that any films are produced at all. M-G-M buys vast quantities of stories that are never produced. On its shelves lie literally millions of dollars' worth of unused material, some bought ready-made, some written to order by M-G-M's own staff. All companies the size of M-G-M pay tens of thousands of dollars for a play, only to discover that after it has been filmed the only material used was the title. They buy and leave on their shelves costly properties such as *It Can't Happen Here*, and *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh*.

Such incidents occur daily on all the big lots. M-G-M has no monopoly in this type of wastage. Even movie magnates, running their companies while flitting on airplanes between Hollywood and New York, where the main offices are located, have yet to devise a method of decentralization and delegation which will reduce such errors. No wonder the overhead of the motion-picture industry runs up to such unbelievable sums.

The history of most of the other giant companies is too similar to be worth dwelling on, and their organizations are too complex to be unscrambled here. RKO, a super-holding company and a banker's dream, is alone worth a book. It started out in 1929 with a

consolidation of theatre chains, branched into production, vaudeville, and news reels, then went through a fabulously complicated bankruptcy and reorganization, and finally wound up in the lap of the Radio Corporation of America. RCA was already so badly tangled up in its own myriad affairs that it had never managed to pay a dividend on its common stock, but this did not deter it from taking over a movie company the size of RKO. It was not until the fall of 1935 that RCA decided it probably had more of RKO than it needed, and proceeded to sell half of its holdings to Lehman Brothers, Atlas, and a few others for \$5,000,000 cash, with an option on the balance. Oddly enough, Lehman Brothers are also represented on the board of Paramount, so we have the curious situation of one banking firm deep in the affairs of two supposedly desperate rivals.

And so bankers in New York City continue to produce movies. These bankers seldom get to Hollywood, and I would wager a dinner with any fair screen star that the Wall Street directors of RKO — men who direct — do not go to see even 25 per cent of the pictures that RKO turns out each year. But they can tell in a jiffy what is wrong with the output by looking at statistics, dollars and cents of box-office receipts. At times they may see that something is wrong, but I defy even these wizards to correct the errors without seeing the studios, viewing the pictures, in fact spending time in informing themselves about the business itself — a luxury which Big Men can't afford.

IV

With a weekly attendance of eighty-eight million men, women, and children, this industry is in a sense a bread-and-butter business. The public demand should have made it foolproof. But the banker control has produced waste dramatized in the salary schedules of executives for one year.

	<i>Number of Executives</i>	<i>Total Salary Received</i>
Twentieth Century-Fox...	167	\$8,647,000
Loew's, Inc. (M-G-M)....	14	4,762,000
Universal.....	57	2,254,000
Warners.....	151	8,392,000
Paramount.....	145	7,458,000
Columbia.....	18	918,000

I make no point about these salaries' being excessive in themselves. There is no scientific method of appraising Thalberg's great contribution to the wealth of M-G-M. But surely compensation in such sums, irrespective of the dividends on these individuals' stock holdings, must inevitably negate their outbursts against the top star salaries. Moreover, it sets the pace for the companies' extravagance, waste, and disregard for even a semblance of business thrift. And on the other side of the medallion we find that, out of 15,322 actors, 13,209 earned on an average only \$6.48 per week during 1938. The industry is encumbered with confusion, intrigue, and that form of business madness which always accompanies excessive size. Sensitive not to morals but only to criticism of its morality on the screen, it retains Will Hays as a sort of bishop of Hollywood to give a pretense of toadying to any small group of vocal censors. Integrity of author, director, or actor can seldom survive. The product is built on the dishonest thesis that life is either black or white. Big Hollywood sees no grays. To it, the penalty of sinning is perforce and always suffering. What it lacks in simple honesty it attempts to conceal behind elaborate sets and extravagant productions.

The most severe concrete indictment of the affairs of Hollywood is to be found in the pronouncements of the Screen Directors Guild. In July 1938 that body of movie creators lashed out at the 'complicated and expensive system of supervision.' It charged:—

That studio 'overhead,' a great part of it wasteful, swallows 40 per cent of the cost of Hollywood picture making;

That duplication, uncertainty, mixed signals, immeasurably increase the remaining 60 per cent actually spent in production;

That ten years ago nearly twice as many pictures were made with *one eighth*, on the average, the number of producers, supervisors, associates, special assistants, and so forth, currently employed;

That millions of dollars have been invested in screen stories that will never see a lens, and that directors have not been asked to examine this material for salvage and reconstruction;

That producers prepare stories with 'situations, stunts, and scenes' impossible to film, or monstrously costly, whereas directors if consulted could suggest various alternatives;

That executives by the gross are unqualified, inexperienced, lacking in creative ability, owing their posts to nepotism, and offering 'a virtual proscription against originality and freshness in pictures';

That there should be a 'closer unity' between the 'real producer and the director,' especially men who have been on the lots and locations and know their way around, instead of banker-picked emissaries who clutter up payrolls;

And finally that the entire industry needs 'not just a suggestion but a housecleaning.'

Only the government can save the industry from its consistent circle of ruin. Segregation of production from exhibition may bring these giants down to earthly, human dimensions. Then care, attention, knowledge, might find room in the operating heads once more. Directors might be called upon to build movies which they care about producing. Without the power over theatres to make them buy pictures, the producers may stand on their toes, eager, competitive, aware of their own affairs. Even stockholders may find corporations in the movie field worthy of investment, not as a wild gamble, but as an essential part of the leisure diet of an eager public.

In our lifetime we can see in this one industry the urges, the greed, the sledgehammer use of power, the substitution of power for ingenuity, that appear in the case history of practically every Big unit in American life.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

BY MARGARET DELAND

I

IT was when I was trying to write my first book, *John Ward, Preacher*, that I fell into the habit of hunting for the 'why' of human behaviors. It is an interesting search, but it would be easier if one could ask questions of people who have 'behaved,' and so be sure that two and two do really make that *four* which the exigencies of fiction may require. Questions, however, are rarely possible, though sometimes I ventured, and once I was given an answer that lighted a candle in my mind which has never been blown out. . . . It was a winter afternoon, and I had gone up Beacon Hill, hoping to meet Lorin as he came across the Common from his office and walk home with him. When I reached the top of the Hill, I went through Mt. Vernon Place to an icy brick path some seven feet wide which led towards the Common, and was named, impressively, Hancock Avenue. The houses on one side of the 'Avenue' were built out to the pavement; on the other side was a rusty iron fence, with generations of cocoons under its spearheads. I stopped and looked through it at the beautiful façade of the State House, which had not then been marred by being sandwiched in between wings of inappropriate white marble.

As I stood there, I felt a hand on my arm, and, turning, saw standing beside me a little old woman. She was smelling of whiskey, but she looked at me with pleasant, twinkling brown eyes. 'Ah, now, dearie,' she said, putting out her

hand, 'it's a dime ye're goin' to be givin' me? I'm all crippled up with rheumatism.'

I demurred. 'If I give you a dime, you know you'll go and get a drink.'

'Oh, dearie!' she protested, raising shocked hands, blue with cold. 'I niver in all me life! The Holy Angels will tell ye —'

'Come, now,' I said, 'the Holy Angels don't tell fibs.' She chuckled; then her deeply wrinkled face sobered: 'Well, I won't deceive ye, yis; but what else is there? Me knees is bad, so I can't scrub no more, and not a cint do I have most times. And I'm all alone by meself — I ain't got a fri'nd in the worrld. I had two daughters, — beautiful as queens they was, the two of them, — but they died on me. And I had a son. He's off. I ain't seen him for tin years. Dead, mebbe; I don't know. And what's a wee drap oncet or twicet a year?'

'A "drop"?' I queried — and she came in on the joke. 'Well, mebbe, two.' But even while we laughed together I was saying to myself: 'What can make such a life as hers enduring?' Then, because the merry old sinner looked so generous, I had one of my impulses to ask her whether she found life worth living.

'Listen,' I said to her, coaxingly, 'I'll give you some money, and you can go and get a drink if you want to (but I hope you won't), if you'll just answer me one question.'

'Ah, darlin',' she said, 'ye're a lady!

It's plain seein' it. I'll answer ye anythin' ye want to know.'

'Well,' I said, 'you say you have rheumatism, and rheumatism is horrid —'

'Ah! God knows it is,' she interrupted, sighing, and shaking her frowzy gray head.

'I know it, too,' I agreed, 'because I've had it. But you say you can't find work — and that's worrying; and that you've no friends and not much money, and you've had so much trouble. . . . Now tell me: Are you glad you are alive?'

Her face changed, and she gave me a keen look. Perhaps she wondered if I was serious. I was. Those haunting uncertainties of my own as to the value of Life, in the same world with Love and Death, had deepened. 'Are you glad you are alive?' I persisted.

'Child,' she said — and it seemed as if we suddenly changed places. I was the beggar, now. She spoke with abrupt authority: 'Child, listen to me, and mind what I tell ye! *Yis*. There is all them things ye say — and more — and more! The heart of me's been broke over and over, but —'

'Then how can you be glad?' I interrupted.

She smiled at me as one smiles at a foolish child. 'Why, darlin', it's this way: if it's the will of the Blessed Heart of Jesus fer me to be alive, and go through wid it, I am willin' — yis, I'm glad! Do you hear that? If it is the will of the Blessed Heart of Jesus . . .'

Well, I gave her the money. Though I didn't realize it as we stood there on the icy bricks, I had received more than I could pay for! She had told me — in her language, not in mine — that the knowledge and acceptance of the Will of God make life worth while, even though Love and Sorrow must sometimes walk hand in hand. But it was a long time before I saw the truth in her archaic words, and put it into my language: '*Recognizing a Conscious and Infinite Universe,*

we know that in It we live, and move, and have our being. We are workers together with It. We are sharers in Its immortality! Oneness with Its will is Peace, and we can endure. We call It God.' My old woman who left me to go and get a 'wee drap' called It 'the Blessed Heart of Jesus.' But names don't matter.

Speaking of names, I suppose my absorption in hunting for the causes of conduct pinned the label 'problem novel' upon poor *John Ward* — but that came later. It was Lucy Derby who was responsible for the book. She was so sure I could, as she expressed it, 'easily write a novel,' that she even suggested its theme: 'the differing religious faiths of husband and wife.'

When I stopped laughing at her flight of fancy, I told her she was perfectly crazy — that I couldn't possibly write a book! However, as she enlarged upon her idea, it began to appeal to me, and the first thing I knew I was trying to understand how a devoted husband, who was a sincere Calvinist, and an equally devoted wife, who was a sincere Unitarian, could agree, either emotionally or doctrinally. But that winter I stuck to the job Lucy had set me, though there were times when she herself must have forgotten it, for she was busy helping Lorin with something he had started in Boston, something which made novel-writing take a back seat: I mean the Sunday evening services in Faneuil Hall, where Phillips Brooks spoke to men who never darkened the doors of Trinity.

I don't know what put the idea in Lorin's head. Perhaps it was a glimpse he had, one winter night, of human refuse — forlorn men, huddled in a stifling room, where a good simple man conducted a religious service. The men, Lorin told me, looked bored, and some of them dozed, but probably the comfort of being in a warm place and the prospect of having — after the hell-fire 'talk' was over — a sandwich and a cup of something brown and hot called coffee (with

all the sugar in it they wanted) sustained them.

These gospel meetings were held every Sunday night, in the cellar of an old warehouse somewhere in the North End. It was heated, but totally unventilated. Lorin, touched by the sincerity of the evangelist, who was trying to save souls by sweeping back the tide of misery with his little broom of a sermon, watched the men closely. They yawned sometimes and looked at the clock on the speaker's table; they probably speculated as to how soon it would be time for coffee.

Lorin had told Mr. Brooks what he had seen, and asked him to go with him to one of these meetings — 'just to encourage that good fellow who talks to them,' he urged. Mr. Brooks said he would go. So one snowy night he and Lorin went in a Kenny & Clark 'booby' (a hack on runners, with jingling sleigh bells) down to the Mission. As they rode along they smoked their after-dinner cigars, throwing them away as they drew up at the door of the warehouse.

Lorin guided the clergyman through the dirty hall, down a flight of stairs, into a basement, from which a narrow passage, its stone walls dripping with moisture, led into a storeroom under the street. It was lighted by a few gas jets, and there was the occasional rattle of wheels on the cobblestones overhead. Men were lolling on the benches, and the missionary, standing beside a table which held a clock, a pitcher of ice water, and a tumbler, was speaking — but as he saw his two visitors (Lorin had asked if he might bring Mr. Brooks) he stopped short and came down from the platform to welcome them. Lorin saw that he was trembling with the excitement of having Boston's beloved preacher speak to his flock.

When the two guests were seated, the service proceeded — a scriptural reading, quavering singing of a Moody and Sankey hymn, and then an impassioned plea for total abstinence: 'Sign

the pledge, my friends!' the speaker entreated; 'sign the pledge — and God will help you keep it.'

One or two men grunted 'Amen!' Then the missionary said: 'Now we are going to have a great pleasure.' He turned and bowed to Mr. Brooks: 'Our big brother will speak to us.'

Mr. Brooks rose and gave a wise and friendly talk. When he ended, the missionary asked if there were any questions. 'Our brother or I will gladly answer them,' he said. There was a blank silence, broken by the rumbling of a streetcar overhead, and the bustling tick-tick-tick of the nickel clock. Then a man rose and mumbled that he had a question. 'Go ahead!' the missionary encouraged him.

'Well,' the man said, 'I've been thinkin' — there's somethin' I'd like to know. . . . Course, liquor *is* bad. Don't the Good Book say that, 'less they repent, all drunkards go plumb to Hell? And that outside the Gold Gates there's a lot of liars, an' dogs, an' — an' naughty gals?' (He winked at the audience.) 'But I heard a passon up in Vermont say, oncet, some real pretty po'try.' (He smiled shyly.) 'Somethin' like this: "If you was on hossback, and if yer hoss bucked and throwed yer, *bad* — if, 'tween the saddle and the groun', you asked the Lord to have mussy on you and forgive you, He'd do it!"'

'Amen! Amen!' said the evangelist.

'Well,' the man said, hiccoughing, 'as I was sayin', no Christian had ought to drink. But what I want to know is, kin a man be a Christian and smoke?'

Lorin and Mr. Brooks didn't dare to look at each other. The evangelist's gesture invited the 'big brother' to reply, but Mr. Brooks gravely waved the question back to him, and he, looking kindly at the man who asked it, said: 'You've asked a hard question — yes, my friend, a *very* hard question. But I am going to answer it. And what I am going to say will surprise you, for I am going to say "Yes!" Yes, a man who

smokes *can* be a Christian, but, my friends, he is a dirty, nasty Christian!' The two 'Christians' sitting on the platform looked thoughtfully at the floor. . . .

There were no other questions; so, at the invitation of the missionary, Mr. Brooks pronounced the benediction; after which he and Lorin departed, leaving the men to their coffee and sandwiches.

In the 'booby' and out of earshot, Mr. Brooks said: 'Well?' — and Lorin probably said: 'Gosh!' Then they both roared with laughter.

II

But the experience remained like a seed in Lorin's mind. 'If only,' he said, when he told me about it, 'those poor devils could know Mr. Brooks!' And on Phillips Brooks's heart there was the burden of wasted lives. I think it was the memory of the men in that cellar, and the missionary who so honestly tried to feed their souls upon threats of punishment, which awoke in Lorin a vision of Phillips Brooks as an apostle to what had been called the 'Scum of Boston.' And, by and by, that vision became a reality. It shaped itself after Lorin had gone the rounds of Boston's relief organizations for men, and reported what he had seen to Mr. Brooks. Then he made a bold suggestion: 'Couldn't you have an evening meeting, sir — perhaps in Faneuil Hall — for men like that?'

Mr. Brooks, startled, said: 'Would they come?'

Lorin said he was sure they would. He said he would get some of the fellows in Mr. Brooks's Bible Class to go with him to the various Missions, or Municipal Shelters, and invite the men. 'If you'll just talk to them,' he urged.

'What about coffee and sandwiches?'

Mr. Brooks evaded.

'The Shelters do that,' Lorin said; 'our meeting must be different.'

The clergyman was doubtful. Lorin insisted — but modestly. It wasn't for him to say that Mr. Brooks would give them a different kind of 'bread'! There was a silence. Then Mr. Brooks said: 'It would be a great privilege to talk to them, Deland, but I am not quite sure that I could.'

'I'm sure,' Lorin said; 'let's try it!'

Of course, before the decision to 'try' was reached, the project needed much careful thought. Superintendents of the various City Missions must be consulted, and their advice asked. Trinity Bible Class must be sounded, to see if it would coöperate by drumming up the men. A large voluntary choir, which included the Harvard Glee Club, had to be arranged for — and the newspapers must be asked not to be sensational about the meeting. Sightseers were not desired. 'It isn't going to be a circus!' Lorin said. . . .

At last the Sunday evening in January arrived, and a group of us gathered in front of Faneuil Hall and waited for the doors to open. The great market on the ground floor of the historic building was closed and dark; snow, shoveled from the pavements, was banked between the shuttered booths along the curb. Everywhere there was the litter of empty crates and straw.

A little crowd of shivering men had arrived ahead of us, and also Phillips Brooks, who loomed up in the lurching shadows under an arc lamp. He looked perfectly serene. Gradually, more men appeared. But when at last the doors were opened, and we climbed upstairs to reach the hall, we saw mostly vacancy — and my heart sank! Then the great figure of Phillips Brooks moved across the platform, and with him there came a sense of power. He had, as someone expressed it, 'no aid from alb or stole.' There was nothing ecclesiastical in the scene — no pulpit, no sacred symbols, no candles — just a grave and beautiful presence, dominating and vitalizing the half-empty vastness before him. The

portraits of the historic dead on the walls — even the picture of Daniel Webster, himself, at the back of the stage — seemed to retreat into the dim unimportance of the past. The policemen stationed here and there about the hall, whose presence indicated the opinion of the public that civic authority should be on hand, were, like the rest of us, subdued by the sense of moral authority. And suddenly those of us who had urged the meeting, and had been very much afraid that it would fail, found ourselves relaxing into content. There was music, and singing, and I think we all said together the Lord's Prayer. Then came the torrent of impetuous utterance — words of deep, creative understanding of that forlorn audience which looked up at him open-mouthed, in vague, pathetic bewilderment.

When the meeting was over, and the men had shuffled off into the snow, Lorin went back to the Rectory with Mr. Brooks. He told me afterwards of the talk they had in the study. Of course his own eager hope was for more meetings — but Phillips Brooks was noncommittal. Lorin said he was sure that if they had another meeting more men would come — 'if you are game to go ahead?' he said.

'But how about you?' Mr. Brooks asked.

'Oh, I'm game,' Lorin said. 'I'm pretty sure that if we keep on we can fill that hall!' Then he made a startling suggestion: 'Tickets of admission! That's the way to do it.'

'My dear man! If they won't come to a free meeting . . .'

Lorin explained that they would come because it wasn't free. 'Tickets would give the meeting dignity,' he said; 'they'd make the men feel — well, sort of important. You know what I mean?' Mr. Brooks said he thought he knew.

'Good clothes would do it,' Lorin ruminated, 'but they can't be had. . . . Mr. Brooks, I'll tell you what we can

do: we can have tickets printed to look like Symphony Concert tickets, and put "Not Transferable" on the back.'

'Well, upon my word!' Mr. Brooks said — and his astonishment made Lorin chuckle. He explained: 'Don't you see, sir? That will keep out a lot of people who would want to come — Trinity people . . .'

'You and me,' Mr. Brooks suggested, drolly.

But Lorin was serious. He said it would make the men feel it was their meeting — 'and not a lot of Back Bay people coming to look at them!'

He carried his point. There were more meetings. At the second, the audience was larger. Perhaps the 'Symphony Concert tickets' had the psychological effect Lorin had counted upon. The third meeting was very large. The fourth was crowded. . . . At the last meeting the hall was packed. I remember Lorin told me to stay at home that night. He said the meetings were for the men — 'You and Lucy can hear Mr. Brooks at Trinity all you want to; don't grab and take some poor fellow's seat — but you can sit in the gallery, if you want to,' he conceded. So we went up to the gallery, and looked down on that pitiful crowd.

It seemed to me that they sat on the edges of their chairs, leaning forward and looking up at the man on the platform, as if to catch every word that came rushing from his lips and heart. Just at the end there was a moment when he probed any sick soul among his hearers. 'You think,' he said, 'that you don't care? You think you don't want to know your Saviour — who knows you, through and through!' He paused — then, with a gesture that was like a cry, he suddenly opened his arms to them, and, searching their hopeless faces with passionately pitying eyes, he said: 'Men, my brother men! If you don't want to know Him, then *want to want to know Him!*' At the emotion in his voice, a visible thrill passed over that forlorn multitude.

He stood for a silent moment looking at them. I don't remember just how he ended. Perhaps it was in the words of Pascal: 'When you seek Him you have already found Him!'

That was the last of the Faneuil Hall Meetings for the 'Scum of Boston.' At first the plan had not met with the entire approval of church people. Some did not believe in 'casting pearls.' Some said, bluntly, that they would *not* take their horses out to go down those slippery streets behind Beacon Hill to Faneuil Hall, even to hear Phillips Brooks! Others were sure the ragtag and bobtail wouldn't come, or, if they did, they would bring — 'well, *you* know,' bugs, in their clothing. And besides, if they did come, it would be merely from idle curiosity — 'and curiosity is a poor motive for attending Divine Service!' As for 'curiosity' bringing the 'Scum of the City' to Faneuil Hall: there was once a man who, from 'curiosity,' climbed up into a sycamore tree to look at a Stranger — a Stranger who called to him: 'Zacchæus, come down. I must abide at Thy house.'

These are only dim and scattered memories of the Faneuil Hall Meetings, but I know from a few letters the ragtag wrote to Mr. Brooks that his message did abide in some darkened hearts, to comfort and to bless. . . .

III

That Phillips Brooks, in spite of high-church opposition to his low-churchness, should have been made Bishop of Massachusetts was not surprising. He was loved and revered all over the country, as well as in his own state. But that his elevation to the Bishopric was a blow to Trinity Church cannot be denied. At first, I don't think it made as much difference to Lorin as it did to me, because he held on to his old privilege of occasionally dropping into the Rectory in the evenings if a light in the study windows showed that the Bishop was at

home. 'Tell me to clear out, sir, if I'm in the way,' he used to say; but I don't think Phillips Brooks ever told any of his flock to 'clear out.' Yet, as he assumed the responsibilities of the diocese, endless duties piled up, he was constantly away from home and his study windows at night were dark. His face began to show deepening lines; his dark, beautiful eyes, always serene, had not so many flashes of humor in them. Naturally, his old congregation displayed impatience with the demands made upon him by the great diocese. 'These country parsons,' Trinity said, 'have no consideration! When they are in Boston, they are always bursting in upon him.'

Trinity itself, having had 'the habit of Phillips Brooks' for twenty-two years, made occasional 'demands' on its own account; but these, perforce, were lessening, because the parish had settled down to break in a new rector. Poor gentleman! It wasn't easy to step into Mr. Brooks's seven-league boots! To show the sort of service he had always given us, here is an instance: A colored girl, Mary Church, who had been brought up in Trinity Sunday School, and had come for all her young life to Trinity, was dying of tuberculosis. By and by, one Sunday morning, it was evident that death was very near, so one of Mary's sisters was sent with a message to Mr. Brooks. 'Tell him,' the poor mother said, 'to come quick — right now! She's dyin' — an' he mus' help her to die. Tell him she say she can't die easy, less'n he's with her!' The girl ran as hard as she could through the Negro quarter of the West End, down across the Public Garden, to Trinity Church, where she made her way to the vestry. There, as the low notes of the organ, overflowing from the nave, began to fill the room, she repeated her mother's words to Mr. Brooks.

Of course he could not go 'now.' He took the little sister's hand, and explained, gently. 'But I will come later,' he said. 'Run home now, and tell Mary

I will come as soon as the service is over.' One of the assistant clergymen went back with the child, to confirm his message; but when Mary's mother said, 'Another gem'man's here, honey, won't he do?' the dying girl, with a scarcely perceptible movement of her head, whispered, 'No.' Then, gathering up her ebbing life, she murmured: 'I'll . . . wait . . . to die.'

She waited an hour. 'She's still a-breathin',' her mother said. Another hour . . . Had she gone? No, her eyes opened: 'I'm a-waitin'.' Then they heard a step, and saw the great figure bend his head under the low lintel of the door. In the little room, packed with crowding black faces of the family, he sat down beside her, and with that manner of unhurried time so characteristic of him he talked to her quietly. Then he gave her the Communion — and while she was sinking into peace he blessed her and said: 'Good-bye, my child.' Her mother saw her smile, and heard the labored whisper: 'Bye . . . suh.' Her waiting was over. . . .

This story is like a hundred others — his swift response to any call for help. As a result, everybody took him for granted — as we took sunshine or the air we breathed. I don't know just when his own people (as we considered ourselves) began to be uneasy. But I know that, after a while, some of us said: 'He's wearing himself out!' And I remember the affectionate anxiety of gossip: 'In the winter he stays in those country rectories — and you know they are always overheated — and he hates very hot rooms! Somebody told me that on one of his visitations they saw him coming out of a little rectory in the Berkshires, and he just went and stood in the snow, trying to get cool.' To which someone else retorted: 'He ought never to have been made Bishop!'

Well, there's no use going back to that now. What happened was inevitable, I suppose. Yet, somehow, nobody was prepared for it.

IV

'Mr. Brooks has a cold,' Lorin told me. 'I hope he'll go to Europe this summer and get a good rest.' Then we heard that the doctor had ordered him to bed — and there was some amusement at that! Mr. Brooks 'ordered'! What a joke! Well, if he wouldn't stop tearing around, working himself to death every minute, it was just as well that the doctor should 'order' him. 'Imprison him! Keep him quiet by force!' we said, laughing.

But being sent to bed with what was still called 'a quinsy throat' didn't mean any real rest. I have found a note he wrote to Lorin in one of those last days:

January 18, 1893.

DEAR MR. DELAND:

I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you. May God bless you for what you have done, and what you are doing. I wish there was something I could do to relieve you of part of your labors — but there is not. I can only rejoice with you and for you.

Yours most sincerely,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

I have no idea to what 'labors' he referred, or what Lorin had 'done and was doing,' but it makes me wince, now, to think that instead of 'resting' he took the time — five days before he died — to write these friendly and inspiring words to a young man whose greatest privilege it was to serve him.

On that last fateful morning I was working at my desk, and the telephone rang. I went on writing. It rang again. I went on writing. And it rang, and rang, and rang! I said: 'Oh, what a nuisance!' But I went into the next room and took down the receiver. 'Well?' I said. A breathless voice replied: 'Is that Mrs. Deland?'

'Yes.'

'This is very terrible! What are we going to do?'

'Terrible?' I said. 'What is terrible? What are you talking about? Who is speaking, please?'

The name was given — then: ‘Of course you have heard —’ The voice broke.

‘Heard what?’ I said, beginning to be frightened.

‘Mr. Brooks — Mr. Brooks —’

‘Mr. Brooks — what? Tell me! What is the matter?’

I held my breath to hear, and after a struggle for composure the voice faltered the final word of life: ‘Dead.’

Under the shock of that word, I felt as if I had been pushed away from the telephone; I found myself sitting on a little bench, saying breathlessly: ‘You don’t mean Mr. Brooks is — is —?’

‘Yes,’ the voice said, ‘yes. Dead.’

It was my first experience of a public calamity — unless, indeed, I can compare it with my childhood memory of Lincoln’s funeral, which at the time meant to me nothing but the frightening fact that, for the first time in my life, I saw my mother’s face wet with tears. Now, in Boston, many faces were wet with tears — many lips could not speak.

Boston was not just a city — it was a family, a bereaved family. . . . We looked at each other, dazed: ‘But I didn’t know he was sick!’

‘Why, I saw him, last week, about our Fuel and Food Society! And I know he went out to Newton Wednesday evening, to some church thing. He must have been all right then!’

One lady, not of his old parish, Trinity, but of his new parish, the State, was walking across Harvard Bridge that lowering January morning, when a teamster — a man she had never seen before — hailed her, and, drawing his wagon up beside her, said in a shaking voice: ‘Say, ma’am, did you know the Bishop’s dead?’

Her matter-of-fact ‘What Bishop?’ showed how far she was from any anxiety about the Bishop of Massachusetts, but when the teamster used the title familiar to them both, ‘Why, Mr. Brooks,’ she cried out in consternation: ‘Oh, *no!* Not Phillips Brooks?’ The man

nodded: ‘It’s him.’ And Boston’s lovely Mrs. Henry Higginson and Boston’s laboring man lamented together.

How such stories might be multiplied! But they would not mean, now, what they meant to the great lady and the teamster, for there has arisen a generation that knows not Joseph. The people who told the stories, or experienced them, have almost all gone. There are busts of Phillips Brooks by distinguished sculptors — St. Gaudens, French, Bela Pratt. But sometimes, now, one hears the question: ‘Whose statue is that outside Trinity?’ Or, ‘Did that man whose bust I saw at Harvard do anything special?’ Which reminds me: Edward Gardiner, of the Institute of Technology, met Lorin, I think on the Common, that first bewildered morning, and said: ‘Deland, there ought to be a mask of Mr. Brooks — don’t you think so?’

‘I don’t believe anyone has thought of it!’ Lorin said, dismayed. ‘But, *of course!* I’ll ask one of the vestry about it — or do you think I should go at once to the family?’ Before the question of the mask was settled, another suggestion was made. Lucy Derby said: ‘Lorin, the church won’t begin to hold the people who will want to come to the funeral! Do go and see somebody — Robert Treat Paine, or Mr. Winthrop, or Colonel Codman — and ask them if they won’t arrange to have, after the services in the church, a service outside for the crowd that will be sure to be standing there. Just a prayer and a hymn — everybody can sing “O God, Our Help in Ages Past.”’

These arrangements took time and tact. Some of the people Lorin consulted were not pleased. ‘An out-of-door service? But suppose it rains?’ a vestryman protested. ‘People might take cold!’

‘A death mask?’ someone else said. ‘I don’t believe the Board of Health would permit it. You know his throat was terribly infectious.’

‘And if the Board of Health did per-

mit it,' another man, not a vestryman, said (he was in a sort of collapse from shock and grief), 'what good would it do? No; I am against it!'

Lorin explained, gently: 'There will be a bust of Mr. Brooks made, and the measurements of the face will be very necessary.' At which the poor, broken man burst out in crazy objection: 'I suppose you want plaster casts made so you can go down on Tremont Street and sell them for a quarter!' Lorin made no denial—he was too sorry for him. When he got his breath, he explained again that the beauty and power of the Bishop's face must be preserved for the future. 'You and I, sir, know it,' Lorin said, 'you much longer and more intimately than I; but the people who come after us must know it, too.'

The Chairman of the Board of Health did hesitate very seriously, but Paul Bartlett, the sculptor, to whom Lorin went first of all, expressed his willingness to take the risk. So, that dark January day, Lorin went with him and his assistant to the Rectory, and into the quiet room, where he looked long at the face on the pillow. It was divinely worn and tired, for—like his Master—he had been so literally 'among us as one that serveth.' When the work began, Lorin obeyed Mr. Bartlett's orders to wait in the adjoining room.

On the day of the funeral, early in the morning, the crowd began to gather around Trinity—as Lucy had said, 'The church could not hold us all!' After it was filled, with not even standing room left, queues of people were still moving along the streets that converged in the Square, to stand there while the services inside were proceeding—an enormous, mourning multitude that filled the great open space from the steps of Trinity, on one side, to the steps of the Public Library on the opposite side, and from the Museum of Fine Arts across to the houses on Boylston Street. Two or three horsecars were stalled in the dense crowd, but on its edges were count-

less vehicles—ice wagons, broughams, hacks, furniture vans, hucksters' push-carts, and I think, here and there, a baby carriage—a great silent concourse, waiting for the man who had helped them to live.

At last, when the services within the church ended, the doors opened, and the great coffin, borne on the shoulders of eight Harvard men, and followed by the clergy, was brought out on to the terrace and placed on draped trestles, in full sight of his people. Then into the breathing silence came those words that have sent a tremor to the hearts of the generations: '*I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord.*' There was some reading of the Scriptures. Then the minister, standing beside the coffin, said: 'Let us all say, together, the Lord's Prayer: Our Father . . .' There was a following murmur: 'Who art in Heaven, Hallowed be . . .' The murmur gathered in volume: 'Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will . . .' The confused sound, starting from Trinity, moved on the ground swell of repressed tears—rising, falling, ceasing, then spreading and lifting, to break, on the steps of the Library, into the splendor of Faith: '*For Thine is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory! . . . Amen.*'

There was a pause. . . . The quartette began to sing:—

'O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home. . . .

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth . . .'

A woman on my left sobbed; Lorin, beside me, held his clenched fist hard against his unsteady lips. Miss Parker's beautiful soprano soared on:—

'Or earth received her frame
From everlasting Thou . . .'

The choir faltered, but still the lifting Voice carried us:—

' . . . Thou art God,
To endless years the same.'

A BALANCE SHEET FOR AMERICANS

BY JOHN W. OWENS

I

THE national conventions will be held this year while the country is painfully adjusting itself to great historical ironies. One thing had been settled. After seven years of social and economic adventure, the American people knew they were in favor of capitalism, operated through free enterprise. And free enterprise was to function in political isolation from other nations. But irony number one appears. The self-chosen isolation of twenty years has exploded in our faces. We see instead the dread prospect of isolation imposed upon us by the consequences of war, by the will of new masters of Europe. And this introduces irony number two. Because of the danger of imposed isolation, it is clearly possible that during the next administration the American people who now know that they want free enterprise will be compelled to accept a larger measure of regimentation than Mr. Roosevelt attempted to give them, not as 'progress,' but as a kind of economic martial law in time of calamity.

It may be helpful to go back before the fateful morning of May 10 when the public learned of that march into Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg. The American people were still far away from the war, were still intent upon their own affairs, and were still preparing for the settlement of domestic issues. And already they had so definitely laid down the fundamental rule of capitalism, operated through free enterprise, that the politicians of both parties were voluble

in devotion to the ancient idea. If the people did not embrace capitalism with the glowing hopes of the late-Coolidge and early-Hoover era that poverty was about to be abolished, they were reconciled to it as the system which had abolished more poverty than any other system they had been able to observe. And they also were reconciled to it as the system which, in their observation, is more consistent than any other in the preservation of human rights and dignities.

It may seem superfluous to state this attitude, which becomes more definite day by day. Business men have been speaking openly in such terms. Leaders of large groups of labor have been even more positive than many of the business men. And, of course, the politicians have followed. But it is important to appreciate this attitude, for it marks a hardening of opinion which the country lacked in recent years. It must be remembered that in 1936 the man who said plainly that he favored capitalism, operated through free enterprise, was often rewarded with compliments upon the honesty of his brutality.

The advocates of 'planned economy' — predominantly 'planners' of the Left — were spread over the scene. They had a large following among the intellectuals. They had unanimous following among the pseudo-intellectuals. They had a wide, if mentally vague, following among the workers. Among the definitely 'underprivileged,' the

echoes of their arguments had the allure of change, and change was good. The long depression had become a blessing to the Marxists. It had left a bog of doubt in which men and women of all classes — victims of the mistakes of capitalism in the twenties or witnesses of heartbreaking disasters — groped for some kind of economic certitude, as though in this world of fallible human beings the assertedly foolproof economic mechanism were not the most fool-ridden.

So in 1936 most of the people were respectful or were timid in challenge when the air was rent with the 'planners' cries in support of 'production for use,' as though there had been no social use in the capitalistic system of production which had provided millions of men and women with the highest standard of living ever known, had given to the least fortunate a measure of publicly supported sustenance known in no other nation, and had, in addition, created systems of public health and public education unsurpassed in the amount of money lavished upon them. Likewise, good, average people shrank when denunciations of the 'profit motive' pounded upon their ears.

There was one peculiarity about these denunciations of the 'profit motive.' They were not directed against the farmer's profits. At the time, one of the immediate objects of the sponsors of a 'planned economy' was to unite the farmer with the so-called proletarian worker. Therefore, the highly individualistic, intensely capitalistic farmer was entitled to adequate profits on his investment of dollars and his investment of labor. Moreover, if the farmer failed to realize adequate profits, he should be paid the deficiency by the government, which would get the money to do so by taxing the other parts of the population or by borrowing from the capital accounts of the balance of the population.

But, aside from the farmer, all profits

were economic barbarism. They were solely the fruits of greed. In these cries of the 'planners' there was no allowance for pride of work and achievement. Everyone who has observed business at first hand knows that pride is a mighty force, which often carries on when hope of profits diminishes, but there was no allowance for this in the cries that filled the air in the middle thirties. There was no allowance for responsibility to the community on the part of those who operate under the profit system, familiar as is such responsibility. There was no allowance for mutual loyalty between employer and worker, common as that is.

The whole complex of emotion and aspiration which surrounds and conditions business was brushed aside or resolved into a single impulse, greed. The evidence of social responsibility in business revealed in every locality — publicly in hospitals, schools, libraries, and churches, privately in countless pension and unemployment experiments — counted for naught.

II

Today, popular deference to the planning Olympians has disappeared, and the causes are numerous. One is reassertion of the native genius of the people. Here is a land in which most of the 130,000,000 population have been taught, and have known that their fathers were taught, that it was admirable to work with hand and mind, to enlarge one's income, to save part of one's income, to invest the saving, to accumulate profits from one's investments, and to possess property in security, dignity, and — yes — morality. The deep conditioning of the American mind to that conception was not to be changed permanently by one depression and its varying degrees of revolutionary thought. Soon or late there was certain to be a resettling into old patterns.

Another cause of change was the disappointment that followed some of

Mr. Roosevelt's 'planning.' The grandiose NRA collapsed before the Supreme Court removed it from the field. The AAA was in trouble from the beginning. People slowly, over the months, began to meditate. Then came a moral shock to be piled on economic doubts. The President's proposal, after reelection in 1936, to pack the Supreme Court sent vast numbers of people back to old standards, including many who continued to be attached to the President personally. The best summarization of the objections to the President's plan was that of General Johnson, who said it was 'too damned clever.' The abiding instincts of the hard-working and hard-headed majority of Americans are against get-rich-quick schemes, whether the offered riches are dollars or 'social benefits.' They will not permanently be allured by short and shady cuts to Utopia.

To all of that within our borders were added the demoralization and rout of the 'planners' of the Left whose object lesson had been Russia. When the trials and confessions of the most eminent of the Old Bolsheviks were fairly under way, friends of The Great Experiment had a choice of two alternatives. Either the trials, confessions, and executions were a hideous drama of treachery and murder by government; or they proved that the dictatorship of the proletariat had assumed the classic form of personal dictatorship and was driving into underground conspiracy numerous men of distinction whose devotion to the early ideal had long been recognized. There was no escape from a choice between those alternatives. It was a bitter choice, for the taking of either involved the surrender of a case which had been laboriously constructed over two decades. But there the choice was. The 'planners' of the Left quailed before it. And in due course they were ruined.

Then came the Soviets' international brutality. Strictly speaking, the invasion of Finland by Russia is not proof

that a 'planned economy' is socially and economically unworkable. But it is impossible to persuade Americans that only 'production for use' is respectable when The Great Socialist Example finds the 'use' of its 'production' in the murder of weak and innocent neighbors. It is impossible to shout against 'the greed of the profit motive' among one's own people when The Great Socialist Example is indulging a greed for the property and the labor of whole nations.

III

So in this year of grace, one thousand, nine hundred and forty, men openly avow respect for the basic economic principles upon which this country has rested from its beginnings. And, until war exploded our own kind of isolation, the question that we thought about was this: What is the country going to do, in practical things, now that it has recovered its basic concepts? On the assumption for the present that we can do as we should like to do, a few definite replies can be made.

For one thing, the country will wish to preserve the advances in social protection which have been made in Mr. Roosevelt's administration. It is true that Mr. Roosevelt's management of these social measures has been at times far from wise. Relief has been extravagant in places and corroded by politics in places. Old-age pensions, or annuities, threatened in the beginning to be *de facto* an income tax on the workers in exchange for a *promise* of the government to pay pensions in the future. The collections from the workers went into payment of current expenses of a deficit-ridden government. There was no true accumulation of an insurance fund. The workers would have been as sure of the future if they had not paid a dollar to the government, for they were protected by no more than the government's *promise* which could have been given at any time and under any circumstances.

This situation was so glaring that, by common consent, it has been partially alleviated.

But, allowing for all such facts, it remains true that in this area Mr. Roosevelt has a mark on the credit side of the ledger. The issue as to these social protections is the matter of adjustments in practice after experience, and that is endless.

Another thing of which we may be certain, assuming that fate will permit us to manage our affairs as we should like to do, is that the *principle* of the more important regulatory agencies created in the Roosevelt administration will survive. The *practice* will be altered materially.

But in correcting the excesses of the immature people who have made themselves conspicuous in the work of the Labor Board it is not necessary to destroy the principle of the Wagner Act. And — whether or not labor really needed the Wagner Act, whether or not it is making greater *durable* progress under the act than it previously made by the use of reason and discussion and negotiation — the essence of the act will survive under either party.

This will be true of such regulations as that attempted in the wages-and-hours law. Here too much was attempted. There was widespread support for an experimental approach to this question through the states. Conservatives favored experiments no less than liberals and neo-liberals. Mr. Roosevelt and his associates insisted upon all or none, and the federal law was enacted without adequate study or information. It is now necessary to experiment backward instead of forward.

The administration of the law has been an insoluble problem. And not strangely, for some of the ideas embodied in it are ridiculous. It surely is absurd that a law designed for the protection of substandard workers, too feeble or too youthful to organize and bargain for themselves, should govern the working

hours of a university graduate who is sufficiently competent in his job to own town and country homes and two cars. It surely is absurd that, even for the protection of substandard workers, a law should be enacted upon the theory that the avarice of the employer accounts invariably for low wages and that the productive capacity of the worker has nothing to do with a low scale. For to proceed blindly upon this theory in lifting wages and reducing hours is to risk unemployment in groups to whom idle hands may be an evil equal in its social consequences to low wages.

In one way or another, by change in the law or in administration, necessary experimentation backward must be carried on. Congress has lately worked itself into frantic futility in efforts to do so. But the efforts will be pressed in due course. These efforts will probably fall short of repeal. There is a strong and deep and creditable sentiment for regulation of the wages and hours of substandard workers. Once the fight for a prudent approach through the states was lost, and the federal law was enacted, the practical course of the future became experiment and debate to make the federal law workable.

Again, in the securities administration will be found, whatever the result of the election, a disposition to accept the principle and to revise the practice. The SEC has had more than faint praise from many who have been skeptical of much in the Roosevelt administration. Its membership has included some of the ablest men Mr. Roosevelt has drawn to Washington. And these men often have combined strength of opinion with objective consideration of facts. Yet, despite general belief that there should be public regulation of security issues and general respect for most of the men who bear the responsibility, there has been lately a perceptible wave of dissatisfaction.

Perhaps the simplest portrayal of the dissatisfaction would be to say that

people feel that the SEC is rather like a parent who is so anxious to guard his children against making mistakes that he makes it hard for them to do anything whatever. After all, the only way to be entirely safe against the making of mistakes in this life is to die, and some observers of the scene seem to think that, under the unflagging care of the SEC, the capital market may decide death to be the easiest road to negative perfection. But this attitude of the commission will not endure indefinitely, and it will be corrected, by one party or the other, without destruction of the principle.

IV

There is another subject on which the people were rapidly making up their minds prior to the day of the march into the Low Countries. That was federal finances. There was growing demand for restraint upon spending and for budgetary order. In the alarm created by the furious spread of war, thought of defense temporarily banished thought of budgetary order. The Congress and the country acceded to Mr. Roosevelt's emergency arms program with all the alacrity he could have desired, and deferred the question of financing the billion-dollar appropriation. But the state of mind that preceded the invasion of the Low Countries was so strong that revival of the demand for budgetary order soon appeared in the country. Mr. Roosevelt's call for a second billion strengthened the demand for fiscal order. The people were far ahead of Congress in recognizing the need of new taxes in order to guard the budget and protect the national debt and the national credit.

Perhaps the chief reason for the bungling of recent months in the movement for budgetary reform is that the task calls for leadership which Mr. Roosevelt is unfitted to supply. There are two approaches, other than emergency taxes, in bringing the federal budget under

control. There must be economy. But after economy there must be stimulation of the industrial machinery of the country so that the tax levies, whether direct or indirect, will bring in larger totals of revenue. Mr. Roosevelt is unfitted to lead in either approach, and his recent irritation under criticism suggests that he knows it. Temperamentally, he is an extravagant man. The Florida ship canal and Passamaquoddy were performances possible only to a man organized by nature for large flights of fancy—and damn the expense. Dozens of other examples might be given. Even in small things he loves to let his fancy run without discipline.

As to stimulation of the industrial machinery, with consequent increase in the yields of tax levies, Mr. Roosevelt has been deficient in effectual leadership of a normal economy because he is incapable of a consistent and coherent economic policy. One of the most illuminating things ever said of the President came from the lips of a brilliant and devoted member of the group of young intellectuals whom he gathered in Washington. This man said that if the President were told that Business A had driven Business B out of existence, and 300 workers had lost their jobs, he would be angry at destructive, cutthroat competition and think that something must be done. Apparently, in such a case, the President would have no thought of questions whether the defeated business was overcapitalized, or badly located, or poorly managed, and whether, because of one or all of these possible reasons, it had been unable to serve its customers as well as Business A. In short, the President's mind would not ask whether the victory of Business A meant that a large body of consumers were getting better goods or service for the same or less cost. There was cutthroat competition, and cutthroat competition should give way to civilized coöperation.

But, said this friend, suppose that the

next day one of the President's aids brought him a report that five concerns, seeking business from the government, had 'coöperated' in offering identical bids. The instant effect, the friend said, would be Presidential rage at collusive bidding and the evils of monopoly and restraint of trade.

The story illustrates perfectly the difficulty Mr. Roosevelt always has had in formulating dependable economic policies. Put aside such impetuous grandiosities of the 1933 period as NRA and the Warren gold theory. Over the years, one sees Mr. Roosevelt moving facilely from spending under the hard necessity of providing jobs to acceptance of the theory that spending is good in itself as stimulation of purchasing power. One sees him impulsively embracing and stubbornly defending the undistributed profits tax, which achieved maximum results in harassment of business by interfering with established concerns in the management of reserves and by interfering with struggling competitors in the creation of reserves. One sees a legitimate fight to regulate power companies woven into a half-furtive attempt to overwhelm the power companies with publicly owned or publicly subsidized plants. One sees labor laws so flagrantly administered on the principle of worker domination of industry that finally the President himself had to order retreat in anticipation of Congressional revolt.

And over all of these and similar mistakes one sees the overshadowing question of the national debt, and public credit, on which the President has held positions to the north, to the east, to the south, and to the west.

In the last year, when Mr. Roosevelt has been occupied chiefly with foreign affairs, this country has had comparative freedom from economic contradictions. But the record had been made and it had convinced the business community that Mr. Roosevelt does not know the nature of business.

V

It will have been noticed that these questions upon which it has been possible to speak with some certainty are questions of administration. We have enlarged the area of social protection, and have problems in administration to solve. We have extended the lines in regulation of labor and financial relations, and have problems in administration to solve. We have lived beyond our means, and have before us to solve problems of administration in reducing expenses and increasing receipts, problems which are recurrent in every nation and every household.

Beyond such questions it is not possible to speak with certainty, even excluding the consequences of the war in our national life. We have turned our faces toward capitalism, operated through free enterprise, and leaders of both parties proclaim in every hamlet their devotion to this principle. But in practical operation of the organic functions of production of wealth and distribution, the country and both parties are still entangled in the webs woven in the middle thirties when desperation, on the one hand, and the panaceas of the 'planners,' on the other, swept us far toward state socialism, or its twin, state capitalism.

Remember that when Mr. Roosevelt undertook, in the NRA, governmental supervision of the production, the prices, and the labor relations of all the industry and trade of the nation, he was supported by spokesmen of the United States Chamber of Commerce and of the American Federation of Labor. Parades and demonstrations were the order all over the land. And when he threw off the revolutionary decision that farmers were no longer to be 'lords of their acres,' the few critics were summarily dismissed as relics of eighteenth-century thought, as though there were no history before the eighteenth century which included disastrous examples of govern-

ment making itself the lord of the farmer's acres.

The country may know that it wishes to turn back to older principles and practices, but extrication from commitments is not always easy. It is certainly not easy when the process of extrication is influenced by fierce political rivalries. It is certainly not easy when these political rivalries are influenced by the demands of minority groups who obtained public subsidies by surrendering freedom of enterprise, and now wish to hold on to the subsidies while joining in the demand for freedom.

Examine the Democratic Party. It is committed to Mr. Hull's trade-agreement policy, which conserves the essence of free enterprise. But the Democratic Party also is committed to that mosaic of paternalism which is Mr. Wallace's agricultural policy. This includes a variety of schemes dear to the hearts of 'planners.'

Schemes to control production and prices are at the centre. The policy goes so far in this direction that it includes schemes to maintain two prices. It includes schemes to take surpluses off the market through loans which, in the aggregate, reach gigantic figures, and schemes simply to dump surpluses. To add to the confusion, there are contradictions within the 'planning.' Mr. Wallace's mosaic contains, for example, plans for reclamation of land for agricultural purposes, which are set side by side with plans for restriction upon the use of land for agricultural purposes. The crop-restricting Mr. Wallace further calls for relief of the share-cropper, although no one on this earth has proposed any genuine measure of relief which would not teach the share-cropper to increase production.

Plainly, expression in concrete policies of the current Democratic devotion to free enterprise will not be realized without pain and struggle, nor quickly. And other contradictions promptly present themselves. There is, evident to all, the

valorous campaign against monopolies (which privately regulate production and prices) that is being carried on by Mr. Thurman Arnold, of the Department of Justice, not to mention Senator O'Mahoney's studious inquiry into all the phenomena of monopoly. But there also is that proud relic of the earlier New Deal economics which is named the Bituminous Coal Act. Although it has fallen short of working the miracles promised, it undertakes to provide as a gift of the government to the coal industry virtually every instrument for control of production and prices that any 'planner' could desire — or that the elder Rockefeller could have desired when he 'planned' on his own account.

Examine the Republican Party. Its spokesmen now speak for free enterprise in such clarion tones that one might suppose them to have an exclusive patent on the idea. But when the Hull plan for trade agreements was before Congress for extension, supported as a major step in restoring free enterprise by a preponderance of the best-informed business opinion of the country, less than a handful of Republicans in the House voted for it and no Republican member of the Senate.

Senator Vandenberg, at that time regarded as the favorite for President of most of the influential party leaders, did not limit himself to argument and vote against the Hull plan. He proposed in the debate that all the foreign trade of the United States — that going out and that coming in — should be subject to a governmental board. In the calendar year which ended on December 31, 1939, the total of all foreign trade of the United States was \$5,494,448,000. Mr. Vandenberg would set up a new bureaucracy which would have authority to govern the nature and the volume of a trade which now reaches this gigantic total.

So far as agriculture is concerned, the position of most of the Republican spokesmen of free enterprise is this: Mr. Wallace's record is all compact of griev-

ous error, but no Democrat ever lived who could pay the farmer larger subsidies than the Republicans will pay. The implementation of this central idea may take various forms. For some weeks past the implement chiefly favored has been the old McNary-Haugen bill. This is a measure by which the government aids the farmers in 'stabilizing' (i.e. fixing) high prices for the part of farm products consumed in the domestic market, and in dumping the balance abroad at any price it will bring.

Calvin Coolidge once heaped the vials of his wrath upon this form of free enterprise. It caused him to produce one of his few first-rate state papers. The defense offered at that time by Charles G. Dawes boiled down to the argument that the Republicans had placed industry on high-tariff stilts and meant to keep industry on them; and, therefore, were under the necessity of providing stilts for agriculture. That may have been rough and poetic justice, but it was not an argument for free enterprise. And the present Republican inclination to the McNary-Haugen idea, coupled with the virtually unanimous Republican opposition in Congress to the Hull program for the gradual reduction of embargo tariff rates on industrial products, is assuredly no bulwark of free enterprise.

It is apparent that application of the revived doctrine of free enterprise — if free enterprise shall be tolerated after the war — will be marked by a good deal of writhing in both of the great political parties. The old doctrine, under which we operated most of our economy in most of our history, is respectable again and admired. But it is not to be disentangled from its foes, old and new, without struggle and pain. Neither party will be a pure and wholly eager agent.

VI

And now, having indulged ourselves in consideration of domestic policies as

they were being shaped prior to the march into the Low Countries, it is necessary to turn to the overshadowing influence which the war is bringing to bear on all our national life.

Before the march into the Low Countries it was clearly possible that the war would unloose forces which would ultimately demolish the whole movement within the United States toward restoration of the historic system of capitalism, operated through free enterprise. Since the fateful morning of May 10, that possibility is increased. The United States may be pressed and pushed by necessity toward some system of narrow economic nationalism operated through governmental control of industry and agriculture — after the people's faces have been set against the choice of such a system. The American people may turn to authoritarian control of their economy as a city may turn to martial law after a disastrous flood or fire.

Try to imagine the economic effects — not alone the political or military effects — upon this country of defeat of the British Empire. It is almost impossible to foresee and trace the effects, for all of us have lived in some degree in the mental habits of the late William E. Borah.

In a life marked by many inconsistencies, Senator Borah was firm in three positions. He was for disarmament. He was for isolation. And he was against the British Empire. He never saw that the British Empire, which he disliked and distrusted, made possible his successes in fighting for disarmament and his comfort in upholding isolation. So long as the British Empire was dominant, Mr. Borah led an enlarging body of opinion in support of disarmament and we did reduce our armaments. And isolationists rested feet on desks and comfortably placed thumbs in armholes. But when Japan emerged as the naval challenger, when Germany and Italy appeared as armed aggressors, and when the British Empire buckled before the

threats of one after another of these despot nations — when that happened, Mr. Borah found himself in baffled solitude. His disarmament supporters were gone — gone into the armament camp. And isolationists, still shouting for isolation, began to peer around corners and to add to the cries for arms.

We have all taken the British Empire for granted, holding ourselves free to praise or to condemn, and few of us have measured its value to us in providing capital much of the time and markets all of the time. Nor have we taken thought of the security in which we have pressed our ventures in all parts of the world because the City of London provided financial policing in far-flung trading centres, while the British fleet preserved order in trade routes to the farthest places. We cannot even now foresee and trace the consequences, direct and indirect, of destruction of these forces which have preserved order.

But even an inkling of a world in which British political influence is demoralized or destroyed, British financial authority is demoralized or destroyed, and British physical power is demoralized or destroyed is sufficient to give us a wide panorama of disorder and decay where once were order and vitality. Our finance, industry, and trade could not escape the radiation of ruin from collapse of the main foundation of the world's commerce. We should not escape even though we were spared affirmative interference by the victors with sources of vital supplies. And the danger of affirmative interference was in many minds at the time of Mr. Hull's stand for the status quo in the Dutch East Indies, from which (and neighboring sources) we bring, to mention but one commodity, rubber for a nation of 130,000,000 who live on wheels.

Defeat of the British Empire may so disjoint the economic mechanism of the world that we shall suddenly find ourselves with our industry and trade blocked and our streets filling with idle

men. In that event, all the settling of our opinion in favor of capitalism, operated through the traditional system of free enterprise, may become meaningless. We may have to turn to a form of governmental supervision and direction of industry, even management, not as a good in itself, not as an ideal system in a world of order, but as a necessity in feeding and clothing men. We may have to institute, in effect, economic martial law.

So much may befall us from the economic consequences of collapse of the British Empire. We became aware, almost instantly upon the march into the Low Countries, of the *physical* dangers to which we should be exposed by British defeat. Mr. Roosevelt promptly went to the Congress with his billion-dollar emergency arms program. And Congress responded by offering more money than he had asked and offering it in less time than had been anticipated. The voting was overwhelming. Men in the old-time isolationist groups were in the forefront of the movement to arm. Most of them had habitually treated every effort at coöperation with other nations of the world as, in effect, putting our necks into a British noose. But when they saw the imminent danger of British defeat, when they saw the danger of destruction or surrender of the British navy, they moved as swiftly to get arms as the most ardent of Anglophiles. And now it begins to be seen that the cost of this militarization for defense, arising from the fear that Britain will be defeated, adds a new and great danger to the security of our domestic economy and to all of the people's plans to return to the traditional system of free enterprise.

Mr. Roosevelt asked for a billion dollars for the emergency arms program. He also asked for 50,000 planes. The popular impression, presumably, was that the billion-dollar emergency program would cover most if not all of the cost of the new air armament and related expansions of defense services.

Take a pencil and a piece of paper, and make a quick calculation. Some of the great war planes cost several hundred thousand dollars each. Assume an average price of \$100,000 per plane. Multiply that average cost by 50,000. It will be seen that the total cost of the new fleet of planes which Mr. Roosevelt recommends, and the country desires, would be five billions of dollars, not the one billion for which the President called. Now, dealing only with planes, consider the cost of replacements. Consider the cost of airdromes. Consider the number of pilots, mechanics, and helpers who will be needed to fly and maintain 50,000 planes. Consider the cost of their wages and their keep. With that done, turn from aviation to the army and navy. If Britain is defeated and the British navy is destroyed or surrendered, shall we be able to do with a one-ocean navy? And shall we be able to do with a standing army of a few divisions?

It must be clear to all that, if Britain goes down, we shall not be able to step up our national expenditure for defense from two billions a year by an additional emergency billion and call the job done. This has been proved by Mr. Roosevelt's call for a second billion. We shall go to five, to six billions a year for defense. And, if we continue to pay the salaries and the wages to men in the armed services which we have been paying, such an enlargement of the defenses of air, sea, and land as is threatened may take our total costs for defense closer to ten billions a year than to the present figure. That is what lies ahead if the British Empire is ruined and if the British navy is destroyed or surrendered to Germany.

And we face that possibility with a national budget which has been out of balance for a decade and with a national debt which Mr. Roosevelt has carried to a total not far from double that of the peak of the last war. It is not necessary to argue that we shall be able to carry the cost of such militarization as will be

imperative, in the event of British defeat, only if we find the self-discipline to enforce the sternest economy both in civil administration and in the armed services, and only if, in addition, we find the self-discipline to enforce upon ourselves the sternest system of taxation ever known in this land. Whether we can find the self-discipline is a question to which no instant answer can be given. We have been profligate in civil administration. We have been luxurious in maintenance of the armed establishments, which accounts partly for the deficiencies with which the government now grapples after the expenditure of \$9,196,000,000 for defense in the 1930-1939 decade. And we have shunned stern taxation in the lower brackets.

Obviously, if Britain and the British fleet go, and if we then fail to economize and to tax with a stern resolution never before required of us, we shall see our national debt swell like a balloon and finally burst. If that occurs, private credit will collapse and private enterprise will be paralyzed in its organic departments. To preserve the elemental movements of goods and supplies to a vast urban population, the government may be compelled to take possession of whole industries and to put into effect a form of economic martial law whose details no one can now foresee or predict. Only, we can tell thus far in advance that it will not be the system of capitalism, operated through free enterprise, to which the people of this country wish to return, nor will it be accompanied by the civil rights which we have known in all the long history of our free enterprise.

VII

But the menace from abroad does not end with the possibility of British defeat. It may arise from protracted war. Already there has been serious dislocation of our normal exports, particularly in agricultural commodities. The impact upon our economy has been re-

duced by increase in war purchases by the Allies and, to some extent, other nations not yet directly involved in the wars in Europe and Asia. This new trade has been sufficient to induce the semblance of a war boom in some lines of heavy industry. But a year hence the cash resources of the Allies may be exhausted, and there will stand between them and us in purchases of goods the barriers of the Johnson Act and other legislation to restrict credits. Almost overnight we may be called upon to endure the present dislocation in normal trade plus the stoppage of all the large war trade. Measure the reaction upon our economy unless we change our laws and grant credits — knowing full well that the credits will not be repaid in an ordinary lifetime.

Even there the menace from abroad does not stop. Assume that the British Empire will not be defeated. And assume that we change our laws and grant credits. One day the war is stopped and peace is declared. That day will find the British and French governments loaded down with debts which will never be paid or refinanced at anything like true value, and with private credit, therefore, undermined. In this event of Allied victory, defeated Germany and her associates will be in economic chaos. And for all, victor and vanquished alike, there will be the task of turning men and women out of armed forces and war industries and into the productive pursuits of peace — millions upon millions of men and women. It will not be possible for governments merely to disgorge men and women from armed forces and war industries and tell business to provide employment — to provide food and clothing. Private business will have its production demoralized, its trade demoralized, and its credit demoralized. It will not be able to feed and clothe the men and women who will be discharged from war.

The British and French governments, perforce, will be totalitarian in peace

as they now are totalitarian in war. They will be totalitarian not because they will believe, as do the Germans, Italians, and Russians, that totalitarian government is good in time of peace. Economic martial law, governmental control of essential industry and trade, will be the means, not of social advance in enlightened nations, but of bare subsistence in ruined nations. And our American trade, already sensitive to abnormal depressions and abnormal expansions from the war, will respond inevitably to this final collapse of free enterprise in Europe. Again, our own recourse may be economic martial law.

VIII

With these spectres in the air, there is a paradox before us.

Mr. Roosevelt recklessly and truculently scuttled the World Economic Conference which met in London in July 1933. He had suddenly become enamored of 'economic planning,' and, of course, 'economic planning' assumes economic nationalism and the pursuit of national self-sufficiency. Each nation becomes a small economic planet. In scuttling the Economic Conference, Mr. Roosevelt also extinguished the last breath of life in the Disarmament Conference. The armaments race was on, open and unabashed. But today Mr. Roosevelt shares with Secretary of State Hull, whom he deserted in London in 1933, the leadership of the cause of international responsibility, economic as well as political. He is become a leading spokesman for mutuality of interest between nations.

In the stand which has resulted from his gradual change of view appears the possible drawing of one clear line between the Democratic and Republican parties — provided German victory does not convert our whole foreign policy into preparation for defense. The line is not now clearly drawn. In the end it may not be drawn at all. Mr. Roosevelt

had taken the course which, prior to the news of May 10, was hard uphill, and, as party leader, he may give ground. Or the Republicans may advance. In the Democratic Party are many whose instinct has been to find an island in the Mississippi and to look neither to the east nor to the west, lest they see Europe or Asia, and, seeing, become fascinated and involved. In the Republican Party have been many whose sympathies are with Mr. Roosevelt in his foreign policy.

But in recent weeks — before the march into the Low Countries shook all positions — there had been a definite tendency upon the part of the responsible Democratic leadership to face economic responsibility in Europe during the war, and, equally definitely, to face responsibility in the tasks of reconstruction after the war. The justification, apart from humanity, was that such assumption of responsibility might save Britain, France, and European neutrals from long-continued totalitarian rule after the war and thus might save us from being driven into similar economic martial law.

At the same time, there had been a definite tendency upon the part of most of the Republican leaders to call for outright isolation, economic as well as political, during the war and after the war. Mr. Dewey went far in this direction in his Western speeches. Mr. Vandenberg's attitude was vehemently isolationist. (He now draws a distinction between *isolation* and *insulation*.) And although Mr. Taft voted last year for repeal of the arms embargo, the one outspoken Republican resistance to economic isolation came from Mr. Willkie, a dark horse, who is rather more of a Republican thinker than a Republican leader. Mr. Willkie, during the pri-

maries, intervened to say bluntly that while he condemns Mr. Roosevelt's domestic policy, he thinks the Administration's foreign policy is 'pretty good.'

This division between the two parties on foreign policy, if it comes, will give a final bizarre touch to a period in which realities have often seemed fantasies, and fantasies have become realities.

We were carried far along the road of the 'planners.' In time, our instincts, our experiences, and our observation of events abroad forced a halt. We began to retrace our steps, confused though we were by the headlong journey, hobbled by commitments made in the journey, distracted by the obstructive rivalries of leaders who professed to be showing us the way to old and familiar roads.

And now! War abroad opens a vista through which we are able to discern in the distance a danger that all the hopes of our homeward march may be destroyed. 'Economic planning,' rejected in deliberate peace, may be forced upon us in some rough-and-ready form by frantic war. And the political party which recklessly toyed with 'planning' in peace has sought prudently to guard against the danger of enforced 'planning' from war and its aftermath; while the political party which decried 'planning' has been inclined to exorcise the new danger by refusing to see it. But perhaps the fateful day of May 10 may have started reorganization of all political positions. It may be so forceful as to compel the Democrats to add wisdom in domestic economy to wisdom in foreign policy. And, in foreign policy, the effects of May 10 may be such as to cause the Republicans to read some of the speeches made by Woodrow Wilson in 1919 and to substitute thinking for the jeering of twenty years.

STRIP-TEASE

BY GEORGE WELLER

I

THE first part of *Manhattan Maids*, the new show at the Willis, was nearing its close. Arthur, the little old man who during the intermission sold molasses kisses with a copy of *Peppy Tales* and a pair of nudist dice in every package,—‘Just put the sixes together and hold them up to the light,’—was stacking his wares together in his wicker basket. He adjusted the leather sling around his neck, ready to go before the house when the curtain ran down. The two plain-clothes detectives were standing in the narrow lobby by the ticket-chopping machine, their overcoats, jackets, and vests open against the heavy steam heat, their hands thrust deep in their pockets. They were watching the show through the open doors. They had arrested the cast on every Saturday for the past four weeks.

The Willis was a smaller house than those in St. Joe and St. Louis, but its worn boards and weary, cracked curtain had known forty years of burlesque. Of its 260 seats, seven were occupied this night. In the last row of the house two couples who had paid for the darkness, not the show, were sitting nuzzled in each other’s necks. The other customers were two sweated sophomores from the University of Kansas City, who sprawled in the front row, and a bald traveling man with an unlighted cigar in his mouth, who sat in the fourth row right, yawning and running his hand nervously across the top of his bony, pale head.

After the last raid, when the saxophone and trumpet players deserted the sinking ship, *Manhattan Maids* had also lost its valuable straight man, who owned the only dinner jacket in the company. Frankie Martin, one of the two comics, had taken over the songs the straight man formerly had sung before the curtain. Frankie ordinarily wore white tortoise-shell glasses and a little red outing hat to show that he was a comic. When he went before the curtain as the straight man, he simply took off the hat and glasses and put on a black bow tie.

Now Frankie, as straight man, was singing ‘Over the Rainbow’ to the seven customers and the rows of empty seats. He stretched out his hands, his Adam’s apple throbbing eloquently in the final plea, ‘Why, oh why can’t I?’ The college boys in the front row popped their hands together twice, looked around behind themselves as though seeking support for their enthusiasm, and subsided. ‘And now, friends,’ said Frankie, bowing and smiling down at them, ‘as the act preceding the grand finale of the first part of our show, we present that beautiful young lady who has won the heart of all lovers of Kansas City burlesque, the lovely Miss Joan Merry, in her famous specialty stri —’ He glanced around at the closed curtain behind him and said under his breath, without moving his lips, ‘Oops, Joan, sorry.’ A squeak of laughter came from the girls in the line, giggling in yellow feathers in the

wings, and he grinned at them. 'Joan Merry in her inimitable dance of desire — the dance that shocked Chicago — and boys, she sure has something there.' He smote his hands together, leaning forward with his black eyes asparkle. 'The Willis presents — for your pleasure — the reigning beauty of Kansas City — the darling of 42nd Street — our own — our adorable — Miss — *Joan — Merry.*' He began a lead-off salvo of applause as he backed into the wings, and Arthur eased past the two detectives to put in a couple of claps from the lobby.

The members of the audience lifted a little out of their passive postures. A woman's white hand appeared at the dividing fold of the blue velvet curtain, and then, reaching outward, revealed all her powdered arm, naked to the elbow. The lovers parted and sat up to watch. The dancer turned the curtain back around her invisible body and paused there, hidden in velvet, waiting for applause. The salesman took his hat off his lap and placed it carefully on the next seat. The orchestra, a piano and trap drums, softly and suggestively began 'Limehouse Blues.'

The single white arm was the semaphore of Eros, the promise that was about to come true. A kind of anticipation, scattered among seven people, yet definite, arose as the footlights dimmed to a low reddish purple. The arm of the woman stirred against the dark blue of the curtain, the long thin fingers grasping the rich velvet, the narrow red fingernails showing through the light haze of floating cigarette smoke. The velvet drew back further, showing the arm to the shoulder, the curtain wrapping itself around the unrevealed body behind it, denominating curves that were still secret. Softly pumped the piano, welding the minors of the chant seductively together, and the drum grunted out the deep half-held, half-given rhythm, '*going the way that the rest of them did.*'

Suddenly the arm flung back the curtain, and there she was. She had smooth

white blond hair cut in a Salome bob. She wore a long tunic of shimmering silver, to cover a vermilion gown whose chiffon edges showed beneath the tunic. Her sandals were small and black. She was young, and when she knew they were looking at every line of her she tossed back her heavy hair and smiled suddenly, cocking her head on one side as though saying 'Why not?' The college boys suddenly looked at each other and let out two piercing whistles; the salesman turned around and said 'Whew!' across the empty seats, and settled down to watch.

There was a little smile around the corners of her mouth as the music began to swing. Breaking abruptly out of her winsome pose, she set out across the stage with her long workmanlike stripper's stride, leaning back from the hips, her arms folded across her full breasts, her head moving with the swing of her shoulders. Once, twice she crossed the stage diagonally. The smile on her lips crept upward from her mouth and possessed her eyes. As she reached the wings each time, she turned with a dipping curve. The third time she crossed she dropped her hands to the knot of her tunic, and gave them a pert glance of inquiry, laughing a little to herself at their intentness. The fourth time, when they were watching her with the faith of animals, she suddenly walked out of sight into the wings.

They waited politely. When she did not come, there was a light popping of hands. One of the boys in the back row yelled, 'Come on, Joan, we haven't got all night!' The girl at his side sh-shed him, making believe she was shocked.

The teaser appeared again, moving with the same methodical swagger. Her two hands, the wrists bent like a dancer's and extended hip-high in something comically like admonition, now were keeping offbeat time with the calculated rhythm of her hips. The silver tunic had slipped down over one shoulder. Twice she crossed, this time back and forth,

and suddenly, standing at the wings, with a light shrug she let the tunic open and slip down. In the same motion she tossed it into the wings. She stood there a moment, gave a little general all-over shrug, winked, and slipped out of sight. Every one of the five males in her audience clapped; the two girls edged forward on their chairs, staring. The detectives slipped through the door and softly sat down. After a moment they removed their hats and delicately put them aside.

The stripper came pacing forth again, smiling at them, gay and wanton, her white legs showing through the slit in her gown. The eyes of the audience counted the buttons of her vermilion gown, sought the secret of its zippers. And then she saw, beyond the footlights, the two new shadows, squinted slightly and recognized them. She crossed the stage the orthodox three times, swinging her arms, but the last time she did not stop at the wings. She did not reach behind her back or down her hip for button or zipper. She did not pause. She kept on walking across the stage, and when she reached the right-hand wing she simply turned and walked back again. She came to a stop at the wings, very shy and girlish. The spotlight changed from deep purple to white intensity, she too widened her smile to a full beam, dropped something like a curtsy, and slipped off with a wave of her small white hand. Instantly piano and traps went into 'Jumpin' Jive,' and the girls of the line, in pheasant costumes with golden plumes, came gesticulating out of the wings, with toes a-tap and buttocks wiggle-wagging, watching each other's feet to catch the beat of the step.

The salesman let out a howl and began to clap angrily. The two college boys whistled their indignation. From the back row the couples called, 'Hey, what's the idea? Hey, Joan! You call that a strip? He-e-e-y!'

The piano played louder, striving to drown them out. Then they began to

stamp. In the hollow theatre their feet immediately sounded like thunder, and the girls on the stage lost step. The seven customers pounded with insistent determination. The salesman caught hold of the empty seats on each side of him and began to bang them up and down. The tapping girls slacked to motionlessness, and the music fell away.

There was a flutter of consternation backstage. Frankie came out, beamed over the footlights as though asked for an encore by an enthusiastic audience, and held up his hands. 'Now I know what you want, folks,' he said. 'But, as you all probably have read, there's been a little misunderstanding about the intentions of this theatre. I'm criticizing no authorities and naming no names when I say that the Willis has always been a family theatre. We never expected to be the object of the attentions of the police, never in the wide world. We have carefully kept apart from politics. Yet there has been trouble' — he made a sign to the wings and the curtains closed behind him and the slippers of the girls could be heard as they clicked off — 'and our company has been made to suffer. Yes, the name of this fine old theatre has been sadly misused.'

Frankie took a few steps across the stage, straightened his shoulders out of their comedian's slump, and went on. 'But we must also understand another thing: the law is the law. Isn't that so, my friends? We must all respect the law, regardless of what we think, regardless of our own consciences.' Catching a sign from the wings, he spoke more loudly. 'And so I hope that in the *second* part of our show, which will follow immediately after this brief intermission,' — he was rising to a cheerful crescendo, — 'we shall be able to entertain you in the style of the old Willis. And I trust *you* will do *your* part by receiving us in the same friendly spirit. And so *thank* you for your courteous attention, and after our usual ten-minute intermission, *on with the show!*' He dis-

appeared neatly. The audience sagged, muttering, as the footlights went out and the ceiling's single chandelier, like a feeble sun, gave them full light again. To save current, half the bulbs had been unscrewed.

II

A moment later Frankie came out the door at the side of the stage, minus his white tortoise-shell glasses and red hat, and walked up the wall aisle. The salesman was waiting and blocked him. He held out a torn piece of newspaper. 'Look at what you say in this ad,' he said bitterly. 'You've got a nerve. "The only burlesk in K. C." What the hell do you mean by calling this jig a burlesque show? I drove one hundred and fifty miles out of my way from Joplin just to see a tease. I want a tease or I want my refund.'

'If you've got a kick,' said Frankie pleasantly, 'save it for after the show. Then give it to those two guys with badges out there in the lobby.' He waited briefly for the other comic, a lanky older man in sloppy suspender trousers and a tall black hat. 'Hurry up, Nat,' he said. 'Coming,' said Nat, blowing his nose, and they sauntered into the lobby together. 'Hello, boys,' they said, stepping over the feet of the detectives, who had sprawled out on the lobby sofa. The detectives looked up with clear, expressionless eyes and nodded slightly. The two comics went part way down the lobby, then Frankie stopped and turned back a moment.

'Say, Henderson,' he said to the younger detective, 'when are we going to get back them two hula costumes you kept after the pinch last Saturday? You still got them over at the courthouse, you know.'

Henderson was a paunchy man of twenty-eight. Drawing with his teeth the strings of a bag of tobacco, he peered upward into his pipe without answering. Frankie turned his look to Peebles, the other detective, who was forty and

fatherly-looking. Peebles had a chew of tobacco high in his cheek. He spat and wiped his mouth with a big handkerchief. 'We give that shredded wheat back to you once, I thought,' he said mildly.

'Once,' said Nat. 'But not the last time.'

'You don't need 'em,' put in Henderson, pushing down his tobacco in his pipe with a thick thumb.

'Hell we don't,' said Frankie. 'We need 'em for rehearsal tonight. Got to get next week's show ready.'

'What's your rush, Frankie?' said Peebles, looking up.

'Can't keep the girls in the same rompers and feathers for more than two months straight, you know,' said Nat. 'If you won't let us use bras and gadgets, at least give us back the hula stuff.'

Peebles turned his face to Nat and spoke with affected somnolence. 'Why put your neck out, when you know rompers are okay?'

'We got to make a change of show *sometime*,' said Frankie. 'Don't you realize that means a change of costume?'

Peebles thought a moment and then said, 'Why?'

'My God,' said Frankie softly. 'Nat, you tell him.'

'The judge acquitted all the girls in those hulas,' explained Nat with patience. 'That makes the costumes okay and legal, doesn't it?'

'This is another week,' said Henderson. He winked at Peebles, blew a cloud of smoke, and smiled through it enigmatically, happy with some secret of his own.

'Listen, Henderson,' asked Nat bluntly, 'are you aiming to book the girls in the line again this Saturday? Are you planning another pinch?'

The two college boys brushed past them, walking out. The traveling man appeared in the door by the empty ticket-chopping machine and stood there with a querulous expression, the advertisement still dangling in his hand. The

doors banged hollowly, and a cold patch of air came in from the street.

'Look out, or you might give us ideas,' said Henderson. He turned to the older detective. 'Shall we book 'em again, Eddie? I'll leave it to you.'

'Search me,' said Peebles blandly. 'Up to the chief, I guess.'

Nat put his arm around Frank's shoulder, drawing the actor doorward. 'Come on, let's eat,' he muttered. They had both been playing without make-up, and in their freakish clothes their earnestness seemed grotesque. 'Listen, boys,' said Frank, looking back, gazing rather at the big feet of the detectives than at their faces, 'you've seen the business we're doing. Is it brutal? I ask you.'

'Or is it brutal?' said Nat. Henderson shrugged, scratched a match on the floor, and relit his pipe. 'How much is seven times forty cents?' asked Frank, holding out a beseeching hand. 'Can a show run on \$2.80 a night? Can it? We've got seven girls and three men to feed, the two musicians, the lights, the door, and Arthur. Four weeks like that, and I leave it to you.'

'Listen,' said Nat, returning a step, 'at the matinee Wednesday we had one man. He left in the second part of the show. . . . Aw, come on, Frank. They aren't even listening.'

Frank held back for a word. 'Four Sundays over at the station, four hearings before the judge Monday morning, four discharges,' he said. 'I ask you, is that lawful?' The two comics exchanged looks of indignation, perfectly timed, and went down the lobby. It was their unrehearsed scene, and in its way it was flawless, but on such an audience it was wasted. Henderson and Peebles smoked and chewed tobacco in a kind of rough unison, slowly and with satisfaction. They said nothing at all.

Arthur emerged with his basket of molasses kisses. The salesman, mollified by what he had heard, moved over to allow Arthur to ease his basket down on

the ticket chopper. The two detectives turned toward them.

'They go much for your stuff tonight, Arthur?' asked Peebles faintly.

'Try and sell something to anybody that already feels he's gypped,' said Arthur. 'Just try it.'

'It's an off night, I guess,' said Henderson, yawning. 'Either that or your show's lousy.' He winked at the salesman.

'The trouble is,' said Arthur, in a low, deadly voice, 'when you guys clean up a bunch of political grafters, you think you've got to wipe out everything else. No matter how many people you throw out of work. You don't care.'

'Cut crabbing and give us a coke,' said Peebles.

The old man unstopped two Coca-Colas from the icebox behind the ticket chopper, handed them over, waited briefly for payment, and, receiving none, went on. 'Of course, the girls out back ask me what's wrong. "Arthur," they say, "what have we girls got to be persecuted like this for?" They think the men in the show ought to be able to tell them. What can we say? We don't understand it, that's all. We can't get at the reason.' He unstopped an orangeade for himself, drew deeply on it, and stared into space.

'Every Saturday night you grab us,' he said. 'Okay. You hold us as much as twenty hours without bail. Okay. We get out Sunday afternoon too nervous to rehearse. Okay. Then Monday morning the judge discharges us. Guilty? Hell, no. You say it's just to be sure we stay in limits. And what do you mean by limit? We can't bump. We can't shake it. Why, even in the movies they can shake it. Look at Dorothy Lamour — ever seen her when she didn't shake it? Never. Close her picture? Never.' He shook the bottle and held it up to the light. 'And then next Saturday night, same thing all over again. Why? What sense is there in it?'

'I see by tonight's paper,' put in the

traveling salesman helpfully, 'where Judge Jones told a reporter in an interview yesterday that with Kansas City all cleaned up this new district attorney ought to make a good candidate for the Democratic senatorship.' He took a breath. 'Could politics have anything to do with this?'

'Of course it does,' said Arthur contemptuously. 'Does the governor crack down on St. Louis, right in the same state? Oh, no. Have you seen the burly in that town? Bump, shake, and a complete strip. I could show you. Tonight, now, right off. Joan could show you the kind of thing they get away with there.'

Abruptly Henderson raised his head. 'So Joan knows all about it, does she?' he said. He looked at Peebles and grinned.

'Why, sure,' said Arthur, angrily pounding the ticket chopper with his veined old fist. 'Anything's the limit in St. Louis. And yet here in a theatre where Gypsy Rose Lee got her start back in 1930, — here in the cradle, you might say, of burlesque, — fine girls from fine families have to suffer. Have to read their names in the paper week after week. And why? As nearly as I can figure it, simply because the governor happened to decide to clean up the machine in K. C. first.'

'Meanwhile Saint Loo can get away with anything,' said the salesman excitedly, with a challenging look at the detectives.

'Sure,' said Arthur disgustedly. 'Everywhere the answer is the same. Politics and graft.'

Henderson blew a ring of smoke between the salesman and Arthur. 'I wouldn't get this mixed up with no politics,' he said slowly and measuredly. 'Not if I was you and wanted to peddle my papers around K. C.' The salesman looked as though he had been struck in the face. Arthur turned his back.

The salesman meandered slowly out, the advertisement still aimlessly flapping

in his hand. Arthur whirled and pointed after him. 'See that guy?' he said. The detectives made no answer. 'See that guy?' he repeated savagely.

'Sure, I see him,' snapped Henderson. 'I see him take a powder when I cased his talk about politics. Well?'

'All right,' said Arthur, 'only there goes ten customers. The drummers all hang together. He'll tell them all, every one. Stay away from K. C. You'll hear it in Chicago, you'll hear it in Cincy, you'll hear it in Memphis. Stay away from K. C. It's a dead town. When they cleaned it up they couldn't stop there. They had to kill burlesque. No life at the old Willis any more. Dead.'

Henderson languidly held up the two emptied pop bottles for Arthur to take. As he did so something caught Peebles's eye. He hauled himself to his feet with a grunt, pointing at a small yellow button on the wall behind the chopper. 'What happens when you push that button?' he said, pointing a forefinger toward it.

'Just rings backstage.'

'Sure, Eddie,' said Henderson, his head bobbing sagaciously. 'It tells Nat and Frankie that our prowler car just parked outside and they better get some clothes on the girls. Give it a push for the hell of it.' Arthur tried to catch the upraised hand, but Peebles thrust him aside, pushed with a thick thumb, and then turned to grin, showing his gold teeth.

'That's no raid button,' said the little old man bitterly. 'It's just to start the show. It rings in the White Front Cafe next door. Frank and Nat are having coffee there. It rings backstage, too. Joan and the girls are ironing costumes there. Oh, you wise guys. *You — wise — guys.*'

'Nuts!' said Peebles, settling back on the sofa. 'That wire leads right into the stripper's dressing room.'

'See a bell and you have to push it,' said Arthur, clenching his hands till the knuckles cracked. 'All it means is: get ready for to ring up your curtain. Now

the troupe'll blame me for cutting the intermission.'

'What's the difference when you start this show?' asked Henderson languidly.

Suddenly the little old vender lost his temper. 'Are you crazy?' he screamed, purpling and pounding the top of the ticket chopper. 'I just told you the truth, didn't I? I told you it don't mean nothing except first call for on stage.' He planted himself before the sofa, hands on his hips. 'Want to know what's the matter with you?' he demanded. He shook his long forefinger under their noses. 'You're too blue,' he said. 'Blue is burlesque for dirty-minded. Take me along Saturday night in the wagon with the girls and Frankie and Nat, if you want to. I'll say it again. You're too blue. You've got minds that are just naturally blue, and so everything looks blue to you.'

'Take it easy, Arthur,' said Henderson. 'We never touched your racket yet. That stuff you sell is no Sunday-school literature. If you shoot off your mouth too much, we might have to handle you.'

'All right, but look who's coming in,' snapped Arthur, scratching the back of his scaly hands. He pointed his nose down the lobby where the comedians, their mouths still full of crullers and coffee, were entering from the street. 'See? Am I right? Aaah, wise guys. How I love wise guys!'

Frankie and Nat went past the sofa, ignoring the detectives. 'That seemed like a kind of short intermission,' said Nat to the old man. 'The dicks pressed the button, not me,' Arthur answered flatly. The eyes of the comedians flickered fire; the peddler shrugged his shoulders.

'Okay, Arthur,' said Nat. 'I left half a mug of coffee, but we might as well ring up and get it over with. Anybody left?'

'Just the necking party in the rear seats,' said Arthur. The comedians went through the door.

Abruptly Henderson cleared his throat. 'Hey, Frank, you,' he said commandingly. 'Wait a second. Come back here. I want to ask you something.'

Frank came back, taking his empty white comedian's spectacles out of his pocket. 'We're just going to ring up, John Law,' he said. 'You've already cost me a mug of Mocha tonight. Make this short, will you?'

'What I want to know is,' said Henderson, 'where does this Joan Merry live in town?' He had the manner of a health officer inquiring the residence of a notorious streetwalker.

Frank wet his lips slightly and looked at Nat before answering. 'You've got her address on the blotter, haven't you?' he said.

'Sure,' put in Peebles, 'but you told us some of the girls had to sleep in the theatre since they lost their rooms. So we let you give the theatre for home address. Remember?'

'Yeah, I remember,' said Frank. 'Hey, Nat, come back here a minute.' The older comic returned. 'Listen, the boys are up to something new tonight. They want to know where Joan lives. When she's at home, they mean. Think we could tell them the address of her flat? Would she mind?'

'We could ask her,' said Nat. He looked at the two sprawling figures with widened, suddenly gentle eyes. 'But who should we say wanted to know?'

'Say anything,' Henderson answered. 'Don't hurt her feelings. Say a couple of *admirers*.' He elbowed Peebles with elephantine mischief, and Peebles, overcome, giggled behind his hand.

'She'd probably expect a little token of some kind beforehand,' said Frank kindly. 'You know.' He measured them impassively. 'Like flowers, or — a mixed basket of fruit and candy, say. It's customary, when you give a girl's address. I mean, if you're admirers, see? That's the way it's done in show business.'

Peebles and Henderson looked at each

other. 'Well, there's no rush about it,' said Peebles. 'We weren't thinking of running around to her flat tonight, or anything like that,' he added, blinking innocently.

'Oh, nothing urgent,' said Henderson, loosening his collar with two fingers. 'We'll have to give some thought to that present first.'

'It's a nice idea,' said Nat sweetly. 'Particularly when it comes from you boys. Let's go, Frankie — the girls'll be getting cold.'

III

When the comedians had gone, Arthur sidled up before the two detectives. 'Want me to tell you where Joan lives?' he whispered furtively, bending his gray head over between theirs.

'Yeah, where is she staying?' said Peebles.

'It's a secret around the theatre,' said Arthur hoarsely. 'She lives with Frank.'

'That so?' said Henderson, sitting up suddenly. 'How long,' he added, bending eagerly close, 'has that been going on?'

'Over a year,' rasped Arthur darkly. He turned away to compose his face. 'She married him last February,' he said pleasantly. Suddenly he lost control and burst out into a wild cackle of laughter. They looked thunderclouds at him. He came out of it, coughing slightly. 'And here's another shovelful of dirt, boys,' he added with seraphic softness. 'Get this — this is good. Nat — the skinny one — is her *father*.' He held himself in control a moment, and then burst into a wild howl, merciless and complete.

The detectives were silent for several seconds. Arthur watched them cunningly. 'I'm going to ring up now,' he said, standing on tiptoe, reaching for the button. 'Better go in if you want to see the second half of the show. We can't

reserve seats even for you, with business rushing like it is.'

The detectives arose and stretched. Henderson shook his topcoat about him and glanced at his wrist watch; Peebles pretended to yawn. 'Quite a wise guy yourself, aren't you, Arthur?' he said. He shouldered into his overcoat. 'Come on, Hendy,' he said. They marched down the lobby, their heavy haunches moving under their clothes.

Arthur reached up and pressed the button. The house lights went out, and in the back row the two couples put their arms about each other and nestled down together. In the orchestra pit the pianist's hands fell upon the 'Washington Post March,' the traps making it sound like the advent of an army, and as the curtains parted the barelegged girls pranced in, piping 'An Apple for the Teacher.' Three girls in the rear line were dressed as red Indians, with tomahawks and sunburst warpaint, the three girls in front of them were the fife-and-drum corps of the Spirit of '76, engagingly bandaged, playing their fife and piccolo without touching them to their lips, the drummer sketchily thumping a tambourine. Mottled rompers showed beneath their brown silk shorts. And when Frankie and Nat, powdered and perucked, handed gallantly from the wings the stately figure of Liberty herself, — the American goddess, beautifully enwrapped in red, white, and blue silk ribbons, — Miss Liberty had the face and body of Joan Merry. As she floated dreamily across the stage, displaying her queenly charm to the lovers in the rear row, a curious smile, as though she were inwardly amused, hovered about her mouth. But Liberty did not undo a ribbon; Liberty did not reveal a curve. Only her soft eyes alertly searched the house, and even though she did not find the two faces she sought, Liberty smiled and smiled and smiled.

TROJAN HORSE: 1940 MODEL

BY FERDINAND TUOHY

[THE Fifth Column prepares the way, and the Trojan Horse moves in. A running account of these activities as they developed in Europe has been sent to the *Atlantic* by cable. — THE EDITOR]

SCANDINAVIA

PARIS, May 1. — Scandinavia was facilely written down as 'democratic.' But Nazi parties were active. The case of the *Altmark* was an eye opener. The disastrous loss of the Scandinavian countries represented a triumph for Reich spying. Denmark was described as 'honeycombed with spies.' Not surprising if one bears in mind that there was a 30,000 all-Nazi minority in South Jutland: Versailles's bequest. Danes were urged not to speak a word to a foreigner about anything to do with any ship — really the one possible safeguard. Sweden came in for the special attention of Göring, whose first marriage gave him important ties there. Not much of official Swedish reactions or intentions can escape the Marshal. Sweden also is overrun with Soviet spies, as raids throughout the country revealed.

Norway was host to spies who were found mainly along her vast coast line. Typical of these was the German consul who flashed coded radio bulletins until arrested.

May 12. — The most interesting manifestation of the Trojan-horse activities in Norway is the recipe for the conspiracy which dates back to 1936, when Major Quisling as war minister employed

that post, which he had acquired for the express purpose, to seduce first the navy, then the army, then police officers and civil servants. He thus formed the tiny indispensable nucleus for Norway's fifth column.

While the Nazi youth movement in Norway was originally launched as a decoy, key men were gradually recruited from Norwegian public servants, the law, the church, journalism, and business. Politicians were avoided. Few adventurers were taken, only solid stuff being chosen. The best recruits were the most unlikely people, such as Bishop Berggrave, who sapped indirectly. Another was Editor Rishovd, who conducted the *Free Nation* and is now Oslo press chief for Goebbels. It must be stressed that, if much corruption and base treachery did steal in, there was also genuine conviction of considerable depth.

Norway's second phase developed in 1938 with the steady infiltration of Nazi agents camouflaged as diplomatic attachés, newspaper men, salesmen, merchants, agents, lecturers, refugees, or idling expatriates. These people had to be social successes as well as up to their professional jobs. Some, like Major Spendler, who was attached to King Haakon's entourage, had to be absolute charmers. This Trojan-horse infiltration joined with the native fifth-column plotters under the auspices of the German legation. The chief characteristic of the workers was the literally marvelous secrecy among the hundreds, finally the thousands, sharing in the common con-

spiracy. Death was promised for chat-terers in the German element, which was for the most part made up of habitually austere non-drinkers, though some were 'cast' as 'good fellows.' These two elements planned how the paralyzing machinery should operate when the day arrived. Berlin was directing constantly from the background.

The penultimate stage was reached six weeks before the actual seizure, when Norway was flooded with German tourists, mostly young, and all radiating good will. When at last the Norwegians smelled a rat, arresting and expelling a few of these visitors, the German legation promptly accredited such tourists by the hundreds, and the Norwegians at this point were too frightened to interfere with the further unaccredited hundreds. In the final stages the only slip-up was the sinking of the *Bluecher*, which enabled the King and the government to escape. Except for that, the wonderfully timed operation was flawless and the Nazi vanguard walked joyously in, protected by the glaring menace of German airplanes.

THE NETHERLANDS

PARIS, *May 1.* — Light was cast on the spy scene in Holland prior to the invasion when Dutch army officers and secret members of the Dutch Nazi party were caught with plans of the national defense which they were about to transfer to Germany. There were 20,000 German Nazis in Holland. What quantity of military and police uniforms was smuggled over to Germany, so that a host of Germans might appear in the Dutch countryside dressed as Dutch officers or police and giving orders calculated to aid the Germans in overrunning the country, may never be known.

That pro-Nazi spying in high places existed in Holland became apparent with the arrest of two leading government officials — van Hoeven of the Ministry of Social Affairs, and Bufo of the Minis-

try of Economics. The charge was that they had supplied information of the movements and cargoes of Dutch and foreign ships sailing from Holland, with the result of many sinkings. An incriminating list of twenty varying prominent Dutch names was found at van Hoeven's house.

May 12. — Holland was unable to execute a serious spy purge before war engulfed her. The fifth column had been suffered to grow too big and too influential. Such a purge would have spread very high and very wide. The Communist element in Holland was much stronger than in Norway. The Dutch Nazi leader Mussert is a bigger character altogether than Quisling. In the last weeks and days before the invasion, martial law alternated with roundups of spies, but in reality those held by the police were the merest sprinkling. While it will never be possible to give exact numbers of the members of this fifth column, it can be said that at least 20,000 Dutch Nazis and an equal number of Germans were involved.

This column's job during the last days was to drive the nation jittery with rumors and speculation, and to spread by whispering campaign the theory that the Allies were on the point of violating Dutch neutrality. Mussert was allowed to remain at liberty on the plea that every citizen had the right to talk or write as he chose. The Dutch fifth column was not even mildly incommoded when the German blow fell.

May 21. — It is now proved beyond doubt that the fall of Holland was due to the country's being riddled from one end to another by German fifth columnists. Foreign Minister van Kleffens says that two days before the German invasion of the Netherlands a leading Amsterdam banker was found to be in possession of the complete plans drawn by the Dutch Government to inundate the country. It now appears that the controlling mind in the Hitler campaign for the fifth-column sapping of Holland was an in-

conspicuous attaché of the German legation, one Dr. Dutting.

Now it is glaringly clear why Hitler shifted the population of so many German communities in countries adjacent to Germany, replacing former residents by a radically new type. He supplanted the former members of German colonies in such strategic countries with 'residents' carefully picked and trained for the purpose of making efficient contact with descending parachutists. These virtually amounted to military organizations established to operate in countries on the German list of conquest and absorption.

In accordance with this plan, Jugoslavia has been resettled to the tune of scores of thousands. Infinite anxiety is felt as a consequence of this.

May 22. — Germanic women now known to have been operating in Holland were drawn from the following categories: —

1. Wives, daughters, and nieces of German residents. The word 'niece' was used extremely elastically.

2. German women who were married to Dutchmen but retained all their ardor for their birthland and usually converted their Dutch husbands.

3. Single women of the intellectual student type, as companions, in business, in hotels, in orchestras, or as cabaret performers.

4. Maidservants and chambermaids, invariably highly efficient and educated.

These feminine fifth columnists figured prominently as receptionists to the German parachutists. They signaled the planes carrying parachute troops and guided the parachutists, when they landed, to contact with comrades and to prearranged key points. They provided the sky troops with clothes, shepherded them in many ways, packed them with information.

Good-bye to the archaic Mata Hari type of female spy! Enter the Hitlerian exemplar — the practical, athletic, trained, intelligent, strong-charactered

young woman agent utterly devoted to the *Führer*.

BELGIUM

PARIS, *May 1.* — Fascist-Nazi bands of spies overrunning the frontiers led to a stern struggle between King Leopold and the Belgian Rexists months before the May drive on the country. The Belgian Nazi party turned its special attention to army officers, one of whom, Lieutenant Dombret, completely revealed the national-defense plan to German agents after having deliberately worked his way from a crack regiment to that section of the general staff dealing with war mobilization.

Extreme Rexists were ready to spy on Belgium if it would hasten the advent of Fascist rule there. Such Rexists did everything to damage and weaken the Allies. The arrests at Charleroi showed Jean Bero at the head of a local band spying on the Franco-British forces massed on the frontier and handing over his reports to the mobile agents from the Reich.

Leopold tried to maintain his policy of neutrality. Yet the native Rexist spies persisted in attempting to involve Belgium. The Fascist-minded native operating in his own country is able to move about with fertile fluidity. Keen and trustworthy, not out for personal gain, incapable of double-crossing, he represents the most dangerous type of agent.

May 12. — Immediately before the Belgian invasion there was less parade of stern measures but much more effective action, even though Degrelle was left free. Several months ago, concentration camps were formed and into them went a steady procession of Rexists, Communists, and German refugees. These concentration camps and their inhabitants were controlled in a novel manner. The Roman Catholic party took responsibility for German Catholic refugees, German Socialists were the affair of the Belgian Socialist party, and Jewish

organizations checked and accounted for Austro-German Jews. When war came, Belgium was faced with the problem of 400,000 foreigners, 5 per cent of her population.

SWITZERLAND

The Swiss spyland proves the truth of the German idea that it is foolish to employ doubtful neutrals when you can assure better results free of charge from native citizens bitten by 'the cause.' The arrest of Colonel Fonjallez and his son René, Swiss Olympics bobsleigh champion, of a Geneva publicist, de Morsier, and others, demonstrated the workings of the fifth column in Switzerland. The Colonel was the leader of the 'Frontists' (Swiss Nazis). He is now in Berne prison.

Information was assembled in France. De Morsier, using his correspondent's *laissez-passer*, brought back information to the Colonel. The neighboring Zurich route into and out of the Reich was the least watched. Zurich became a choice listening post, especially for the tales of neutral business men exiting from the Reich.

Spy headquarters were in Berne because, just as in 1914-1918, diplomatic, neutral, and belligerent life meets there. The little hill capital was lavishly sprinkled with agents of all Europe, and the ranks of 'special attachés' had never been fuller. A regular visitor was General Nicolai, over from the villa he had rented in Zurich. This ex-chief of German Intelligence, supposed to be at variance with Hitler, made a specialty of keeping in touch with French Communist agitation for a peace which would leave Britain high and dry.

May 12. — General-in-Chief Guisan did not hesitate to arrest where justified. One among others was Dr. Robert Tobler, chief of the National Front (Swiss Nazis). The second spectacular Swiss arrest was Colonel Hans Trueb of the army legal department. German students have been suspended from the

Swiss universities. The present probability is that Switzerland is better able than other countries to resist its fifth column because the vast majority of its large German-Italian speaking population are ardently for confederation.

JUGOSLAVIA

May 21. — Efforts against great odds have been made to rid Yugoslavia, principally Belgrade and Zagreb, of the army of Nazi and Fascist tourists who arrived ostensibly from the Belgrade Fair. A large number were reconducted across the frontier, but not before this tourist flood, carrying standard suitcases and other regulation holiday equipment, had executed the most intensive propaganda drive. The Belgrade military command opened a special department through which citizens could lodge information against suspect persons and activities. Great difficulty is attached to conducting a satisfactory fifth-column purge in Yugoslavia, inasmuch as many suspicions involve persons responsible for the maintenance of public order in the country. As an example, every move the young King makes seems to become known, though only the police are aware of his plans. There is an obvious intention to kidnap Peter and later restore him to the throne as a puppet monarch.

RUMANIA

PARIS, May 1. — Rumania is saturated with Nazi 'attention.' Throughout the Balkans there are literally thousands of Hitler 'trade agents,' 'attachés,' and 'correspondents,' either whole-time or part-time spies. Belgrade is primarily the preserve of the agent from Moscow.

May 12. — The situation in Yugoslavia as regards the young King is duplicated in Bucharest, where measures have been taken to prevent the kidnaping of Crown Prince Michael. Organized house-to-house searches resulted in over a thousand expulsions from the country, but

many thousands of Germans remain and are known to be armed. Some of these resist police search. The question is whether the police are really taking drastic measures or merely announcing that they are doing so.

THE BALKANS

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, *May 31* (from London, deferred). — The latest Balkan development is the steady arrival in Bulgaria, by way of Danube steamers, of hundreds of young German workers. These Germans announce themselves as bent on 'enjoying a rest and taking a holiday.' The information is that thirty boatloads, each carrying 200 of these innocent holiday makers, are scheduled to arrive in Bulgaria before July.

TURKEY

PARIS, *May 12*. — Turkey has been most thorough in its efforts against spies. The result is that there is less chance for the Trojan horse to operate in Turkey than almost anywhere else. Istanbul is Turkey's danger point, and here a broom has swept out the bulk of the Germans. Among the last to go were 160 foreign cabaret artists, including 107 Hungarian show girls.

EGYPT

PARIS, *May 12*. — The spy story in Egypt takes a different track. At the outbreak of the war last September, all Germans in Egypt were interned. But since then the majority have been released, and at the same time others have been allowed to come into the country on the plea of their being refugees from the Hitler régime. An infinitely more dangerous fifth-column threat to Egypt than the presence of these Germans is the similar presence of 70,000 Italians organized under Fascist agents and protected by the Italian consuls. In the event of Italy's joining Hitler, this Fascist multitude has already been assigned its

job in Egypt. There is lively fear of sabotage.

FRANCE

PARIS, *May 12*. — The enormous spy risk in France was inferred when M. Daladier disclosed a questionnaire compiled by the Gestapo and found in a raid on the Soviet Trade Bureau in Paris. The Paris raid disclosed each brand of spy — Nazi, Fascist, Russian — working in the circumstances best calculated for success. M. Daladier pointed out that French 'liberalism' and 'snobbism' fostered fifth-column work, France having allowed great license to aliens.

Salon talk, valuable in information to a skilled listener and interrogator, was routed through Rome to Berlin. The drive on Aloys Aubin, once city editor of the *Temps*, showed how firmly Ribbentrop's star agent, Abetz, had secured a grip on important Paris circles. Headed by Baroness von Einem, brilliant, charming, a linguist, this ring busied itself with pro-Nazi films and publications as well as in discovering and passing on military information. French spy control early became drastic. A dragnet was thrown over the Paris underworld, from which many spies were recruited. Thousands were interned.

The zone of the armies was segregated. No one in the zone could telephone, telegraph, write, or even move about without controlled surveillance. Spies were, of course, known to be in the zone. But, the French reasoned, if they could not get their information or persons across the *cordon sanitaire*, they were stymied.

Then came the first appearance of that new factor — the parachute spy.

[Here 56 words were cut by French censor.]

May 21. — France has rounded up every male German and every unmarried female German between sixteen and sixty-five in Paris. Premier Reynaud has announced that there will be immediate death for all parachutists who are captured. Hitler threatens that if this order

is carried out he will execute reprisals on Allied prisoners of the German armies. He says that the German parachute troops are his 'security arm.' The parachutists are proving to be the very last word in efficient intelligence officers.

May 22. — The switch of Clemen-
ceau's Lieutenant Mandel to Minister of
the Interior represents France's supreme
crisis effort to extinguish fifth-column
activities in the country. There are
countless thousands of foreigners domiciled
in the vicinity of Paris alone, and
the task of purging is a terrific one. The
most serious handicap is the continuance
at liberty of vast foreign colonies of 'non-
belligerents,' who are untouchable.

ENGLAND

The possibility that totalitarian-minded Britons might pass information to foreign brother believers in contact with the enemy early led Mr. Chamberlain to tighten the law, with death for the British citizen thus willfully uncovering what he should not.

It was a three-to-one battle and I should have liked to have seen matters reversed. Three pocket-battleships versus the *Repulse*. My heart goes out to those on the *Graf Spee* — heroes fighting in the cause, every one of them. If she does get away, oh boy! It will go down as an epic for National Socialism.

This, written by one British Fascist to another, was revealed in the case at Exmouth. The six months' sentence, as against Hitler's prompt beheading for a like offense, proclaimed the Government's inadequacy. If new Lodys are being shot in the Tower, nothing is said about it. Large numbers of secret agents were Communists, with orders from Moscow to stir up trouble in the war factories and to spread the theory that this is an imperialist conflict forced on others by Britain. They obtained information and blueprints from fifth-column brothers employed in arms factories or serving with the forces.

The Nazi-Fascists have made a specialty of getting information in higher levels of English opinion. Socially they could circulate where Communists could not. Early in 1940 it was estimated that 60,000 enemy aliens were at large in Britain and under 1000 interned. Four hundred and fifteen were interned in September. The rest have wandered for months through special tribunals. English kindness, maybe tinged by a desire to make amends for the spy persecution mania directed at Germans and Austrians in the last war, persisted too long in a country fighting for its life. The effect was that many dangerous agents slipped through, one such being identified as he left the very tribunal that had just certified him. Britain also harbored many thousands of friendly refugees, chiefly educated Czechs and Poles who, pitifully poor, were sometimes open to bribery.

May 12. — It is to be hoped that the United States Government is better qualified to tackle the American fifth column than the British Government, in whose House of Commons the Under-Secretary for home affairs announced not long ago that 'there is no evidence that Mosley is a member of any Nazi organization.' This immense complacency had had its roots in the cult of 'pooh-poohing' fifth-column danger and in the official belief that no Britons could possibly be prepared to challenge the established order with any violence. As of this date it is stated that there are 20,000 Germans working in the United Kingdom, many of them in key positions. This, added to a selection of 70,000 enemy aliens at large, plus fervent native English Fascist, Nazi, and Communist ideologists, could provide an extremely powerful fifth column.

It is difficult to measure how much the Mosley appeal, especially to the young, has grown as a result of dissatisfaction with pre-war England and the so far unsatisfactory conduct of this war. Certainly Mosley outweighs the Com-

munists. If, as some think, the Nazi and Communist sympathizers in England are increasingly merging their interests under the Chamberlain Government, much more severe measures are certain, leading to a roundup of pivotal fifth columnists and alien enemies.

May 22. — England's first serious measure against the fifth column was the recent internment of 3000 male enemy aliens living on the south and east coasts. In these same areas 11,000 foreigners from neutral or friendly countries must now report daily to the police and may not use automobiles or bicycles. They must stay in their houses between eight o'clock in the evening and six in the morning. Minister of War Anthony Eden has called for English recruits to make up a nation-wide militia for patrolling and watching all districts. The main object of this activity is the intercepting of parachutists and their fifth-column associates waiting on the ground to receive them.

The core of this fifth column is composed of English sympathizers with totalitarian Germany and members of the Italo-Russian colonies. Neither group can be molested as things stand now. The Communists are playing a very slight rôle in this organization. There are 20,000 Germans still working in Britain, many in advantageous key positions. A far wider and more drastic cleanup will be necessary before Britain is safe. Over 30,000 Germans between the ages of seventeen and sixty are still at complete liberty in the interior and west portions of England. Large numbers of them have established themselves near to the airdromes, the ports, and other strategic and munitions centres. As one example, 400 German and Austrian maidservants have mysteriously gravitated to households in the vicinity of Aldershot, the centre of England's military area. Here they are in a position to act as excellent receptionists to parachutists.

Britain's most serious handicap in

dealing with fifth columnists is the fixed British disinclination to interfere with the liberty of any British subject. This situation Churchill may bring to an end by interning British citizens who are Mosleyites. [Here 28 words were cut by censor.]

May 22. — This week England interns 4000 more male enemy aliens in all parts of the country, who have up to now been at large but severely restricted. England also introduces a 'treachery bill' carrying death penalty for sabotage, obstructing military efforts, spying, or aiding the enemy from within. Minor roundups of native British Fascists and Communists are under way, but to date the leaders remain at liberty. Several thousand additional women will also be interned. At the moment less than 200 women are interned, but the lightning betrayal of Holland by hosts of women spies has opened British eyes to this specific danger. Perhaps too late. The immediate test question is, will Mosley be interned next?

IRELAND

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, May 31 (from London, deferred). — The situation in Eire is complicated and serious. Although all three political parties are now united against treason, Germans in the Dublin Legation and elsewhere have already had a rare chance to plot with the I. R. A.

It is doubtful if the Eire Defense Corps could cope with a parachute invasion of similar proportions to that which took place in Holland. De Valera is entirely capable of putting off an appeal for outside help until too late. He might, of course, ask for French help at any time, but at this date there is no sign of an immediate threatening emergency. It is probable that the Allied navies would seek to occupy the chief I. R. A. ports if collusion between the I. R. A. and the Nazis should lead to an attempted invasion of Eire.

PUBLIC JOURNAL

BY PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

*Inspired by a day spent in communion with the bright
young men of English verse*

*Christopher Isherwood, Stephen Spender,
Auden and L. Macneice —
I can't come along on an all-night bender,
But I'll have a quick one with you.*

It is four in the afternoon. Time still for a poem,
A poem not topical, wholly, or romantic, or metaphysic,
But fetched from the grab-bag of my mind and gaudy with
Symbol, slogan, quotation, and even music.
And many a Marxian maxim and many allusions
To a daft system and a world-disorder.
I will mention machines and the eight-hour day and
Czechoslovakia and the invaded border.

I will speak of love and I will do it slyly,
Unloosing the sacred girdle with a tired air,
Taking particular pains to notice the elastic garters
And the literal underwear.

I will put learning into my poem, for I acquired learning
At Cambridge or Oxford, it does not matter which.
But I'll freshen it up with slang which I got by ear,
Though it may sound a little off pitch.
And I'll be casual with rhymes, for that is the trend,
Fashionable as the black hat of Anthony Eden.
I may put them at the middle of the stanza instead of the end,
For really amazing effect.
Or perhaps I'll find that assonance heightens the meaning better.
Yes, definitely, I prefer the latter.

Well, it will be sport, writing my private hates
And my personal credo.

I must bring in how I went to Spain on a holiday,
And how cold it was in Toledo.
There was a bootblack, too, in Madrid,
Who gave my shoes a burnish.
He told me something important which I cannot repeat,
For though I understand Spain, I do not understand Spanish.

I'll recall autumn weather in Birmingham,
Drearier than Boston.
And the pump-attendant there who sold me stormy petrel
For my thirsting Austin.

I will put tarts into my poem, and tenement people,
The poor but not the meek;
And pieces of popular songs for a hint of nostalgia,
And bits of Greek.

I shall be tough and ardent and angry-eyed,
Aware that the world is dying, gasping, its face grown pallid;
But quick to embalm it in language as an aspic
Enfolds the chicken salad.

Now it is five o'clock. The poem is finished
Like Poland, like the upper classes, like Sunday's roast.
I must straighten my waistcoat and see that it goes straight out
By the evening post.

For what is left for us? Only
The stanza a day,
And the American royalties, and an inherited income,
To keep the wolf at bay.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL

BY JOHN BUCHAN

I

SIR WALTER SCOTT had a pleasant phrase for middle life; he called it reaching the other side of the hill. It is a stage which no doubt has its drawbacks. The wind is not so good, the limbs are not so tireless as in the ascent; the stride is shortened, and since we are descending we must be careful in placing the feet. But on the upward road the view was blocked by the slopes and there was no far prospect to be had except by looking backwards. Now the course is mercifully adapted to failing legs; we can rest and reflect, since the summit has been passed; and there is a wide country before us, though the horizon is mist and shadow.

My reminiscences have been written several thousand miles from England, in a country of new problems and high hopes, where the mind has, none the less, been clouded by the secular anxieties of Europe. Half-detached and half-embroiled, Canada seems to be in a position much like my own. I have in my lifetime passed from an era of peace through various unsettled stages into a world which, in Sir Thomas More's phrase, is 'ruffled and fallen into a wildness,' but I retain enough of the disengagement of the earlier world to refuse to surrender my right to cheerfulness. I was brought up in times when one was not ashamed to be happy, and I have never learned the art of pessimism. I preserve my devotion to things 'afar from the sphere of our sorrow.' It seems to me that those who loudly pro-

claim their disenchantment with life have never been really enchanted by it; their complaints about the low levels they dwell in ring hollow, for they have not known the uplands.

The memories of a happy past are in themselves a solid possession: —

Is it so small a thing
To have enjoy'd the sun,
To have lived light in the spring?

The possession is the more valuable if such memories are readily evoked, so that past and present dwell in friendly proximity. This gift has always been mine. I cannot recover the vigor of youth for my limbs, but through memory I can recapture something of its ardor for my mind. The smell of wood smoke and heather, for instance, or a whiff of salt will recall shining morning-lands of the spirit.

But this world of recollection demands gentle handling. It is brittle, like all spiritual things. If too coarsely approached, the bloom will be rubbed off it like the down on a butterfly's wing. It will endure in the face of the rudest blasts of change, but it will endure only in clear and bracing weather. If used as an opiate for the mind it becomes a vulgar drug of commerce. Moreover, 'we receive but what we give.' It demands a certain tolerant, charitable, enjoying habit of thought, quick to observe and to distill the soul of goodness. The rhetor Dio of Prusa said of Homer that he 'praised almost everything — animals and plants, water and

earth, weapons and horses. He passed over nothing without somehow honoring and glorifying it. Even the one man whom he abused, Thersites, he called "a clear-voiced speaker."

I have little patience with the anti-quarian habit which magnifies the past and shrinks from the present. It is a vicious business to look backward unless the feet are set steadfastly on a forward road. Change is inevitable, at once a penalty and a privilege. The greatest of the Ionian philosophers wrote, 'It is necessary that things should pass away into that from which they are born. For things must pay one another the penalty of compensation for their injustice according to the ordinances of time.'

An open and flexible mind, which recognizes the need of transformation and faithfully sets itself to apprehend new conditions, is a prerequisite of man's usefulness. But those who take my point of view will try to bring all change into harmony with the fundamentals drawn from the past. If the past to a man is nothing but a dead hand, then in common honesty he must be an advocate of revolution. But if it is regarded as the matrix of present and future, whose potency takes many forms but is not diminished, then he will cherish it scrupulously and labor to read its lessons, and shun the heady short-cuts which end only in blank walls. He will realize that in the cycle to which we belong we can see only a fraction of the curve, and that properly to appraise the curve, and therefore look ahead, we may have to look back a few centuries to its beginning.

Regard for the past has been therefore both an article of my creed and a principal source of my pleasure in life. But I realize that, while the philosophical doctrine is inexpugnable, connoisseurship in memories is a more debatable business. They are brittle, as I have said, and clumsy hands can destroy them. They may conduce to a maudlin

sentimentality. They are also not without a disruptive power, for storms can be brewed by delicious things like salt air and sunshine. If I have escaped these perils (as I trust I have) it is because my life has been so much more one of action than of contemplation. I am very conscious of the pathos of lost things. It is only human to regret the passing of even the shadow of what once was great, a regret which has been the occasion of famous legends: the voice along the Ægean capes that announced the death of Pan; the one-eyed ancient who was Odin and who told King Olaf Tryggvason tales of a vanished world. But I suppose I have a tough prosaic fibre in me, and though I sigh I do not sigh too deeply or too long. Devotion to the past should be like a salad with vinegar; it should have just enough melancholy in it to keep it from cloying.

My lifetime has included more drastic changes in manners and customs and modes of thought than can be shown, I think, by any similar period in history. The mechanical apparatus of living has been transformed. At twenty I thought it an adventure to take a bicycle over certain Highland hill roads; at sixty I was flying across the pack ice in the Arctic! Creeds in politics, in economics, in many branches of science, have gone into the melting pot, and it is not yet clear what is to succeed them. The old classes have been leveled down, and new class distinctions have appeared in many lands based on something much crueler and coarser than the former inequalities.

It is an ugly and comfortless world, but it is a world not without hope — a better world, in spite of its confusion, than the one that in despondent moods I have foreseen. The things which we value may be overlaid and obscured, but I do not think they will be destroyed at the root. My worst nightmare has removed itself. Let me set down the points of that fearsome wildfowl.

II

All of us in the last war had moments when we felt the stable universe dissolving about us. We were like pilgrims who, journeying on a road to an assured and desirable goal, suddenly found themselves on the edge of a precipice with nothing beyond but a great void. The usual way of describing such moods was to say that our civilization had become insecure and was in danger of perishing.

What did we mean by civilization? The little comforts which made life easy and pleasant and gave us leisure; an ordered ritual which enabled us to plan for the future. But our dread was based upon something deeper than the loss of such amenities. By civilization we meant especially the rule of law which gave us freedom to possess our souls. What we feared was a welter of anarchy which would reduce life to its bare rudiments. We defined civilization as something more than the cushioned life made possible by science. It was not a mechanical apparatus, but a spirit. The Greeks of the fifth century before Christ had an existence so simple that to our fevered modern appetites it seems almost brutish. They lived chiefly on fruits and vegetables, their clothes were plain, their amusements were few, their transport was rudimentary; but no one can deny their high civilization. So most of us came to define civilization as the free development of the personality. That involved physical conditions of life lifted above the primitive man's struggle for bread. It involved an orderly society and the rule of law. But, since these things are negative only, it involved also a soul to develop, a mind which could rejoice in the things of the mind, an impulse towards spiritual perfection.

Clearly such an inner life would not be possible if our whole complex material apparatus were wrecked and we returned to primitive conditions. It demanded an existence raised above the level of urgent

bodily wants. What mind prehistoric man possessed must have been wholly engrossed in getting food for himself and his family, in sheltering from the weather, and in saving his skin from the clutches of a sabre-toothed tiger or the malevolence of a neighbor with a club. We can all remember expeditions in the wilds when we were reduced to the extremity of bodily fatigue and could think of nothing except food and rest. For most of us the urgency of physical needs puts an effective damper on any mental activity. Primeval man cannot have had much of an intellectual life. Beyond doubt a return to barbarism, to primitive physical conditions, would play havoc with civilization.

I was never really afraid that this would happen. The modern appurtenances of life seemed to be too firmly established, and the face of the world had been too fully remodeled to meet human needs. I found it impossible to conceive that those inventions on which our community rests could suddenly vanish and reduce us to the days of flint and steel and wooden spades and mud cabins. But imaginative novelists bemused themselves with this conception and pictured a war which laid the whole world waste and left the few survivors in the condition of the cave man. They called it a return to the Dark Ages, by which they meant that epoch in our history which lasted from the fifth century, when the Roman Empire was crumbling, to the eleventh, when the Middle Ages began to develop their own culture.

What were those Dark Ages, those six centuries during which a curtain seemed to descend upon Europe? The invasion of the wild Germanic and Slavonic peoples destroyed the civic life of the western world, the writ of Rome ceased to run, and her central authority crumbled. She had devised a host of inventions which made life comfortable and intercourse between nations easy; clothes and fine furniture and pictures

and books and statuary; a noble architecture, and a plumbing system unsurpassed until modern America; methods of transport unmatched until a century or so ago; a legal fabric which is still largely our code; a civil service which at its best was probably more efficient than any other the world has known. All this went, and in most parts of Europe the forests overpowered the vineyards and cornlands, the famous cities lost half their people, and the public buildings fell into ruins. Instead of the imperial law and the imperial bureaucracy, new governments were formed by shaggy warriors, who either held to their own customs or gave the Roman code a tribal twist. There was little security for life and property, since the *Pax Romana* was no more. A man's hand had once again to keep his head. The world shrank into little pockets of humanity who knew nothing about their neighbors. Food and drink and housing were reduced to their beggarly elements, and clothes to a barbaric bareness or a barbaric gaudiness. Civilization, remember, is a complex thing, or rather a thing which attains simplicity through complexity. The life of the Dark Ages was rudimentary, and, being rudimentary, ended in being unbelievably complex.

A curtain of darkness seemed to have settled upon a world which had once been so shining and varied. But there were many points of light in that darkness. There was first of all the Christian Church, which, behind all its political caprices and theological pedantries, did preserve a continuous tradition of civilization and the spiritual life. Throughout those centuries it produced saints and missionaries whose names we still honor. It produced poets whose hymns we still sing, and in many a monastery tucked away in the forests there were scholars who studied more than the Church Fathers. Much of the literature of Greece and Rome survived in obscure places. Aristotle, or a part of him, was not forgotten, and men could get to Plato

through Saint Augustine. Moreover, some subtle impact of the old classical tradition was inciting the new masters of the world to a kind of intellectual activity. The invaders who had wrecked the Roman Empire were beginning to devise a law, a poetry, a political philosophy of their own.

Therefore I think that the right way to look at the Dark Ages is as a time of darkness indeed, but with lights cherished in many places which in the end were to combine into a new dawn. The great Mediterranean tradition was obscured but not destroyed; or, to change the metaphor, the world was a field lying fallow, the soil was rich, the seed had been preserved, and one day there were to be a wide sowing and a bountiful harvest.

So I did not dread a return of the Dark Ages. For one thing, I did not believe that that particular kind of retrogression was possible; for another I did not think that it would be such a terrible thing after all. My nightmare, when I was afflicted by nightmare, was of something very different. My fear was not barbarism, which is civilization submerged or not yet born, but de-civilization, which is civilization gone rotten.

A certain type of flimsy romantic has been too ready with abuse of a mechanical age, just as a certain type of imaginative writer with a smattering of science has been too gross in his adulation. The machine, when mastered and directed by the human spirit, may lead to a noble enlargement of life. Enterprises which make roads across pathless mountains, collect the waters over a hundred thousand miles to set the desert blossoming, build harbors on harborless coasts, tame the elements to man's uses — these are the equivalent today of the great explorations and adventures of the past. So, too, the patient work of research laboratories, where to the student a new and startling truth may leap at any

moment from the void. Those who achieve such things are as much imaginative creators as any poet, as much conquerors as any king. If a man so dominates a machine that it becomes part of him, he may thereby pass out of a narrow world to an ampler ether. The true airman is one of the freest of God's creatures, for he has used a machine to carry him beyond the pale of the machine. He is a creator and not a mechanic, a master and not a slave.

But suppose that science has gained all its major victories, and that there remain only little polishings and adjustments. It has wrested from nature a full provision for human life, so that there is no longer need for long spells of monotonous toil and a bitter struggle for bread. Victory having been won, the impulse to construct has gone. The world has become a huge, dapper, smooth-running mechanism. Would that be the perfecting of civilization? Would it not rather mean de-civilization, a loss of the supreme values of life?

In my nightmare I could picture such a world. I assumed — no doubt an impossible assumption — that mankind was as amply provided for as the inmates of a well-managed orphanage. New inventions and a perfecting of transport had caused the whole earth to huddle together. There was no corner of the globe left unexplored and unexploited, no geographical mysteries to fire the imagination. Broad highways crowded with automobiles threaded the remotest lands, and overhead great air-liners carried week-end tourists to the wilds of Africa and Asia. Everywhere there were guesthouses and luxury hotels and wayside camps and filling stations. What once were the savage tribes of Equatoria and Polynesia were now in reserves as an attraction to trippers, who bought from them curios and holiday mementos. The globe, too, was full of pleasure cities where people could escape the rigor of their own climate and enjoy a perpetual entertainment.

In such a world everyone would have leisure. But everyone would be restless, for there would be no spiritual discipline in life. Some kind of mechanical philosophy of politics would have triumphed, and everybody would have his neat little part in the state machine. Everybody would be comfortable, but, since there could be no great demand for intellectual exertion, everybody would be also slightly idiotic. Men's shallow minds would be easily bored, and therefore restless. Their life would be largely a quest for amusement. The raffish, jazz-cocktail existence led today by certain groups would have become the normal existence of large sections of society.

Some kind of intellectual life no doubt would remain, though the old political disputes would have canceled each other, and the world would not have the stimulus of a contest of political ideals, which is, after all, a spiritual thing. Scientists and philosophers would still spin theories about the universe. Art would be in the hands of coteries, and literature dominated by *petites chapelles*. There would be religion, too, of a kind, in glossy upholstered churches with elaborate music. It would be a feverish, bustling world, self-satisfied and yet malcontent, and under the mask of a riotous life there would be death at the heart. The soil of human nature, which in the Dark Ages lay fallow, would now be worked out. Men would go everywhere and live nowhere; know everything and understand nothing. In the perpetual hurry of life, there would be no chance of quiet for the soul. In the tumult of a jazz existence, what hope would there be for the still small voices of the prophets and philosophers and poets?

A world which claimed to be a triumph of the human personality would in truth have killed that personality. In such a Utopia, where life would be rationalized and padded with every material comfort, there would be little satisfaction for the immortal part of man. It would

be a new Vanity Fair, with Mr. Talkative as the chief figure on the town council. The essence of civilization lies in man's defiance of an impersonal universe. It makes no difference that a mechanized universe may be his own creation if he allows his handiwork to enslave him. Not for the first time in history have the idols that humanity has shaped for its own ends become its master.

It is a nightmare which may well terrify us, and sometimes I have thought that it was not altogether a nightmare, for it was the logical culmination of certain tendencies which were strong amongst us. It was not the return of the Dark Ages which I feared, but the coming of a too garish age, when life would be lived in the glare of neon lamps and the spirit would have no solitude.

But something has happened. A civilization bemused by an opulent materialism has been met by a rude challenge. The free peoples have been challenged by the serfs. The gutters have exuded a poison which bids fair to infect the world. The beggar-on-horseback will ride more roughshod over the helpless than the cavalier. A combination of multitudes who have lost their nerve and a junta of arrogant demagogues have shattered the comity of nations. The European tradition has been confronted with an Asiatic revolt, with its historic accompaniment of janissaries and assassins. There is in it all, too, an ugly pathological flavor, as if a mature society were being assailed by diseased and vicious children.

For centuries we have enjoyed certain blessings: a stable law, before which the poor man and the rich man were equal; freedom within that law to believe what we pleased, to write what we pleased, to say what we pleased; a system of government which gave the ultimate power to the ordinary man. We have lived by toleration, rational compromise, and freely expressed opinion, and we have

lived very well. But we had come to take these blessings for granted, like the air we breathed. They had lost all glamour for us, since they had become too familiar. Indeed, it was a mark of the intellectual to be rather critical and contemptuous of them. Paradoxical young men acquired a cheap reputation by sneering at the liberal spirit in politics, and questioning the value of free discussion, toleration, and compromise.

Today we have seen those principles challenged in the fundamentals, not by a few armchair theorists, but by great powers supported by great armies. We have suddenly discovered that what we took for the enduring presuppositions of our life are in danger of being destroyed. Today we value freedom and toleration, I think, as we have never valued them before. Just as a man never appreciates his home so much as when he is compelled to leave it, so now we realize our inestimable blessings when they are threatened. We have been shaken out of our smugness and warned of a great peril, and in that warning lies our salvation. The dictators have done us a marvelous service in reminding us of the true values of life.

III

These chapters are meant as a record of how the surface of life has appeared to one pilgrim at different stages. They do not contain a confession of faith, in religion, philosophy, or the business of government. I admit an undercurrent of optimism, which, it has been said, is in good times a luxury but in bad times a necessity. With me such cheerfulness, as I prefer to call it, is not a creed to adopt or reject, but a habit of mind, a temperamental bias, a precondition of perception and thought. And it in turn derives from the kind of youth I had. For youth to continue, so that it illumines middle life and old age and pleasantly binds the years together, it

must have been spacious, with wide horizons and a tonic air; happy, too, in spite of all the heartbreaks of adolescence. For what it can give to the later phases of life are zest and freedom, and such gifts are impossible if it was itself bound and frustrate.

In my lifetime I seem to note a change which is a graver thing than our other discontents, which, indeed, is in a large measure the cause of them. The outlook of youth has been narrowed, doors have been sealed, channels have silted up, there is less choice of routes at the crossroads.

This affects principally the middle class. Let me define that odious word. At one end of the social scale is the plutocracy, whose sons will be sufficiently well dowered to indulge their fancy. If they enter a profession they have the security of means behind them. At the other end are the wage-earning classes, who in their health and wealth are largely the care of the State. Between come the 'middling folk' in many gradations; their characteristics are that they have to earn their living, since they have no accumulated fortunes, that the State has little responsibility for them, that they have a reasonable average of culture and certain strong traditions of customs, manners, and conduct. This class contains most of the knowledge and skill in the nation. Also, since our nominal aristocracy has been so copiously diluted, it contains most of the older stocks, the people with the longest proved descent.

For this great class the world has become more rigid than I remember it. A young man seems to me to have fewer avenues open to him, and fewer chances in these avenues. I leave out of account the preëminence of mind or character which we call genius, for that will always hew out a course. I am speaking of youth of reasonable capacity and moderate ambitions, which seeks a calling with hope and daylight in it, which is capable of a great effort of patience, but

must have a glimpse of some attainable goal.

Wherever I look I seem to detect a deepening and narrowing of ruts. Technological progress, to be sure, has increased their number, but too few emerge into open country. The older universities have now returned to the mediæval practice, and by way of new scholarships are far more accessible to those of scanty means. But what lies at the end of a university course? A high standard of scholarship will no doubt take one into the upper walks of the teaching profession, and a moderate standard perhaps into the civil service, but besides that — what? Too often the only choice is some minor scholastic or clerical job in which a man is apt to stick fast for the rest of his days. Business is now accepted as a calling for those who have received a liberal education. But does business today give an active man without capital the chances it offered a couple of generations ago? Has it not become so desperately specialized that an ambitious entrant may all his life be condemned to be a minor cog in a huge machine? At the bottom of the class the position is worse. The clerk who begins on a pittance may have nothing to look forward to except small yearly increases till he reaches in middle age an income which will just support a household. He has, too, a haunting sense of economic insecurity, for the State takes no interest in his troubles.

The difficulty is not that the path from the log cabin to the White House is not made easy; that will always need vigorous axe-work and a stout heart. It is that society has become so rigid that average youth is deprived of those modest hopes which are its peculiar grace and the source of its value. And this narrowing of opportunity has come about when its mental outlook has been infinitely broadened. A dozen new means of enlightenment have opened up the world to it and vastly stimulated its interests. The clerk of fifty years ago

had no ambition beyond a little house in the suburbs, and was content if he saw himself on the way to its attainment; the same man today, educated, open-eyed, imaginative, chafes bitterly at his confinement in a groove which may be far narrower than that of his predecessors.

The result in the end must be revolution: the most dangerous kind, a revolution of the middle classes. It is on their discontent that the dictators today have based their power. The working classes do not come into the picture; partly because, being nearer the margin of subsistence, they are more likely to be content with what meets their immediate needs and gives them present security; partly because, having less education, they do not suffer from the unsatisfied cravings of the educated. The dictators have won their power largely by an appeal, not to a suffering proletariat, but to the forgotten 'little man' of the middle classes whom reformers in the past have unaccountably neglected. They have given him a sense of dignity and importance, and opened vistas for him. They have brought him into the inner fold of the State when hitherto he has been a disconsidered outsider. Black and execrable as is most of their work, they have this to their credit: they have restored pride and confidence to large sections of a class which had begun to despair. There lies their strength — and also their doom, when it is realized that the horizon they have revealed to youth is no more than a painted back-cloth.

I have had much to do with young men on several continents and in many countries, and I regard this shrinking of opportunity as one of the gravest facts of our age. It will remain an urgent matter long after the guns are silent. Somehow or other we must make our social and economic world more fluid. We must widen the approaches so that honest ambition and honorable discontent may have elbowroom. The world must remain an oyster for youth to open. If

not, youth will cease to be young, and that will be the end of everything.

There is another side to the problem. With all our reservoir of skill and knowledge, there is a lamentable dearth today of the higher talent. Or rather, while this talent must exist, it is uncommonly difficult to lay one's hand on it. Anyone who has had experience in such matters knows how hard it often is to find men for the higher posts in finance, industry, journalism, and academic and political life. Admittedly the talent is somewhere, if we have any confidence in our fellow men, but how to find it? The Miltons may remain forever mute and inglorious, the Hampdens only village worthies. If our society were more open-meshed and elastic it should be possible for a shining gift to reveal itself before it is too late. Were I a multimillionaire, I would devote my fortune to making an inquisition for the discovery of genius, so that those fitted to be our leaders should get their feet out of the mire in time to help the world. For in the last resort it is not the machine that matters, but the man.

IV

The dominant thought of youth is the bigness of the world, of age its smallness. As we grow older we escape from the tyranny of matter and recognize that the true centre of gravity is in the mind. Also we lose that sense of relativity which is so useful in normal life, provided it does not sour into cynicism, and come more and more to acclaim absolute things — goodness, truth, beauty. From a wise American scholar I take this sentence: 'The tragedy of man is that he has developed an intelligence eager to uncover mysteries, but not strong enough to penetrate them. With minds but slightly evolved beyond those of our animal relations, we are tortured with precocious desires, and pose questions, which we are sometimes capable of asking but rarely are able to answer.' With the recognition of our limitations comes

a glimpse of the majesty of the 'Power not ourselves.' Religion is born when we accept the ultimate frustration of mere human effort, and at the same time realize the strength which comes from union with superhuman reality.

Today the quality of our religion is being put to the test. The conflict is not only between the graces of civilization and the rawness of barbarism. More is being challenged than the system of ethics which we believe to be the basis of our laws and liberties. I am of Blake's view: 'Man must and will have some religion; if he has not the religion of Jesus he will have the religion of Satan, and will erect a synagogue of Satan.' There have been high civilizations in the past which have not been Christian, but in the world as we know it I believe that civilization must have a Christian basis, and must ultimately rest on the Christian Church. Today the Faith is being attacked, and the attack is succeeding. Thirty years ago Europe was nominally a Christian continent. It is no longer so today. In Europe, as in the era before Constantine, Christianity is in a minority. What Gladstone wrote seventy years ago, in a moment of depression, has become a shattering truth: 'I am convinced that the welfare of mankind does not now depend on the State and the world of politics; the real battle is being fought in the world of thought,

where a deadly attack is made with great tenacity of purpose and over a wide field upon the greatest treasure of mankind, the belief in God and the Gospel of Christ.'

The Christian in name has in recent years been growing cold in his devotion. Our achievement in perfecting the material apparatus of life has produced a mood of self-confidence and pride. Our peril has been indifference, and that is a grave peril, for rust will crumble a metal when hammer blows will only harden it. I believe — and this is my crowning optimism — that the challenge with which we are now faced may restore to us that manly humility which alone gives power. It may bring us back to God. In that case our victory is assured. The Faith is an anvil which has worn out many hammers.

We are condemned to fumble in these times, for the mist is too thick to see far down the road. But in all our uncertainty we can have Cromwell's hope. 'To be a Seeker is to be of the best sect next to a Finder, and such an one shall every faithful, humble Seeker be at the end.' So, as a tailpiece to these memoirs I would transcribe a sentence of Henry Adams: 'After all, man knows mighty little, and may some day learn enough of his own ignorance to fall down and pray.' Dogmatism gives place to questioning, and questioning in the end to prayer.

ABSENCE

BY COLETTE

THE seamstress who goes out by the day does not really enjoy coming to my house. 'Of course it is healthy, almost woodsy,' she admits, 'but just a little too lonely. Still, what can you expect? It's Auteuil.'

For that complaint there is no help. I do not argue. But in Auteuil the snow stays spotless. Though it may make a Switzerland of our little ramparts, though the early sunshine gilds the infield of our track and tingles the bark of the budding elderberries, for my little Dorcas we are still Auteuil, and the tree-studded earthworks, manned only by children and nurses, for her are always 'the redoubt,' dark with a twilight mystery, romantic, fearsome.

'How lonesome you must get out here,' she said to me the other day, 'without your husband and your little girl.'

I did not answer, and she added softly, thinking she had offended me, 'But you have the animals for company. They're so faithful, and that does cheer one up.'

I might have answered, 'Yes, they are faithful, but just for that reason sometimes they can't cheer me up.'

Ah, loyal friends, you hold a mirror at my heart! Our bulldog, I know, misses the little playmate she left behind in the country, but not to the final canine depth of spurning food and play. Spartan that she is, she never gives up and never whines; she hides her bruised paw and the scars of battle. She bears her bereavement with the same stolidity, till she is misled by the shadow of some passing child; then she dashes off. A

little later, back she saunters — and it is hard to look into the eyes of a dog to whom mankind has lied.

The Persian, old but never any older, the color of a pale violet, is on the watch. At mealtimes she crouches on the table, always in the corner by the empty chair, yet at every masculine footstep she forgets her lofty timidity and is gone to greet the prodigal. She picks her way alone across the Avenue to the Police Station. And so beautiful is she, so Orientaly condescending, that they treat her as a queen.

The Sergeant himself returned her in his arms. 'She meows a lot,' he said, 'but we know she isn't hungry. Wonder what she wants?'

As for the unswerving shepherd — there is a one-man dog above such temptations. She doesn't have to range or sniff; she knows. Two years ago she was a tiny puppy, and I marvel how she could reach in two short years a certainty so scornful, so ascetic almost. Hope deferred has no more secret for her than for me. As she lies by my chair, hardly breathing, her very repose has a meaning. 'I am not resting,' it says, 'but waiting.'

An overcoat never fools her, she never jumps at the doorbell; she knows and waits. The bulldog will blunder into the empty room and start to say hello.

'What!' she will seem to exclaim. 'He's not back yet?'

But not the sheep dog. Sometimes the sight of a long-legged stranger reminds her of her heart's own choice. Her eyes blazing inside their dark jungle, she

softly thumps her tail, smiling at her memories. But the smile is to herself.

Then one day, without warning, her master did come walking home. Far off, out of sight, she knew. A cry of anguish,

and she tore the leash from my hands. Like a Fury, she outran me, — she would have knocked me down if she must, — for it was she who had to hug him first, and I could only be the second.

OBSOLETE LINER

BY ROBERT HILLYER

How ghosts of her defeated rivals must,
Along the driftways down the Dead Sea, mock
To see her twenty-one knots stayed in rust,
Her greyhound hull asleep against the dock,
Her hold, but for the rats, an empty cave,
Shafts that no head of steam could set in motion.
She dotes, in coma that precedes the grave,
Of statesmen, reigning beauties, storms, and ocean.

This rotted pulp of carpet came from Brussels;
This tarnished pendulum of ormolu
Brightened the swing of time in Lillian Russell's
Pink-cushioned boudoir when the ship was new.
Gaiety, speed, remembrance, shining names,
All these are junk, — all these except for speed,
Speed set to fiercer records, other aims,
Than the safe crossing racing in the lead.

Also consigned to junk the ornate fixtures:
Baths do not run and toilets do not flush;
The paneling is warped; appalling mixtures
Rob silk of elegance; of comfort, plush.
As for the ornament, all decorators
Would scream, confronted with cut glass and prism.
All engineers would curse at elevators
Stuck between floors through faulty mechanism.

But only I saw the midnight procession
Of whiskered rats that minced with dainty tread
Down the frayed hawser like a grey confession
That now at last the rusted queen was dead.
Tomorrow her insulted corpse will quicken
To mockery of movement as the grapnel
Grinds in her flesh and hauls her to be stricken
By flame and drill into the scrap for shrapnel.

VERMONT SUMMER

BY EDWARD WEISMILLER

June 19. — I had come all the way from Wisconsin by bus, and I was very tired; but now, as the bus approached Vermont, my spirits began to rise. Suddenly and quite irrationally I felt that the air was turning sharper and more sweet, and that the morning light, which is hazy in the Middle West, and does little more than puzzle the flat blue distances, was becoming exaggeratedly bright.

Here and there, in the fields along the valley road, men were working rhythmically with scythes. My fellow travelers on the bus were becoming more and more alive and restless, and I myself was eager to reach my destination. I wanted to get out on the ground, to smell the hay and the pungent spice of pine-winds, and to feel with my fingers the rough bark of trees, the wet grass, and the cold, sunny earth of Vermont.

I have been looking forward to this day ever since January, when Aunt Dorothy wrote asking me if I should like to spend the summer in a cabin on her farm in the Green Mountains. I accepted the invitation gratefully. Between my freshman and sophomore years in college I was out of school for three years, living on a hill farm in southeastern Vermont. I spent my days in the woods then, hunting or fishing but more often simply wandering, finding an occasional enthusiasm for farm work, but mostly storing up a sort of forest learning which I tried to put, later, into poetry. I loved the Vermont hills more truly than I have since loved any other country; and with my love of the wilds grew up a dislike of

cities. This summer will be my return to the country.

June 20. — Aunt Dorothy and Uncle John were waiting for me when I got in yesterday; they were standing on the steps of the bus station and general store, waving at the approaching bus. As I got out with my luggage I thought how warming it was to see them — Aunt Dorothy with her soft, square, kindly face, white hair and sunny eyes, Uncle John round-headed, with a brown, pointed beard and a huge, elliptical grin. After our greetings we climbed into the car and drove north along the valley road, heading for the mountain-side farm.

Presently we arrived; and then for a time we sat out in the sunshine on the porch, drinking coffee and talking, and watching the wind play in the wild rose bushes by the brook across the driveway. The early afternoon sun was at once hot and cold, and occasional tufts of gray cloud passed over the sky, each one darkening the green of the opposite hills for a single moment. My glance kept wandering, and soon Aunt Dorothy, realizing perhaps that I was eager to see my cabin (which had long been furnished in readiness for me), got up and suggested that it was time I was getting settled.

So we started off across the road and the brook into the pine woods, following a blazed, zigzag trail up the mountain through the trees. I was carrying my bag, and each of the others had something I should perhaps need: an armful of books, an extra kerosene lamp. The forest closed in behind us, and we were

left in a brown darkness whose only air was the pungent scent of the pines and a whispering in the green needles above us. We proceeded slowly, for the way was steep, and my leather-soled shoes slipped continually on the glassy floor. At last the others stopped: we had reached the cabin. In most parts of the forest the low, dead branches of the pines are cleared away; but around the cabin they have been left on the trees, to ensure privacy. So we had come to my home before I had known that it was anywhere near.

With a last word of welcome, Aunt Dorothy and Uncle John set the things they had brought on the cabin steps, and turned again, starting off down the narrow trail through the woods. I felt very strange watching them go. The forest is so thick that I could see nothing but pines stretching away in every direction; and in a moment the figures of my host and hostess had become tiny, and were swallowed up. The silence was unbroken.

After I had bestowed my belongings in the two-room, story-and-a-half cabin, with its orange floor downstairs, its low ceilings, its steep, narrow stairway, and its great windows looking out into the undersea gloom of the forest, I went outside to wander around the cabin and through the woods. The trees, I found, are set mathematically close together here on the steep side of the mountain, and the interstices between them are spun loosely all the way to the sky with spidery branches. My cabin is built high on a ledge, so that its upstairs windows are hidden in a jungle of stiff green brushes; it is set in a clearing no larger than itself, and its faded gray-brown shingles bear witness to many weathers.

There are ferns and ledges all around, spattered and heaped with brown needles. But there are flowers too: the white single-flowered pyrola, with its blossom like a child's drawing of a star; the wax-gray Indian pipe; and here and there a still-life of rust daisies. More than that, there stand in a hollow below

my cabin three flowers from a different world — lady-slippers colored a deep choking red, that erect themselves on tall thin stems above luxuriant and glossy green leaves. They have no place here where everything is so spare and so accurate; but then, nothing really belongs here except the ledges and the pines. Even the ferns have a curious excrescent look in the watery light of the forest, and the other vegetation — occasional ragged clumps of grass and brush — seems almost inexcusably untidy.

June 22. — I am thoroughly settled now. Already I have learned much of my pine woods — the brooks, the spring from which I carry water, certain ledges and hollows, and the small, pine-locked clearings that are strung like beads along the shadowy paths. In spite of the mountains, the dimensions of this country are not so great as I had thought they would be; but the forest, at least, is, within itself, dimensionless. It is enclosed by fields and farm buildings everywhere but to the west; but there above me the mountain rises steep and dark to its wooded summit. There is a river to the southeast, and low hills. To the north rises Mount Equinox, and then miles and miles of the Taconic and Green Mountain ranges, lapping and folding over and over one another into a blue distance. All colors are extraordinarily intense here in the sunlight; with rain the mountains may turn to the shades of gray and purple, but they will still, I think, be luminous.

(June 25. — Sleep, and awakening in the cold early mornings. My hope of seeing deer, and my memory of the deer. Observations on the untrustworthiness of memory, whose country shapes itself according to the geography of the heart, and whose inhabitants move always soundlessly, with the strange fluidity of quicksilver.)

July 1. — The strange compulsion which sends birds south in winter, north again in spring, shows that a sense of time and of the passage of time exists

not only among men. Yet I had thought that in this wood I should be free of time; and I am surprised now to find how often I am made aware of it, and by what means.

I am sitting writing at the table on the porch at the north end of my cabin. The floor of the porch is made of reddish flagstones set in earth; and on the stones, on the earth, are dozens of tiny brown beetles. Almost at every moment another one comes hurtling through the air, and lands with a slight 'tock' on the table, or on the stone beside my chair. Most of the beetles land, seemingly, upon their backs; or else they soon upset themselves. And then they lie nearly still, waving their legs in minute helplessness in the air.

It is a strange sight, and one which I do not wholly understand. For there is no panic in their movements — none of the frenzied struggling which I have seen overtaking other insects that have fallen like this. The beetles lie almost indolently. A sharp movement might bring them upright, but they do not make it. Still they lie unperturbed, waving their legs slowly, casually, desultorily, as if they had hours, even years, to be about their business; as if they had forever.

Do they not hear time blowing like a wind through the forest?

(July 5. — Rain; clouds on the mountain, with the fragment:—

The shadow does not die, and this forever.

The gray, miraculous flower contrived of mist

Blooms on the slope of the sky in the bluest weather. . . .

Light and shadow, and the new world made by rain in this country.)

(July 7. — The climb up to Southeast Corners, a deserted settlement on the saddle between Red Mountain and Mount Equinox. The silence of the journey, except for the chipmunks, which resented my passing, and scolded at me with a sort of inadequate anger, as if they were coughing into penny whistles. The deep green of moss on the wet stones of the brook; the red of lichens; and the

deep orange rot of the fallen trees. The open saddle between the mountains, with fields of birches, which are first to reclaim deserted country. Camping; and at last, the coming of night.

FROM THIS HILL

From this hill the stars go down
In squadrons to the shuttered town,

And let their light fall cold and thin
On doors that will not let them in.

One door of those is mine, I fear;
Yet I shall lie for hours here,

Till night itself, without a sound,
Goes bare and breathless underground.

Dawn, with mist and sun in the valley.)

July 11. — I went calling last night; and afterward walked home alone — it was past midnight — through the moonlit woods and fields. There were curious changes upon the world. Trees, rocks, buildings, all looked like phosphorescent water-colors of themselves. Yet close at hand the light was so clear that its scalpels seemed as if in another moment they would cleave the rind of earth, and expose its nerves, naked and twitching, or flay the world whole and show it like a great silver heart rocking beneath my feet. There was no sound except a single whippoorwill's cold cataract of speech.

Suddenly the moon went behind a cloud; and the scene became a swift succession of lantern-slides, dominated always by the knowledge of light somewhere, choking, perhaps, but still living in its source. At length, after much shadowy warfare, the moon approached the edge of its cloud — not softly or silently, but with such a beat of color and rhythm, so much illusion of sound, that it seemed like the climax of a symphony. Then the moon appeared — small and ruin-white; and the music stopped as if some hand had taken up all the strings at once, and snapped them swiftly and jarringly. So always, I thought, feeling the implied distinction between drama and mere pageantry.

Today it is raining, but echoes of the

moon have persisted in my mind, and I have tried to put them to paper. It is hard to say why any poem is written; in this case it may have been the need to find a symphonic language for an experience involving music, but that would be only an approximate truth. Here is the poem, at any rate. It is entitled

O THIS UNLOOKED-FOR

A mountain darkly formed of cloud
is quartered on the moon; and far
the shadow plots (though silver-ploughed)
excision on the closest star;

and cold the shadow moves and slow
the shadow streams, and silver-bound,
thin rays of light escape, and go
in alleys to the guttering ground:

and sudden cities white the plain
and snuff with shadow, and resume,
and suddenly there is a lane
of certain light beside the gloom,

and swift the silver margin swerves
and limns the toad, that clumps alone
again to darkness, and preserves
the anonymity of stone;

and far beyond a star goes out
(another star) and is consumed
and leaves no faintest mist about
the darkness where it lately bloomed,
and still no moon

but in the grass
the knives of silver creep, and slice,
and silvers meet and overpass,
and green swings outward into ice,

and creatures from their shadow wells
start up to find across the door
as secret as a shower of bells
the light that was not there before,

and no moon still: but on it comes
and pounds and pummels at the edge
with silver like the sound of drums
behind the glass and paper ledge

and on it comes and fire forms
unmistaken in the lucent hood
and light like thunder sleets and storms
the closeted and caverned wood
and then

— o this unlooked-for: lone
and stammering, man sees the moon defined
far up, snow-cold and curious; like smudged
and faded bone,
dangling beside his mind.

(July 16. — The birds: crows, who are
'the sons of Belial, flown with insolence
and wine.' The swallows and red-winged
blackbirds by the river.)

(July 19. — The snails: the undersea
ballet of their movement across the
forest floor, at night, after rain.)

(July 20. — The deadly Amanitas,
and their fresh growth and fresh ruin
each morning. What eats them? Can it
be the squirrels, which are beginning to
appear? No; birds, I suppose, which I
think eat the snails too, since I have
seen, on the forest floor, shells chipped
and splintered like stars. But perhaps
larger animals as well eat the mushrooms
— what may not be foraging through
the woods while I am asleep? I cannot
help thinking of this: —

MIDNIGHT

The midnight wakes like morning in the wood,
With twigs that crack before the fall of frost,
And a leaf lifting back, where something stood
And plotted silence, purposefully lost.

There is no beauty here that sound could sicken.
Yet there is little sound.
In the cold air the trees spread out and thicken,
Nailed by the tooth of shadow to the ground.

Whatever the silence is, it is not sleep.
Waiting, it may be; — *was that a rabbit screamed?*
No echo; silence, deep.
Somewhere a bird wakes, and cries, and wonders
what it dreamed.)

July 25. — There is, indeed, much
more life about in these woods than I
had realized. Birds, snails, squirrels,
chipmunks — they have enforced my
attention with increasing insistency.
And now I have a new neighbor, one
who concerns me closely; the Better
Mouse has beaten a path to my door.

I have been aware of his occupancy
for several days, as a matter of fact, for
he has indicated his presence at my
breakfast table with no great delicacy.
But last night I saw him for the first
time. I was reading, lying in bed on my
stomach, with my lamp and book on the
floor alongside, and close by a box of
crackers, from which I was eating ab-

stractedly. Suddenly I heard a loud skirmishing noise, and the patter of little feet; and there was my mouse, bickering down a rafter.

He is a large, handsome, red and white creature, this mouse, with none of the unfriendliness which has limited my contact with other mice up to the present. Without a single preliminary move he switched up to the box of crackers, his nose quivering; and in a moment he was standing erect, his front paws hidden in waxed paper. He was sniffing feverishly. In another moment he would have been inside the box. But I was recovering from the first shock tactics, and I could not allow this last. I raised my hand. The mouse skipped nimbly away; instantly he was back. I picked up a shoe.

The mouse must have realized by this time that the atmosphere had become ominous; now he all but tiptoed to the cracker box, one eye and ear upon me, the others devoted nervously to the business of anticipation. I drew a silent bead, and let fly with my shoe. The mouse gave an outraged squeak, jumped inches up and sideways, and disappeared in a scatter of dust under the bed.

I knew, though, that he would come back. I picked up the cracker box and put it out of reach, extracting one cracker, which I dropped on the floor close to the bed. Try to get away with that, I thought, picking up my other shoe and taking a firm grip upon it.

I had to wait for quite a while, but finally the mouse returned, zigzagging artfully, all his attention centred on me. I waited. He reached the cracker and picked it up. I heaved the shoe. Once more the mouse squeaked and leaped sideways; but he managed to hang on to the cracker, and vanished with it, again under the bed. That was the last I saw of him. Presently a loud munching noise began somewhere in the walls; and I fell asleep so, with the sounds of murine enjoyment ringing in my ears.

I do not think I can allow this to go on.

(July 31. — The single lines of spider-web that shimmer here and there among the trees, turning red and green in the afternoon sunlight. The snails gone; the Amanitas gone, and new spired mushrooms appearing. I am reminded of that poem of Elinor Wylie's which ends

'. . . but
Though castled and steepled
The place is Lilliput:

Where I lie bound by subtle
Spider-web and hair,
And the small feet scuttle,
And the gold eyes stare.'

It is perhaps cruel of me, in the face of the beauty of these lines, to say that I have decided to get a mousetrap, and set it.)

August 2. — There have been many squirrels about lately, the younger ones wrestling and scampering around, chasing each other in mad circles over the forest floor, the older ones coursing (with hardly more dignity) through the tree-tops. Why the squirrels have appeared so recently I do not know; I saw few enough early in the summer. The thing that has at last drawn them out of hiding seems to be the pine cones, which, if they have not gotten ripe, have attained a degree of succulence that makes them, finally, irresistible.

Apparently pine cones are the squirrel's artichokes; he eats them, at any rate, in the same way, leaf by leaf, taking one juicy bite out of each leaf and dropping the rest on the ground. The litter that has grown up in this forest as a result is amazing. At any time, walking through the woods, I am likely to have what looks like an old, dried-up apple core dropped on the ground beside me, and then, looking up apprehensively, to see overhead a squirrel smacking his lips and rubbing them on a near-by branch to get the pitch off of them before he proceeds to the next cone. I am ordinarily tolerant of small pleasures, but I wish the squirrels' habits of personal cleanliness would extend to their surroundings. When I came here the forest looked like

a well-ordered French park; now it looks as though a carpenter had been at work in it, and had hurried away without bothering to pick up his shavings.

As a last wanton untidiness, the squirrels have recently started extensive digging operations everywhere, rooting up pine needles and leaf mould with unreasoning vigor. I do not think they are burying anything; probably they have simply realized that autumn is not far off, and are brushing up on their digging, just in case they had forgotten how.

August 8. — At last I have caught my mouse; and I am deeply sorry for it. How could I have forgotten so far what death does to eyes, to soft bodies? And now that the trap is sprung and set aside, I keep remembering the scurrings, the ruminative sounds in the dark, the sort of military companionship which lay in having my enemy close at hand. I see again all those glances I got from patent-leather eyes — hilarious and puzzled, mocking and stubborn, but always quick and full of life, full of a curious pride. I shall not see them again.

This is of course material made for the sentimentalist, and perhaps that is what I am. But in my mind is the familiar verse from *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*: 'Each man kills the thing he loves.' I wonder if a strange mutation of this would not be as true — that each man loves the thing he kills? If so, it is in this way that I now regret my mouse.

And so it may be perhaps that the murderer returns to the scene of his murder; not from fear of detection, for that would be stupid, but as a necessary part of a strange love affair unsuspected even by himself. I can imagine a man killing his enemy not for any harm he might so escape, but to be able to look once, full and unembarrassed, into the other's eyes, to see what he might read there; and then be strangely bewildered, having, at last, not understood what it was that he saw.

Surely, at any rate, killing is the least conclusive thing that any man may do.

He must be bound afterward by ties which he himself cannot explain, and forever cannot resolve. Then let the murderer return to the dark house; and, if you will, be taken there. But as he is led silently away, think once that what he is feeling may not be terror, but disbelief — emptiness — a queer loneliness, because somehow, after all, he has heard no sound in the shadows, no creaking step on the landing of the dark stairs.

For no one, I think, no matter what he says, really believes in death. Not even I, who have seen my mouse in his trap, and carried him away myself.

(August 15. — The real coming, at last, of summer, with the death of air, and the cicadas scraping and buttering their wings in the hot noon.)

August 19. — It rained again this evening, suddenly and heavily. The sky changed from blue to gunmetal almost imperceptibly, as if it were always implicit with storm, and this were only the inking-in of a sketch. After a few minutes of downpour, with the clouds lying punctured and broken-backed over the mountain tops, the sky cleared, or partly so; and a rainbow appeared in the east, part of its fall obscured by a low blur of running cloud.

The farmer from whom I get my milk pointed to the sky as I came down toward him through the meadow, and said with a wide grin, 'A rainbow like that one means good luck; or so they say.' So they say, I reflected on my way home later — they being all that crew of superstitious folk who gape at science: whose faiths are always in the undemonstrable. I, though I could not put into accurate words the scientific cause for the rainbow's occurrence, know at least that such a cause exists. Therefore I see beauty alone; and in this some mystery, even some hope, perhaps, but only for myself.

I am wrong, of course — not for knowing that science can account for the rainbow, but for complicating something which is otherwise so simple. For surely

what men believe in their hearts, what has meaning for them, is more important than any scientific truth. What the farmer said had nothing to do with science, nor was it meant to have. I who deal with words know that they are symbols, and believe in them, or not, for arbitrary reasons of my own. So the rainbow is a symbol — of hope, in this case, but more powerful than any word; it is the thing which, not of man, but stemming from man's most intimate earth, bends closer to heaven than anything else he will ever see, and returns to his neighbor's field as lovely as it left his own.

By the time I reached my cabin the rainbow had faded; a few westering clouds had taken yellow from the sunken sun and projected the color upon the forest floor, so that the pines loomed like black spars in a sea of clear orange light. Beautiful, simple, of obvious meaning — why should the poet always feel that it is he who must teach from beauty? I thought. If he sees beauty, though dimly and for a moment only, surely others must do the same, and be somehow the lovelier for it themselves. Even the tyrant must torture himself with rainbows, and be shaken in what he has made himself believe.

At my feet a bird flushed from a clump of wet fern and rose in a perfect arc to the top of a near-by pine. So this too means good luck, I thought; or hope; or it is a symbol for hope, which in itself may be no more than a symbol for belief.

August 26. — The summer — the real summer — is almost over now. Only a few days ago I was sure that it had come; now it is nearly gone. When I awake in the mornings there is a new chilly quality to the air; the pine branches outside my window teeter gustily; and everywhere there is a swift shifting pattern of clarified light and shadow that has nothing to do with the vague, exhausted patterns of summer.

The calendar will say that it is summer still for almost another month; but

calendar seasons and real seasons are hardly more than approximate. Perhaps time is too far linked in human minds with personal change, and I am construing for the season of my departure (for I must go soon) a separate weather, as if to say: this is the falling-off, the time of change. Yet I think it is more than that. The young trees that cannot wait to die have already burst into a brash crimson in the hedgerows, and there is a hurried note now in the calling of the crows. When I walk in the meadow, beside the brook, the crows rise from their dead sentinel trees scalding the air with a new, urgent disdain; and they do not fly as they once did: they are blown rather, pitching in the tall cold wind over miles of sky as if they had mounted some frosty carousel, which beat, beat in monstrous, erratic circles, rhythmically, but without music.

There are fewer periods of quiet, and even these are implicit now with the subtleties of change. Sometimes the wind wedges all cloud from the sky for a few translucent moments, and I can see the near hills with an acid clearness, each tree upon them minutely concerned with shape and perspective, like cardboard figures seen through a stereoscope. The wineglass elms that seemed to drowse all summer in the mowings go wild and shaggy at the briefest touch of wind, and the fluid shadows of the pines seem to have congealed, from chemistry, not from cold. For the weeks that I have been here the pines have stood suffused with their own darkness, their stratified branches like clots of green tea leaves steeping, filling the surrounding air with a warm, slow, eddying shadow. The shadows have curded now. All but the sharpest contrasts have dissolved away from the wood; and the wind is still blowing.

So autumn, with its beauty and its persistent sadness, moves upon the world. The summer, at least, has been happy; and I prefer to remember it so. I shall not keep this diary any longer.

REVOLUTION IN THE SUPREME COURT

BY KENNETH CULP DAVIS

I

IN this day when democracy all around us has succumbed to authoritarian tyrannies, we are smugly grateful for a Constitution to guarantee our freedom and a Supreme Court to protect our liberties. We are wont to assume that so long as we preserve our Constitution and the independence of our judiciary our system of government will endure. To our complacent thought, despotism from perversion of our cherished institutions is indeed remote.

But recently we have been told that the Supreme Court itself is undermining our Constitution! An opinion of the Court is called 'subversive doctrine' which may 'give potency to the efforts of those who apparently *hope to end a system of government* found inhospitable to their ultimate designs.'

This accusation is not that of a mere demagogue or theorist or crackpot. It is spoken from the bench of the Supreme Court itself. The quoted words are those of two dissenting justices in formal opinion in a case decided April 17, 1939. Their charge is serious. They solemnly speak of the 'utter absurdity' of the view taken by the majority of the Court, and they grimly declare that the decision 'permits disruption of our federated system.' In the view of the dissenting justices the Court is willfully disobeying the supreme law of the land: 'Of course, no such result [as that reached by the Court] was intended by those who framed the Constitution.'

Are these assertions true? Have we

cause for alarm? Is the Supreme Court deliberately breaking down the federal system? What is it that the majority of the Court is permitting which causes such apprehension? If our system of government is undergoing rapid and fundamental change, what is its nature, what are its causes, and what are its consequences likely to be?

Probably we cannot adequately answer these questions, for the field is so highly charged with controversy that any attempted answer must be largely subjective. But these vital questions deserve wider recognition and demand discussion. For our Constitution is fundamentally different from what it was when the President's Supreme Court plan was announced in February 1937.

II

Yes, the Constitution has changed. True, it has not been amended through the difficult process of state ratification. But the changes wrought in the Constitution in the last three years are sweeping and fundamental.

The Constitution of the United States is, as every alert schoolboy should know, something more than the mere document. For instance, one may search the document in vain for an answer to the question whether we may have a valid AAA. But the Constitution we had in 1936 prohibited an AAA. We know this, because the Supreme Court so held. The Constitution we have in 1940 permits a

valid AAA. Again, our informer is the Supreme Court itself. The words of the document remain the same, but those words are not determinative. The words that count are those of the order entered by the Supreme Court in the test case. The real Constitution is the one that nullifies or sustains legislation. And the document rarely does that. The effective Constitution, the one that controls the fate of New Deals and Old Deals, of worthy or unworthy state or federal enactments, is largely Court-made. The document is only a jumping-off place. The Constitution is found in the three hundred volumes of reports of United States Supreme Court decisions, and in the minds and emotions and predilections of the living justices.

The clauses of the document relevant to the AAA question are quite unilluminating: 'The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes . . . to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States. . . .' 'The Congress shall have power . . . to regulate commerce . . . among the several States. . . .' Can the answer to the constitutionality of the AAA be found in these clauses? Mr. Justice Roberts, in behalf of the majority of the Court in 1936, asserted that it could: the duty of the Court, he said, is 'to lay the article of the Constitution which is invoked beside the statute which is challenged and to decide whether the latter squares with the former.' But Mr. Justice Roberts was only paying lip service to a time-honored fiction; his opinion shows that he did not believe that the result could be found in the words of the document. One need not be learned in constitutional theory to recognize the truth of Judge Learned Hand's statement about the judge who interprets a Constitution: 'The words he must construe are empty vessels into which he can pour nearly anything he will.' Or, in Mr. Justice Frankfurter's phraseology, the task 'is a function not of mechanics but of imponderables' and

not merely involves the meaning of words but invites 'judgment upon ultimate issues of society.'

III

So it is no exaggeration to say that during the past three years we have been given a new Constitution. Since that hot summer of 1787 when fifty-five men gave us our original Constitution, we have in truth had many Constitutions, although the document itself has been only slightly changed. During the first third of the nineteenth century John Marshall gave us a Constitution largely different from that created in 1787. If Spencer Roane had been Chief Justice in Marshall's place, the Marshall Constitution, with its strong central government, might never have been established, the Union might not have endured, the Civil War might not have been fought, and what is now the United States might be two or a dozen nations or a loose confederacy. During the second third of the nineteenth century the Taney Court wove into the Constitution a point of view materially at variance with that of Marshall. A later Court was strongly actuated by a desire to remove Civil War scars left on our federalism, and still later a *laissez faire* economic philosophy was read into the Constitution. Nothing in the document accounts for Marshall's Constitution or Taney's. No words in the instrument required the post-Civil War attitude. And certainly neither the paper written in 1787 nor the amendment added in 1868 calls for *laissez faire*. The real Constitution draws its lifeblood not from the document but from the men who give the document its meaning. The Supreme Court is a continuous constitutional convention, and the nine statesmen we call justices are constantly moulding the Constitution and the consequent course of history. Before 1937 the process had always been one of gradual reworking of our organic law, with sporadic abrupt

overrulings and shifts of emphasis or direction. Never before in history has the Court so extensively altered so many basic principles in so short a time as in the three years since February 1937. And the reconstruction is still in process.

The Constitution we had in 1936 contained a Fourteenth Amendment which prohibited legislation fixing minimum wages for women. The Court said such legislation was 'so clearly the product of a naked, arbitrary exercise of power that it cannot be allowed to stand under the Constitution.' Of course, the Fourteenth Amendment of our new Constitution does not prohibit minimum-wage legislation. In fact, the Constitution was so clear in 1937 that the Chief Justice, in behalf of five justices, declared: 'The principle which must control our decision is not in doubt.' The Constitution had changed. The view the Chief Justice had expressed in dissent the year before was now the prevailing view: 'I can find nothing in the Federal Constitution which denies to the State the power to protect women from being exploited by overreaching employers. . . .' All the while, the only relevant words of the document were: 'Nor shall any State deprive any person of . . . liberty . . . without due process of law.'

Under the old Constitution, state and federal governments could not tax each other's instrumentalities. For example, the states could not tax the old United States Bank, nor tax the sale of gasoline to the Coast Guard. This doctrine began in 1819, not in 1787, for the document does not mention the question. The doctrine is a product of the mind and will of John Marshall, not of the framers of the original instrument. Marshall said, 'The power to tax involves the power to destroy,' and down through 1936 Marshall's dictum was a part of the Constitution. But in the fall of 1937 the Court permitted a state to tax payments made by the federal government to the builder of a dam, and the dissenting justices quite rightly said,

'The judgment seems . . . to overrule, *sub silentio*, a century of precedents.' Then, in the spring of 1939 the Constitution was radically altered when the Court went further and *expressly* overruled a century of precedents. The old Constitution never permitted the state and federal governments to tax salaries of each other's employees, but the new Constitution does allow this. Marshall's dictum is no longer a part of the Constitution. Instead, Holmes's earlier statement in dissent is incorporated in the Constitution: 'The power to tax is not the power to destroy while this Court sits.' In other words, the power to tax does not now involve the power to destroy unless the Supreme Court thinks that the particular destruction ought to be permitted.

Our 1936 Constitution, as we have already observed, did not permit an AAA. The reasons given by Mr. Justice Roberts are especially significant: 'Powers not granted are prohibited. None to regulate agricultural production is given, and therefore legislation by Congress for that purpose is forbidden. It is an established principle that the attainment of a prohibited end may not be accomplished under the pretext of the exertion of powers which are granted.' The Court accordingly annulled the original AAA, in which Congress had employed its taxing and spending power to regulate agriculture. The Court's definitive statement that Congressional regulation of agriculture was forbidden seemed to some to be rather conclusive. But Congress, wisely recognizing that our Constitution is not static and that the 1936 Constitution would not necessarily endure, tried again, this time using the interstate commerce power, on the theory that limiting the amounts of commodities marketed in interstate commerce would effectively limit production. Of course, under the 1936 Constitution, that was a palpable attempt to attain 'a prohibited end . . . under the pretext of the exertion of powers

which are granted.' But by 1939, when the question was again presented to the Court, the Constitution had changed. No longer was Congress powerless to regulate agriculture through exerting a granted power, for Mr. Justice Roberts declared in behalf of the 1939 Court: 'The motive of Congress in exerting the power is irrelevant to the validity of the legislation.' The document at all times was silent about Congressional motives, but the motive was decisive in 1936 and irrelevant in 1939.

Congress wanted to regulate labor relations in producing industries. One measure attempting this was the first Guffey Act, applicable to the soft-coal industry. In 1936 the Guffey Act was unconstitutional, for labor relations in a producing industry have only an *indirect* effect upon interstate commerce. But in 1937 the Wagner Act was constitutional, for labor relations in a producing industry have a *direct* effect upon interstate commerce. Since the pivotal factor in both cases, whether the effect is direct or indirect, is not mentioned in the document, the document remained the same, but the Constitution changed. Despite the 1936 decision that the effect was indirect, the Chief Justice in 1937 was very emphatic to the contrary: 'It is idle to say that the effect would be indirect or remote. It is obvious that it would be immediate and might be catastrophic. We are asked to shut our eyes to the plainest facts of our national life and to deal with the question of direct and indirect effects in an intellectual vacuum.' Ever since this 1937 enlightenment it has seemed strange to look back to the old Constitution of 1936 and before, under which we dealt with such questions in an intellectual vacuum.

The old Constitution forbade both federal and state legislation outlawing yellow-dog contracts. Such legislation was a denial of freedom of contract in violation of the due-process clauses. The Constitution protected the 'right' of the employee to agree not to join a union.

The old Constitution ignored the protest of Mr. Justice Holmes that such legislation was designed 'to establish the equality of position between the parties in which liberty of contract begins.' The new Constitution takes into account a practical economic freedom instead of an abstract theoretical one; it permits Congress and the states to outlaw the yellow-dog contract and many other unfair labor practices as well. In fact, the new Constitution sometimes seems to require as much straining of judicial verbalisms to sustain legislation sponsored by labor as the old Constitution used to require to invalidate such legislation.

Under the old Constitution, for the federal government to tax a federal judge's salary was wrongfully to diminish his compensation while in office and thereby to jeopardize the independence of the judiciary; under the new Constitution such a tax is only a recognition that judges are also citizens.

One of the most curious limitations of the 1936 Constitution rendered the first municipal bankruptcy act unconstitutional. This act gave the states a power which they would not have without the act, the power to permit municipalities and other subdivisions of the states to reorganize in bankruptcy. The act could have no effect upon any state or upon any subdivision of any state unless both the state and the subdivision expressly consented. But the Court held in 1936 that the act violated the old Constitution's prohibition against invading states' rights. Of course the new Constitution, according to a 1938 holding sustaining substantially similar legislation, recognizes that *adding* to the power of a state cannot constitute an invasion of states' rights.

One 1938 decision not involving New Deal legislation jolted the legal profession by holding that the Supreme Court itself, in an unbroken line of decisions extending over ninety-six years, had been consistently acting unconstitution-

ally in applying its own law instead of state law in certain cases. The old Constitution permitted the practice, but the new one did not. The old Constitution was unconstitutional under the new Constitution.

The Fourteenth Amendment of the old Constitution did not permit multiple taxation. For example, two or more states could not impose their inheritance or estate taxes on the same transfer of property by a decedent to his beneficiaries. In a leading case, the Court had held: 'We conclude that shares of stock, like other intangibles, constitutionally can be subjected to a death transfer tax by one state only.' But by 1939 the Constitution had changed, for two states taxed the same transfer, and the Court held: 'We can find nothing in the history of the Fourteenth Amendment and no support in reason, principle or authority for saying that it prohibits either state, in the circumstances of this case, from laying the tax.'

The old Constitution disliked picketing. So vehement was its antipathy to picketing that legislation designed to permit picketing (by curbing the injunction power of courts) was unconstitutional. The new Constitution, of course, renders such legislation constitutional. But it goes even further! Since April 1940, not only is a statute permitting picketing valid, but a statute prohibiting picketing is invalid. Under the old Constitution the legislatures, the representatives of the people, had no choice; they could not permit picketing. Under the new Constitution legislatures have no choice; they cannot prohibit picketing. The result which used to be prohibited is now not only permitted but required.

The document does not specifically say so, but the Constitution has long contained a limitation upon delegation of legislative power. This means that Congress must do its own legislating and not give too much of its power to others. The NIRA gave the President power to prohibit shipment of 'hot oil' (oil pro-

duced in violation of state laws) in interstate commerce. The delegation was a small one, the President's discretion very narrow; nevertheless it was held bad in 1935. A much more sweeping delegation was made by the Marketing Act of 1937, in which Congress gave the Secretary of Agriculture power not merely to determine whether and when a well-defined Congressional prohibition should become effective, but permitted the Secretary to decide what commodities should be regulated, the areas of regulation, the time of regulation, and, within limits, even the character of regulation, including the perilous price-fixing power. Although under the 1935 Constitution the Marketing Act would almost surely have fallen, the Constitution as it existed in 1939 did not prohibit the delegation. Dissenting justices gravely declared: 'This is not government by law but by caprice. . . . To us the outcome seems wholly incompatible with the system under which we are supposed to live.'

IV

These are not examples of mere details. They concern fundamentals of the first magnitude. They are not just shifts in attitude in the application of old principles. They constitute modification and even complete rejection of the principles themselves. Some of the basic doctrines abruptly cast aside have been developed in scores of prior decisions. Time and again the dissenters have been heard to protest that the decision of the majority 'overrules a century of precedents.'

The changes already wrought extend beyond the scope of specific decisions thus far rendered. In the adjudicated cases one may study the temper of the Court and discern bases for prediction that other doctrines not yet passed upon are destined for modification or annihilation. The Court has never sustained minimum-wage legislation for men, and the opinion upholding regulation of

women's wages relies heavily upon differences for this purpose between men and women. Yet no careful student of constitutional law would hesitate to predict that minimum-wage legislation for men will be sustained. The Court has never held that the commerce clause is broad enough to validate the main features of the federal Wages and Hours Act, but one can hardly imagine an adverse holding by the Court as now constituted. The doctrine that the Constitution requires that a court have opportunity to review *de novo* a commission's valuation of public utility property for rate-making purposes when confiscation is claimed was established in 1920 and reaffirmed in 1936, but this doctrine can hardly be regarded as present law even though the Court has not yet had opportunity to reject it. The states and the nation have consistently been denied power to tax income from each other's securities, but most informed lawyers would probably predict that the Court will now permit the federal income tax to be applied to income from state and municipal securities. If and when Congress decides to regulate insurance companies, old precedents holding such regulation beyond Congressional power may be easily brushed aside.

V

Chief Justice Hughes's now famous statement that 'the Constitution is what the judges say it is' surely has been abundantly demonstrated during the past three years. But this fact has become almost commonplace. The vital inquiry now is into the inner meaning of the abrupt and sweeping reversals. Do the changes constitute mere differences of opinion between present and past justices on many unrelated issues, or does a consistent basic philosophy underlie the recent decisions? What, if any, is the common denominator of the overrulings on the numerous and seemingly diversified questions?

Of course, attempting to generalize so broadly is exceedingly dangerous. The very fact that most of the key cases are decided by a divided Court reflects the difficulty of the individual problems — an intricacy which our oversimplified summary no doubt belies. And the new development is too recent and too rapid for even a pretense of perspective. Furthermore, many readily apparent uncertainties must immediately confound any attempt to portray satisfactorily the collective mind of a majority of the present justices.

How deep-seated is the militancy of Mr. Justice Black? Is Mr. Justice Reed already showing signs of reverting to the conservative thought that might be expected of one with his background? Will Frankfurter the judge consistently cling to the thought of Frankfurter the teacher, the philosopher, the commentator? And even if we can guess intelligently where Mr. Justice Douglas stands on many questions, what basis have we for predicting the direction in which his thought will develop? What is the significance of the belief in some quarters that the Black brand of liberalism has sometimes seemed to push Mr. Justice Stone rightwards? Who is this man Murphy, and who can guess how he will behave? Above all, will Roosevelt or will a conservative successor of Roosevelt fill new vacancies?

Whether we like it or not, answers to these questions, and others like them, are the stuff of which the Constitution of the coming years will be carved. For ours is a dynamic Constitution ever sensitive to influences from all sources upon the intellectual and emotional processes of a majority of the living justices. Our government, so far as our organic law is concerned, is in the deepest and truest sense a government of men and not of laws. And only through an adequate understanding of the minds of the men who are sitting in the seats of judicial power can we discern the shape of the Constitution under which we live.

But, despite all such necessary misgivings about the many pitfalls of prediction, it seems reasonably safe at this time to hazard some generalizations about the philosophy of our new Court. The best approach is to look back to the 1936 Court and ascertain the kind of thought against which a majority of the present justices have so vigorously revolted. For, whatever their affirmative attitudes may be, we may be sure that a majority of the present justices are united in rejecting some of the fundamentals adhered to by their predecessors.

VI

How we should have dealt with the national economic emergency we faced in 1933 and whether or not New Deal recovery and reform measures have been desirable are, of course, questions on which intelligent opinions differ. But no one can deny that a majority of the representatives of the people have for the most part genuinely sought to meet the apparent crisis by enacting legislation that seemed to them appropriate. If we had an objective measuring stick, some enactments might be found wise and some unwise, but that is not the question. The problems were baffling. No unerring source of wisdom existed. Demands for action were urgent. New problems had to be solved without benefit of previous experience. Hasty action was dangerous, but failure to act might bring greater perils. The trial-and-error method was a necessity. We tried an NIRA, whether wisely or not. We passed a Securities Act, despite grave constitutional doubts. We started a CWA, a PWA, and later a WPA. A majority of our representatives thought, rightly or wrongly, that an AAA was desirable, and a Guffey Act, and a Wagner Act, and a Social Security Act.

Nearly all these measures were founded upon two premises not susceptible of absolute and objective proof: that if the

economic machine is out of adjustment it is the business of government to interfere, and that the maladjustment was national and therefore ought to be dealt with by the federal government. But the nine judicial governors did not agree with these premises. To a dismaying extent they undertook to deny to government the power to govern. The NIRA was unconstitutional. The AAA was struck down. The Guffey Act was bad. The original farm mortgage moratorium act, and the municipal bankruptcy act, and the railway pension act were in turn given the death sentence. Apprehension of national catastrophe from unconstitutionality of gold-clause legislation pervaded business. Fifty-eight Liberty League lawyers unanimously agreed, gratuitously, that the Wagner Act was invalid. Even the states could not prescribe minimum wages, whatever might seem to them the urgent necessity. Legal scholars discussed pro and con the constitutionality of the Social Security Act; no scholarship, no skill, no insight could offer assurance until a majority of nine men had spoken. The government's constitutional lawyers were coming to believe that neither the nation nor the states could adequately cope with problems of economic dislocation — unemployment, excessive competition, monopoly, child labor, wages, hours, collective bargaining, fraud in securities, agricultural overproduction, social security. The government was in the grips of judicially induced political paralysis.

Not the constitutional document, but the Court, stood in the way. This could not be so easily demonstrated at the time, but developments since have made this fact abundantly clear. The obstacles to a planned economy were in large measure the economic views of legally trained men who were not economists, *laissez faire* economic views that collided head-on with prevailing thought. Furthermore, those views frequently did not rest upon thorough investigation of existing evils and careful

study of possible remedies, but, instead, usually seemed to draw their principal sustenance from abstract half-truths developed in former centuries. A majority of nine men in black robes were finding their own wisdom superior to the wisdom of the people's representatives, and legislative policies were nullified, one by one.

A statement made by Mr. Justice Holmes years before reëchoed: 'This case is decided upon an economic theory which a large part of the country does not entertain.' Mr. Justice Stone in dissent called the AAA decision a 'tortured construction of the Constitution' and declared that certain suppositions of the Court were 'addressed to the mind accustomed to believe that it is the business of the courts to sit in judgment on the wisdom of legislative action. Courts are not the only agency of government that must be assumed to have capacity to govern.' Mr. Justice Brandeis's earlier observation that the Court was constituting itself a 'super-legislature' was quoted and requoted. The Harvard professor of constitutional law declared of one opinion: 'Predilection for policy raises its voice in adjective after adjective, in reason after reason. . . .' The Columbia professor of constitutional law wrote that 'an unbiased mind, jealously interested in the proper functioning of our institutions, including the institution of judicial control . . . can hardly escape the conclusion that the Court was determined to kill this law no matter what sacrifice of logic and reasoning was necessary in the process of torturing the Constitution to that end.'

Hundreds of proposals were being made for amending the document. But it was not that instrument that stood in the way; it was the Court. Robert H. Jackson expressed the futility of amending the document by saying: 'It is difficult to amend a constitution to make it say what it already says. . . . Judges who resort to a tortured construction of

the Constitution may torture an amendment. You cannot amend a state of mind. . . .'

Then, in the spring of 1937, the tide suddenly turned. Government regained the power to govern. Legislators once again could grapple with economic dislocation. And the federal government could deal with national problems. Probably we shall never know specifically what caused the abrupt about-face. The answer seems to lie in a combination of circumstances, and no one can prove that any single factor was decisive. The 1936 election returns must have contributed. But surely the President's suggestion that his Court plan lost a battle and won a war is not without merit. Some wit has resurrected an apt quotation from Fielding: 'He . . . would have ravished her, if she had not, by a timely compliance, prevented him.'

VII

The reconstructed Court dates from about the time of the announcement of the President's plan, despite the fact that changes in personnel did not occur until later. But as soon as Black and Reed had succeeded Van Devanter and Sutherland the enduring character of the revolution in the Supreme Court was unmistakable. The later succession of Frankfurter and Douglas to the places of Cardozo and Brandeis probably did not substantially shift the balance of power, and the change from Butler to Murphy probably only further clinched what had already been achieved.

The revolution consists in part in the willingness of the present Court to re-examine established principles and to overrule all precedents which do not seem to it to be justified, on a purely pragmatic basis, by present needs. No longer does Mr. Justice Sutherland's attitude control: 'The meaning of the Constitution does not change with the ebb and flow of economic events.' Mr. Justice Frankfurter in one opinion

implies contempt for that mischievous philosophy by his references to 'sterile refinements unrelated to affairs,' to 'what Lincoln called "pernicious abstractions,"' to 'the web of unreality spun from Marshall's famous dictum.' When in 1938 the Court whittled down the doctrine of intergovernmental tax immunity, Mr. Justice Black wrote a concurring opinion asserting that the entire doctrine should be reviewed and reexamined. A year later Mr. Justice Black's view prevailed; the doctrine was frankly repudiated. When Mr. Justice Stone wrote a careful opinion in 1939 probing to the roots of the well-settled rule that a state may not tax interstate commerce but concluded that the precedents were sound as applied to the case before the Court, McReynolds and Butler cited cases and huffily declared in a concurring opinion: 'Reversal appropriately may be based on citation of these decisions without more.' These justices were not willing to reconsider the reasons for an established rule even if the Court concluded that the precedents should be followed.

The persistent attitude of the dissenters is well stated by Mr. Justice Butler: 'I cannot refrain from protesting against the Court's refusal . . . reasonably to adhere to principles that have been settled. . . . Generally speaking, at least, our decisions of yesterday ought to be the law of today.' Sometimes the bitterness in dissent crops out in the form of remarks with a personal flavor. When Mr. Justice Frankfurter, in behalf of seven justices, wrote a masterly opinion concluding that 'any distinction, as such, between "negative" and "affirmative" orders . . . serves no useful purpose, and insofar as earlier decisions have been controlled by this distinction, they can no longer be guiding,' the minority justices sourly complained: 'The Court's discussion, extraneous to the issue involved, confuses rather than clarifies.'

Over the protests of the dissenting

justices, who seem resolutely to believe that economic and social problems of the present industrial order must be solved by applying fine-spun logomachy to the judgments of the days of handicraft, the Court is now for the first time truly practising what Mr. Justice Stone has called 'that creative art by which law is moulded to fulfill the needs of a changing social order,' on the theory that 'the law must draw its vitality from life rather than the precedents.' At last the prediction Mr. Justice Holmes made in 1897 has come true: 'For the rational study of the law the black-letter man may be the man of the present, but the man of the future is the man of statistics and the master of economics.'

VIII

The old Constitution exalted abstractions, worshiped the printed word, venerated the static wisdom of the past, and stubbornly clung to the philosophy of individualism. The new Constitution impatiently rejects time-honored dogma in favor of newborn pragmatic judgments. It emphasizes facts instead of abstractions and draws heavily from recent experience instead of from interpretations of empty formulas of bygone days. The new Constitution permits governmental experimentation which, in furthering social objectives, may even seriously jeopardize the interests of private property. Many critics will see as the dominant feature of the new Constitution increased power of the central government; others will emphasize the narrowing of the domains of regulation into which no governmental authority, national, state, or local, may enter. Some will be satisfied with the loose and easy explanation that the new Constitution is more 'liberal' than the old.

Much more than is commonly recognized, the old Constitution was unsympathetic toward the interests of little men. Henry W. Edgerton, now

Judge of the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, in an irresistibly convincing study published by the *Cornell Law Quarterly* in 1937, carefully analyzed all pre-New Deal decisions of the Supreme Court annulling acts of Congress and summarized his findings: 'One group [of decisions] protected mistreatment of colored people; another group protected businesses or business methods hurtful to the majority; another, comprising employers' liability, workmen's compensation, minimum wage, child labor, and union membership cases, protected owners of business at the direct expense of labor; another protected owners of business against taxation; another protected the recipients of substantial incomes, gifts, and inheritances against taxation; and other cases protected the interests of property owners in other ways. Not many cases of any importance fall outside these categories. . . . There is not a case in the series which protected the "civil liberties" of freedom of speech, press, and assembly; on the contrary, over the protest of Holmes and Brandeis, the Espionage Act was not merely upheld but extended by the Court. There is not one which protected the right to vote; on the contrary, Congressional attempts to protect the voting rights of Negroes were defeated by the Court. There is not one which protected the vital interests of the working majority of the population in organizing or in wages; on the contrary, Congressional efforts to protect those interests were frustrated by the Court.'

Will the new Constitution react against the asserted one-sidedness of the old Constitution by proving to be partisan on the other side? A more crucial question cannot be asked. Yet no definitive answer is possible. We know that the new justices, like all their predecessors, have biases. We know that those biases will inevitably be one of the many ingredients of the constitutional compound of the future. And we know

something of the general direction of those biases. But what we do not know is the extent to which the new justices can successfully divorce the function of judicial review of legislation from their own personal predilections. A judge who has sufficient strength of will and intellectual integrity can sustain legislation which he abhors, recognizing that under the Constitution the formulation of policy is for the legislative rather than for the judicial department. Mr. Justice Holmes accomplished this. Professor Corwin has observed that the achievement of Holmes was 'the deflation of the badly swollen pretensions of the Court to a transcendental wisdom.'

Whether the new justices will transcend their own views on questions of legislative policy can be revealed only in decisions passing upon statutes known to be distasteful to the justices. Not until April 1940 were the new justices given opportunity to show their mettle on this question. Their performance at least invites thoughtful skepticism. The Alabama legislature and a California municipality had made certain picketing unlawful. The legislators thought the picketing should be prohibited. The Court thought otherwise. The legislative will was thwarted, on the ground that it transgressed against the words 'due process of law.' Whether we should agree or disagree with the view of the legislators is not the question. Whatever we may think of that view (and the writer despises it), we must recognize that, right or wrong, it is widely held. Many states at one time or another have prohibited comparable picketing, either by legislation or by judicial decision. For example, in 1938 the highest court of New Jersey unanimously decided as a matter of policy that similar picketing should be enjoined. The Alabama and California legislators were merely seeking to effect a result which had been reached in many states by judicial decision. Indeed, their general point of view had once been taken by the Supreme Court

itself. And the new Constitution now prevents that view!

The undeniable fact is that, whatever the merits and demerits of anti-picketing legislation may be, a substantial difference of opinion exists among citizens, among legislators, and among judges. But the new Constitution, we are told, allows no room for difference of opinion on this question.

To attribute unreasonableness to a large portion of one's fellow men is hardly a manifestation of what one of the justices has called 'the humility not to set up [the Court's] judgment against the conscientious efforts of those whose primary duty it is to govern. . . .' One can almost hear Mr. Justice Holmes protesting as of old, when a reactionary Court was setting aside 'radical' measures: 'But a constitution . . . is made for people of fundamentally differing views.'

Are we, then, to believe that the new Constitution, like the old, requires the policy views of the justices to be forced upon the people's representatives? Happily, this conclusion is not yet warranted. The one pair of picketing decisions of April 1940 does not afford a sufficiently broad foundation for so sweeping a generalization. In the perspective of time these decisions may appear quite exceptional. Furthermore, substitution of judicial for legislative judgment is much more readily justifiable when the Court is seeking to protect civil liberties than when the Court is merely choosing between competing economic policies. And in the Court's view the display of a banner announcing facts of a labor dispute is the kind of freedom of expression which the Constitution should protect. One may think that prohibition of picketing only in the area around the employer's business is not an undue abridgment of freedom of expression, but there are no absolutes, and who is to say?

In the realm of civil liberties the new Constitution requires the justices

to be bold, not humble. Mr. Frank J. Hogan, in his presidential address to the American Bar Association last summer, developed the thesis that the Supreme Court has freed Congress 'from all but a very few constitutional fetters on its exercise of power' and that therefore 'reliance against the exercise of arbitrary power must be placed by the people henceforth in the legislative rather than in the judicial department of the National Government.' Although this thesis seems to be thoroughly sound with respect to what Mr. Hogan calls 'economic freedom,' the judicial department under the new Constitution probably goes even further than the old in protecting civil liberties. Recent decisions, including the picketing cases, abundantly demonstrate that more than ever the judiciary may be relied upon to defend civil liberties. The problem raised by the picketing cases is not whether judicial power should be aggressively wielded to preserve freedom of expression, but whether the predominant element of the picketing legislation was economic policy rather than free speech.

We may still confidently hope and expect that the new Constitution will embrace the principle which Mr. Justice Roberts somewhat disingenuously stated in 1936 when the Court invalidated the AAA: Congressional policies will prevail unless '*by no reasonable possibility* can the challenged legislation fall within the wide range of discretion permitted to the Congress.' Our new Constitution may at last permanently demolish the judicial oligarchy which has periodically sprung up under the old. Perhaps our new Constitution will be moulded with understanding of and tolerance for whatever legislative policies may at any time genuinely be favored by the people's representatives.

That was the prime tenet of Mr. Justice Holmes's Constitution. Will our new Constitution measure up to the Holmesian standard?

SAKI

BY ELIZABETH DREW

HECTOR HUGH MUNRO, born in India in 1870, a delicate child who was not expected to live, was brought up from the age of two in a damp, dark country house in Devonshire, surrounded by high walls and hedges. Here he and his brother and sister, placed in the care of two dragonlike aunts, were virtually prisoners, mewed in behind closed windows at night and in all bad weather, and permitted to play only on the front lawn in summer — 'the kitchen garden being considered too tempting a place, with its fruit trees.' Both the aunts, Miss Munro tells us in her memoir of her brother, 'were guilty of mental cruelty.' Their methods are described in those of the aunt in 'The Lumber Room.'

It was her habit, whenever one of the children fell from grace, to improvise something of a festival nature from which the offender would be rigorously debarred; if all the children sinned collectively they were suddenly informed of a circus in a neighbouring town, a circus of unrivalled merit and uncounted elephants, to which, but for their depravity, they would have been taken that very day.

'We often longed for revenge with an intensity I suspect we inherited from our Highland ancestry,' says Miss Munro, and Hector 'sublimated' that longing in the finest of his sketches in the *macabre* — 'Sredni Vashtar.' In that story we share all Conradin's feelings of exultant practical triumph over the aunt who made his life a misery, and the story itself remains as a symbol of Saki's own spiritual triumph over the Brontosauri

rather than Montessori methods of his upbringing. For in his art, as in his life, there is no trace of the repressed or neurotic temperament which might have been expected.

He spent a cosmopolitan youth traveling on the continent with his father, a year in India with the Military Police, several years in Russia, the Balkans, and Paris as a newspaper correspondent, and then settled down as a free-lance journalist in London. At the outbreak of the Great War, when he was forty-four, he at once enlisted in the ranks, and he was killed in the attack on Beaumont-Hamel on November 13, 1916.

Admirers, in their natural wish to do justice to a man they loved, have pointed to passages in Saki's works in which he reveals his personality directly, and from which it is possible to construct the man of flesh and blood behind the mask of mockery he chose to wear. But such criticism does him no service. He deliberately chose a pseudonym for his writings — Sákí, the cupbearer whose 'joyous errand' was to serve the guests with wine in the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám. He never sought intimacy with his readers, or gave them his confidence. He asks nothing from them but lips that can laugh, flesh that can creep, and legs that can be pulled. Saki, in fact, agreed with the eighteenth-century essayist, Shaftesbury: —

I hold it very indecent for anyone to publish his meditations, reflections and solitary thoughts. Those are the froth and scum of

writing, which should be unburdened in private and consigned to oblivion, before the writer comes before the world as good company.

Saki is the most impersonal of artists. His private emotions and enthusiasms, meditations or thoughts, have no place in the world of his art. Saki is not Hector Munro, any more than Elia is Charles Lamb. But the methods of the two writers are completely opposed. Lamb dowered Elia with all his own most lovable characteristics: his warm heart, his genius for friendship, his love of life. Hector Munro, though he was richly endowed with all these qualities, denied them to Saki. That artist, in all his short sketches and stories, is allowed but three strains in his nature: the high spirits and malicious impudence of a precocious child; the cynical wit of the light social satirist; and the Gaelic fantasy of the Highlander. We meet these three in turns: the irresponsible imp who invents unlimited extravagant practical jokes to mystify and enrage and outwit the heavy-minded adult world; the ironic mocker who speaks in the quips of Clovis and Reginald and the Duchess; and the Celt who sees the kettle refuse to boil when it has been bewitched by the Evil Eye, or hears Pan's laughter as he tramples to death the doubter of his powers.

Hilaire Belloc once wrote a poem beginning, —

Matilda told such awful lies
It made you gasp and stretch your eyes.

Matilda came to a bad end, but Saki's child and adult liars never come to bad ends. Triumphant they discomfit the forces of dullness and of feeble counter-deception opposed to them, and prove indisputably that fiction is stronger than fact. It must be owned that there are times when we tire of these *enfants terribles* of all ages, just as we can have too much of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's dithering dukes and prize pigs; but at his best the fiendish capacity for

unveracious invention with which Saki endows his children, and the amazing mendacities with which his young men and women confute the commonplace, are the fine art of lying at its finest. My own favorites are the story spun by the ingenious niece of the house to the nervous caller, with the innocent opening, 'You may wonder why we keep that window open on an October afternoon,' or the visit of the Bishop to organize a local massacre of the Jews, invented by Clovis to animate a family in need of an 'unrest cure.' This, since it involved action as well as equivocation, perhaps belongs more truly to the stories dealing with elaborate hoaxes and practical jokes — such as the tale of Leonard Bilsiter, who liked to hint of his acquaintance with the unseen forces of 'Siberian magic' but was somewhat horrified when it appeared that his powers had changed his hostess into a she-wolf; or that of the titled lady who was mistaken for the new governess and plays the part by teaching the children the history of the Sabine Women by the Schartz-Metterklume method of making them act it for themselves.

There is an element of cruelty in a practical joke, and many readers of Saki find themselves repelled by a certain heartlessness in many of his tales. The cruelty is certainly there, but it has nothing perverted or pathological about it. He is not one of those whose motto might be 'Our sweetest songs are those that tell of sadist thought.' It is the genial heartlessness of the normal child, whose fantasies take no account of adult standards of human behavior, and to whom the eating of a gypsy by a hyena is no more terrible than the eating of Red Ridinghood's grandmother by a wolf. The standards of these gruesome tales are those of the fairy tale; their grimness is the grimness of Grimm.

The other element in Saki's cruelty springs from a certain unsparing consistency of vision which will allow no sentiment to intrude. He speaks of one

young man as 'one of those people who would be enormously improved by death,' and he never hesitates to supply that embellishment himself on suitable occasions. Stories such as 'The Easter Egg' and 'The Hounds of Fate' are tragedies entirely without pity, but their callousness is consistent with the hard cynical sanity which is behind even his lightest satire, and gives it its strength. His mockery is urbane but ruthless. His wit is in the tradition of Wilde and the lesser creations of E. F. Benson's *Dodo* and Anthony Hope's *Dolly Dialogues*, and in the modern world he has affinities with Noel Coward and the early Aldous Huxley. Like them, he creates an artificial world enclosed in an element outside of which it could no more exist than we could exist outside our envelope of ether. It is embalmed in the element of Wit. To talk about Saki's 'characterization' is absurd. His characters are constructed to form a front against which his light satiric artillery can most effectively be deployed. The forces against him are the common social vices of Vanity Fair: humbug and hypocrisy, greed and grab, envy and uncharitableness, sheer dullness and fatuity. Comus Bassington, listening to scraps of conversation at an At Home, comments: 'I suppose it's the Prevention of Destitution they're hammering at. What on earth would become of all these dear good people if anyone should start a crusade for the prevention of mediocrity?' The crusade would be a disaster, for it would extinguish Lucas Bassett, the young poet who had the triumphant inspiration of the couplet

Cousin Teresa takes out Caesar,
Fido, Jock and the big borzoi,

and whom we see at the end of the story docketed for a knighthood under the letter L.

'The letter L,' said the secretary, who was new to his job. 'Does that stand for Liberalism or liberality?'

'Literature,' explained the minister.

And the crusade would probably eliminate all those ardent slum workers and society socialists 'whose naturally stagnant souls take infinite pleasure in what are called "movements"'; those Wodehouse-like moneyed aunts and impecunious and irresponsible nephews; those drones and butterflies 'to whom clear soup is a more important factor in life than a clear conscience'; and those odious children whose ghastly pranks turn us into keen supporters of the canonization of good King Herod.

But the situations and characters which, left to themselves, would develop into what Jane Austen called 'the elegant stupidity of a private party' develop instead into hilarious gayety and crackling brilliance, and it is Saki's wit and not his satirical material, or any of his other literary material, which will make him live. It is his sheer good fun and good spirits and capacity to be such persistent good company. His power to comment that 'so many people who are described as rough diamonds turn out to be only rough paste'; his power to describe the unsophisticated diner-out consulting the wine list 'with the blank embarrassment of a schoolboy suddenly called on to locate a Minor Prophet in the tangled hinterland of the Old Testament'; or his impudent morsels of dialogue.

'Such an exquisite rural retreat, and so restful and healing to the nerves. Real country scenery; apple blossom everywhere.'

'Surely only on the apple trees?'

'As a companion he was an unfailing antidote to boredom,' wrote one of his friends. It is an epitaph anyone might envy.

GOD IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

BY DEAN HENRY W. HOLMES

WOULD that it were possible for me to write of religion in education with that singleness of conviction which shines through Father Johnson's admirable article in the April *Atlantic* on 'The Catholic Schools in America.' Such certainty, alas, is not for me, nor for thousands like me. Our beliefs are tentative, our search for God still perilous, our habits in religion neither obvious nor very regular. Toward those to whom religion is the truth revealed, the creed a reasoned explanation of the meaning and the end of life, the church a universal and commanding institution, we can only look across a great gulf fixed. No subterfuge can give us faith; and if the comfort of acceptance into any church means giving up our personal responsibility for what we think and what we do, we must remain outside and 'gnaw the file forever.' Yet we are not irreligious, nor against religion, nor against the churches. And our point of view finds room for religion in the educative process.

The out-and-out materialist may now dismiss my words. He thinks there is no reality to which our senses cannot penetrate, whereas the least convinced religionist believes there is a 'more,' a world beyond: he is a critic of pure reason and wants to keep alive the sense of mystery. But if the religionist is of the stripe of those I represent, he cannot accept a creed as more than a formulation of possibilities attained by speculation; wherefore his Catholic friends, and many of his Protestant and Jewish friends, must weep for him. They too

will dismiss what he has to say and think of him, perhaps, as simply an agnostic, or at best a mugwump in religion — and therefore a lost soul. I might claim, on the contrary, that holding to the spirit and its undisclosed and unpredictable adventure in the ordering of life takes deeper faith than holding to a given creed; but in the present premises I need assert only that an utterly non-credal point of view about religious education has at least this claim to attention — that it rests upon a minimum of affirmation and hence allows the greatest latitude for differences, adjustment, compromise, and toleration.

I

From such a point of view, however, what becomes of morals? Can children grow up to be good in an atmosphere of religious uncertainty? This is a crucial question for the present discussion; for if religious uncertainty leads to wickedness, there is a stain upon it at the start. To put it sharply, let me repeat what a Catholic friend whom I warmly admire and respect remarked to me in answer to an inquiry of mine upon the nature of his faith: 'If I did not believe literally in the virgin birth, the resurrection, and the other miraculous elements in Catholic dogma, I should go off to the South Sea Islands and have a good time.' His is a life of active goodness which finds its necessary basis in the oldest Christian creed, including the acceptance as historic fact of happen-

ings which thousands of persons who still call themselves Christian now reject. Can such an undefined conviction as my own provide for many persons a like foundation for living steadily and strongly toward good ends?

I think it can. The fact seems to be that there is a whole range of possible bases for the good life and that no one can prove that any specified faith leads to goodness more surely or more often than another or than none at all.

So far as keeping the peace is concerned, and being generally decent according to the mores of our western culture, one may assume that respect for the major elements in our common Jewish-Christian tradition has a genuine and pervasive effect. It seems clear enough that very large numbers of people lead passively good lives at least in part because they vaguely apprehend that goodness is religiously imposed. For human beings not to be wicked is somehow to their minds a part of a divine plan for the universe — and the churches are good interpreters of the divine will. There is also the law, and there is the customary code of the various groups they belong to: many things help, but there is a basic, ill-defined but potent, generally religious feeling in it all. That it is there, and often seeking for a more complete expression, is witnessed by the rise of sects and 'substitute religions' and by conversions to the older faiths.

Yet all the facts together do not show that goodness cannot flourish if it has no formulated creed behind it. Even active goodness, a life of service in an occupation somehow seen to be a calling, whether humble or exalted, can proceed upon the vaguest of religious terms. Indeed, the radical individualist in religion, to whom nothing was settled by the Council of Nice or any other legislative body and to whom no surface definition of Divinity, arrived at by agreement, is a binding concept — such a man may find religious motives for a life of moral purpose which are seldom

potent in collectivist religions. For him the nature and the will of God are yet to be revealed; and in that great adventure he may have some share. This is close to a Rabbinic concept, as I learn from one of Boston's brilliant Hebrew leaders in religion: the Talmud speaks of *Ol Malkut Shamayim*, 'the yoke of the kingdom of heaven,' which implies a Divine nature yet to be realized, and not without the help of human effort.

One can come to no conclusion but that many grades of goodness are compatible with many stages of religious faith.

II

If what I have written makes religion seem important only because of its possible effect on morals, I ought to hasten to correct that impression of my meaning. To test the truth of religion by its practical results in human conduct is to use a measure entirely inadequate to the object. The nature of God, or His existence, depends presumably not at all on the relative goodness, health, or prosperity of those who hold differing views of the matter. If a religion yet unknown were some day to conquer the world and impose its views on every human being born thereafter, and to their perfect benefit, some mind would surely see that even so there might be fundamental error in its creed. The pragmatic test of the value of any creed we know is a poor measure of its truth; and meanwhile none persuades all men to accept it by its own inherent logic.

One may ask, therefore, whether a universal religion is even possible, in the nature of things. If no religion can prove itself, as it were, politically, by producing so many good and prosperous and healthy people that its truth is thereby evident; and if none can win command of all our minds by reasoning; if, further, victory by force and propaganda is subversive of the very nature of religion — what remains except diversity and all the variations of religious outlook, from

denial, through uncertainty, to fully formulated creeds?

Diversity, no doubt, is too much with us. At least the minor elements of difference among creeds have led to far too many rifts among the people who uphold the creeds. But who can think that men will come in any time within our vision into ultimate agreement on religious truth? So far as I can see, the nature of our minds, our means of getting at the truth, our means of testing it, the limits even of our powers of communication, all unite to render final unity of view on God, the soul, and human fate, impossible. It seems to me one consequence of our finitude that no one church shall ever hold us in its all-embracing arms.

Yet we may live together in friendship, work together in great causes, suffer together for great ends, even if some of us are ushered into the beyond without the benefit of clergy. And religion may remain — it does remain — a realm of interest for the mind, a region into which we cannot fail to move in thought, and out of which flow influences to which we naturally respond in feeling. The human situation makes it utterly impractical to ignore religion, either in our lives or in our education. In the face of what is happening in the world, there is in fact no refuge for the human spirit *but* religion.

And to the deepening of this commonness of interest, diversity of view is not a hindrance, but a help. Uncertainty, indeed, and the consequent diversity of faiths, are to some extent an outgrowth of that perennial interest in religion to which all history bears witness; and they in turn produce it. Religious wars, the persecution of the heretic, the degradation of religion into tyranny and worldly domination, the stunting of inquiry, the exclusion of the nonconformist from his civil rights and social recognition — these sins committed in the name of religion sprang not from uncertainty and living interest in religious truth but from fixity of creed and the desire for

uniformity in religious observance. Tolerance, brotherhood in the spirit of religion, and unity of good works in the name of religion rest therefore on the recognition that faith may live without conformity to dogma, that those who happily have found a creed their reason can confirm must not exact lip service from their fellows, that there is in the nature of life a mystery we shall not soon dispel and to which there are many modes of personal approach. This means, I think, that the task of education in and for religion is essentially and to its own good a task for differing groups.

III

The separation of church and state in America goes back to experience and thinking not wholly unrelated to what I have been saying. Freedom of worship was established among us along with other freedoms, and in the main, no doubt, simply as a defense against tyrannical invasion of individual rights; for theocratic tyranny, no less than political tyranny, had held the colonists or their forbears under an intolerable yoke. Perhaps no one argued against a state church in the hope that religious diversity would lead to more religion or to worship on the part of larger numbers 'in spirit and in truth'; and yet I should hardly be surprised to learn that some of our first statesmen urged religious freedom on the ground that free religion is the only true religion. That argument was not, to be sure, the common argument. The common argument was for freedom of conscience. Diversity of faith was none the less a clear and certain consequence of those provisions of our Constitution which forbid the enactment of laws requiring a religious test for any public office (Article 6, Clause 3 of the Constitution), or the establishment of a national church, or the prohibition of the 'free exercise' of religion (First Amendment). Such provisions, repeated in our state constitutions in terms often

stronger and more detailed, put religion forever outside the limits of political obligation or political influence.

By implication too clear to be denied, religion becomes in America every man's own business; no legal coercion or use of any sort of force or pressure to join a church or profess a creed or participate in a religious act is consonant with the spirit of American life. As the Supreme Court declared in a well-known case, 'The law knows no heresy.'¹ Consequently the public schools of the country are essentially secular, and religion is generally a matter left to the family and the churches.² And in further consequence there are many churches and a general competition for the adherence of members and the religious instruction of the young. And there are sectarian schools maintained by many denominations in the effort to propagate their own faiths, while they educate children in other ways acceptably to the state and to the public conscience. All this is an outgrowth of religious liberty viewed not as a concession to minor sects from a dominant church but conceived as a final, fundamental, and native right of the individual.

Out of these principles an educational situation has arisen which is unquestionably confusing. Some states require Bible reading in the public schools, some permit it, some prohibit it. There have been efforts (Oregon, 1922; Michigan, 1924) to prevent the development of private sectarian schools (Catholic parochial schools were actually in view); but the Supreme Court of the United States has declared that legislation requiring all pupils to attend public schools is unconstitutional. Consequently, denomi-

national schools and school systems may and do flourish unimpeded, subject only to state regulation with respect to standards and procedures in the secular subjects and activities required by law. In 1930 the Supreme Court of the United States, in *Cochran v. Louisiana State Board of Education*, held that public money might be spent for providing children with free textbooks, whether for use in public schools or private schools. Transportation of pupils to private schools at public expense has been the subject of conflicting legislation and court decisions, but the recent trend has been toward approval of the practice. Other questions have arisen, such as the employment of sectarian teachers in the public schools. Finally, there are many plans and proposals for excusing pupils from public-school attendance at specified hours for religious instruction in their churches or at home, either with school credit and some use of the time of teachers in facilitating and evaluating the religious instruction, or with no such coöperation. Such conflicts of opinion and practice in the external provisions for religious instruction can hardly be viewed as anything but the natural and inevitable result of freedom in religion, whereby parents are left to decide where, when, and how their children shall receive religious education, if they are to have any at all.

Reading the laws and court decisions on these issues and listening to the arguments advanced by various religious groups, both those advanced *à parti pris* by sectarians and those advanced by groups of a more general character, I am impressed by their emphasis on *learning* in religious growth and life. I find but little evidence that they look upon religion as first of all an individual experience — an orientation and a happening, the 'blank misgivings of a creature Moving about in worlds not realized.'

If religious education is primarily a matter of knowledge, and particularly of knowledge of the history of a sect

¹ *Watson v. Jones*, 13 Wall. 679.

² *The Legal Status of Church-State Relationships in the United States, with Special Reference to the Public Schools*, by Alvin W. Johnson, University of Minnesota Press, 1934, gives full details as to laws, court decisions, and school practices with respect to Bible reading and other religious observances in American school systems, public aid to sectarian education, and related matters. — AUTHOR

(even though broadly based upon the history of other sects and of non-Christian religions and of nonreligious philosophies), the course of it may be long and intellectually exciting; but there may be little reverence imparted anywhere along the line. If it is primarily a matter of habit, the essential mystery may never be disclosed. I can agree that occasions must be regularly provided wherein children as they grow up shall see and share their parents' reverence and find themselves, together with other children of their several ages, guided in attitudes and acts of reverence of their own; but this means only taking part in worship, at home, in church, in Sunday school. I can agree that study of the problems of theology and of the polity and mission of a church becomes appropriate in time and that it may rightly lead to reception into the church in question. It is inevitable that all this should be largely a matter of family background, without much likelihood that persons brought up in one denomination will often shift by conviction to another, or at least to one of very different temper. But if religious education is to lead to religion, it will not concern itself with knowledge only, nor with habit; it will use symbols, atmosphere, music, art, stories, ritual, history, and argument, all honestly and openly toward one end — to let the soul sense God behind the panorama of the world.

This is a task too delicate, as I conceive it, for elaborate instructional procedure. I may be wrong; but it seems to me that all Christian Sunday schools are wasting their time and defeating their own ends when they imitate the ways of teaching that are most effective in arithmetic. Some organization is required; much care, thought, and effort are necessary; and for my part I would develop a profession of religious education in Protestant churches that could stand some comparison with the great Catholic teaching orders. But the pedagogy of religion is not a mere adaptation of the pedagogy of secular instruction.

Hence in the name of religion itself I can come to no conclusion favorable to the teaching of religion in the public schools. They are no fit place for it — and this is not in the remotest way to their discredit. If every school had a chapel, the case might be somewhat different; and I do not deny that a reverent teacher may make a classroom holy. But in practice, with many denominations present in the class, without vocation on the part of most teachers, with legal restrictions and unsolved problems of public policy shadowing the whole undertaking, it seems to me unlikely that religion is going to profit by bringing religious instruction into the public-school curriculum. God would go out, I fear, if religion were entered on the daily schedule.

Yet in the same breath I would say something which may seem to contradict so radical a statement: I believe teachers should take thought, individually and collectively, to make the total effect of schooling favorable to reverence. So to conduct a school — its class exercises, its general meetings in the auditorium, its out-of-class activities — that the high seriousness of life and learning is not cheapened or denied, is the beginning of making the school a reverent place — and it does not mean everlasting solemnity. Beyond that, any school and any teacher may find occasion to reveal to growing minds the limitations of human understanding and to show forth to the pupils that awe which Kant confessed before 'the starry heavens and the moral law.' Teachers who are atheists or agnostics have their rights, I am compelled to say; but neither religionist nor antireligionist has a right to indoctrinate, and I think I would risk a child of mine to a sad, sincere materialism rather than to burning zeal for some particular communion. But most of our teachers are religious. What they lack is far more often the art or power to let their sense of ultimate and spiritual values shine through their teaching or their lives.

Because it is hard to do so deliberately, and often leads only to embarrassment and self-consciousness, they never do it naturally. Better, I agree, to avoid sentimentality at any risk; yet I believe a school can become a place in which reverence is fostered even though religious teaching has no place in it at all. To think of our schools as 'Godless' is at any rate to deny their possibilities, and I believe also their actual practice.

But those who desire to see religious instruction made more effective — if only as a matter of knowledge of the Bible and church history — turn naturally to the public schools. They say the family, the churches, and the Sunday schools are not enough. I fear the answer is that then the public schools can never really save the cause. Of course it is possible that some really useful scheme may be devised whereby the public schools may help the churches by adjustments of the schedule to permit instruction in religion on school time, but under church direction and at church expense. There are many such schemes, some of them of long standing, some very recent. A plan now used in Pittsburgh is reported to be satisfactory. If I were a parent in Pittsburgh I should be concerned to see to it that my child learned the Bible, religious history, and church history in a secular spirit, with secular thoroughness, and under competent teachers, and that he got his opportunity to sense the mystery that is religion not in the school hours devoted to religious teaching but in worship at home and in the church: but perhaps all that is possible under the Pittsburgh plan. Secular knowledge of the literature and history of religion has its own importance; but neither such knowledge nor denominational conformity is itself religion.

IV

If putting religious patches on the public-school curriculum seems to be of problematic value, what about public

support for religious schools? So far as I know, the Catholic position, so ably expounded by Father Johnson, is the only one that has behind it the full weight of external achievement which he records. Other denominations conduct schools, but they have not in the same sense made education in their own faith systematic, comprehensive, and in fair measure a competitor of public education.

Catholic action in education is in accord with Catholic theory. Founded, as it claims, upon the rock of Saint Peter, the Church of Rome offers to its children a life and a culture, into which they are born, in which many of them may be schooled and all of them reared, and out of which they may go with the final blessing of their Church; there is nothing uncertain or casual anywhere in the theory, and thousands of men and women have taken vows which make them Catholic teachers in utter loyalty to Catholic ideals and Catholic doctrine. 'Catholic schools,' writes Father Martindale in his charming *African Angelus*, 'are meant to educate Catholic boys to be Catholic citizens. They are meant, thus, to educate the whole man for the whole of life; if they fail in the secular part of their program, they fail partially; but if they fail in the Catholic part of their work, which is not departmental merely but pervasive and sublimating and regenerative, they fail wholly.' From the Catholic standpoint it can hardly seem just that Catholic citizens should be taxed for the education of children of other denominations, while they pay for the Catholic education of their own children.

The trouble lies, first of all, in the difference between Catholic theory and Protestant theory (to say nothing of the theory of non-Christian groups) concerning religion itself and the church. Non-Catholics cannot admit that there is but one true religion, but one true church, or that not to be a Catholic is not to be a 'whole man.' The certainty, unity, and authority of Catholicism may

be matched in other religions; but they come into conflict with the essential pluralism of many Protestant sects, and they are difficult to assimilate to the individualism and love of religious liberty which have grown up with Protestantism in the New World. Non-Catholics find themselves thinking, inevitably, that the completeness of Catholic education is something special and extra, which Catholics want because they want their children to be Catholics; and that it is not something required by citizenship or by 'the whole of life.'

Then comes the history of religious liberty and of the separation of church and state; and with it the theory of education at public expense for the duties of citizenship and the ordinary activities of social living. Social competence becomes in our present educational theory an end for which it is justifiable to spend public funds and compel attendance at school; and if parents want for their own children more than public schools can provide — more of art, or learning, or religion than social competence seems to call for within the possible compass of public education — then the public funds cannot be used to procure it for a special group. Nor can the state favor one group without favoring every other. And if the public funds are spent for the facilitation of education in the schools of a single church, or even of several churches with equal claims, then church and state are no longer separate: the state has become party to the propagation of faiths.

But perhaps it is not merely theory that makes it seem impossible to support sectarian schools out of public funds: it is a vision of what might happen if the practice became common. The end might well be complete sectarianism in education. There is no denomination so small or obscure or foreign to prevailing Christian culture that it would not have a claim on public money for the support of its schools. What we should have to do in the name of justice we could never approve in the name of education. Al-

though, as Father Johnson says, 'Other nations as zealous for democracy and religious freedom as ours are supporting religious schools out of the public funds,' it is by no means clear that we could work out the problem here or be content with the results in education which are held to be satisfactory elsewhere.

The history of education offers little evidence on which to base belief that schools conducted by religious sects will solve the problem. If we could distinguish what belongs to children as children and not as pupils in a school, then perhaps some way could be found to lift a part of the burden of providing education from those of any sect who wish to give their children a sectarian schooling. But the distinction would be hard to make; it would involve us once more in the puzzle over what is charity and what is education; and public supervision and control would have to follow where the public funds are spent for uses that are at all important in the schools. If textbooks, transportation, medical inspection, why not teachers' salaries? To turn over the cost of educating all children to religious denominations is not to put God into the public schools. It is to give up the idea of education as a public function.

I cannot conclude, however, on a negative or pessimistic note. Public education may yet prove to be a background for religious teaching and for worship which will satisfy the most ardent religionist — dare I hope even the Catholics? — and yet not suffer division into sectarian groupings. We can, we must, forget the letter of our different faiths, so far as they divide us. Free peoples everywhere may yet turn to the deep, uniting spirit of religion as the world's one sure defense against the madness of barbaric power seeking to command our lives. And the churches, the Sunday schools, and religious homes may yet discover how to do well what they now seek to do with varying success — to make reverence a climate for the soul.

MUSIC IN SHIRT SLEEVES

BY LUCIEN PRICE

THE summer seasons of music in America have generally been a long dry spell when those who thirsted for the living waters had to be their own rain-makers. That drouth is now ending, thanks to an idea which has taken root in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts. The Berkshire Symphonic Festival is a rugged plant. Since it sprouted in a horse-show ring on the Hanna farm seven years ago, its transmutations have been phenomenal. In its second, third, and fourth year it grew under canvas; in its third, — still under a tent, though now a larger one, — it was transplanted to a two-hundred-acre estate, 'Tanglewood,' one of the show places of Stockbridge, which its owner, Mrs. Gorham Brooks, deeded outright to the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Next, the Festival was befriended by the elements themselves. In August 1937, Father Wotan sent a cloudburst and thundersquall to drown out the music of Wagner. This friendly hint was taken to the tune of gifts amounting to \$80,000, which before the next season had built from designs by the eminent Finnish architect, Eliel Saarinen, an acoustically flawless Music Shed to seat an audience of fifty-seven hundred. And this summer the vigorous plant puts forth a new shoot — six weeks of an institute for advanced study, the Berkshire Music Centre.

The Festival has a longer history. When Dr. Serge Koussevitzky was asked if he would bring the Boston Symphony to the Berkshires he replied: 'I am not interested in conducting concerts for the

Berkshire community. My idea is to organize a great music festival of a national and even international scope.' This goes back to his youth in Russia, where he cherished three purposes: to found and conduct his own orchestra, to publish young composers of talent, and to establish a Music Centre 'which would emanate rays of art and culture.' The first two he did achieve between 1909 and 1910; plans for his third were afoot at Moscow in 1913. War and revolution shattered all three. Twenty-seven years later, on another continent, his long-sustained creative purpose is fulfilled. This July the Berkshire Music Centre opens with 350 students whose enrollment was complete last April, and the range of whose talents and personnel already suggests a scope that is national.

This school is exactly aimed. There is a gap in musical education as obtainable in America: it is between training for technique and practice in performance, between mastery of an instrument (including the voice) and experience in ensemble for the development of imaginative insight and interpretive power. Since nine tenths of the present musical training in this country is for the mastery of an instrument, technique is now common. Where the lack occurs is in some indigenous equivalent to those Kursaal orchestras and provincial operahouses which in Europe turn the student into a professional. It is an agreeable shock to learn that the Berkshire Music Centre will confer no degrees, award no diplomas, will give not even 'credits.' Not a

single thing to hang on the wall! Here is an art to be practised. 'The central idea of our short summer work,' says Koussevitzky, 'will be *interpretation*. You know that the art of interpretation is still very young. In six weeks we cannot hope to give fundamental courses and instruction on the same basis as in conservatories and music schools. Our function is to help artists with good training and knowledge to acquire a penetrating and vivid conception of the music they interpret.'

Other music schools find this to their liking. Berkshire is in no sense a competitor—it is a school for graduate study. It does not even duplicate the work of other summer schools in colleges or universities.

Art and science flourish best in a climate of immense popular enthusiasm. Amateur and professional, both are domesticated at the Berkshire Music Centre. The school is in two departments, an Institute for Advanced Study, and the Academy, where amateurs may spend a happy summer performing with other amateurs great music under the instruction of distinguished professionals—as lay brethren of a Sacred Order. Thus the Institute orchestra of one hundred players is professional, an understudy to the Boston Symphony, whose members are its faculty, and is rehearsed sufficiently to give one concert a week before a school audience, while the Academy orchestra, half its size, is frankly amateur. In like manner the Institute courses are advanced work: orchestral conducting, opera dramatics, composition, harmony, and counterpoint, while the Academy courses are in choral conducting, school music, chamber music, choral singing, and folk dancing. The expectation is that these amateurs will carry enthusiasm fortified by good instruction back into the communities whence they come, there to start orchestras and choral societies of their own. So the Berkshire Music Centre is a magnified Symphony Hall, where a student orchestra is schooled by one

of professional eminence and singers by distinguished choirmasters.

All this seems to have gone so swimmingly as perhaps to sound easier than it was. Music in America is, it is true, a rising tide. In 1900 we had six major symphony orchestras; in 1940 we have sixteen, and, in a second flight, two hundred and fifty lesser ones, four fifths of which have been established since 1919, and one half of which, slump or no slump, postdate 1929. As the pioneering significance of our earliest orchestras thus subsides, it may be 'the superior use of its forces' which has so distinguished the Boston Symphony that will continue to blaze trails. The zeal of its conductor and the skill of its management—which, by increasing the number of concerts, by differentiating its types of audience into distinct groups according to days of the week, seasons of the year, age and youth, and cities visited on tour, enabling it to pay the highest average annual wage of any orchestra in the land—have been further manifested in the planning of the Berkshire Festival and Music Centre. Generous, it is true, have been the private gifts to the Festival, for the Music Shed, and of 'Tanglewood' as a local habitation, but it is also true that seven summer festivals have been given without financial loss, save in the second year, which was before the Boston orchestra came to the Berkshires. The school starts with no rent to pay and no extra expenses aside from improvements or additions to the buildings already on the estate which house it. Thus the principal items of its budget can be for faculty and free scholarships for students of promising talent but unable to pay. In an era which has too often imagined that education means gilt-edged equipment, this school proceeds on the idea that education is the excellence of the teacher plus the quality of the taught.

When we speak of a community as happy in the enjoyment of the good life, we mean in general 'the humanities': literature, art, music, drama, architec-

ture, schools, sports — in two words, education and hygiene. But when the purpose is to quicken these by grants of money it is found that scientific discoveries are easier to measure, if not swifter to appear, than are achievements in the arts. Your artist may be a slow developer, and to award him a stipend must remain somewhat of a gamble, the donor betting his money and the artist betting his life.

The Rockefeller Foundation has granted \$60,000 to the Berkshire Music Centre. Out of this sum scholarships are to be awarded in varying amounts. Ten thousand dollars will help to build the stage of an operatic workshop theatre whose auditorium for the present is a tent, to remodel the hay barn into a choral rehearsal room above and a room for rehearsals of the school orchestras in the basement below. What was the woodshed of the mansion house becomes a music store, the garage is made into another rehearsal studio, and in the house basement is a room for the playing of phonograph records. Practical minds will, of course, be asking how the Berkshire Music Centre will continue to pay its bills if or when the Rockefeller grant comes to an end. 'Tanglewood' is a sizable estate, three hundred and fifty students (two thirds of whom are already housed in dormitories of the Lenox School and of the Cranwell School for Boys, an institution of the Jesuit Fathers) make a wieldy unit for the start; but there remains elbowroom enough on the acreage, and there should develop drawing power enough in the idea to double the enrollment without doubling expenses.

In its annual summer pilgrimage from Boston to the Berkshires the only instrument which the Symphony Orchestra could not carry along was the organ. The Carnegie Corporation has given \$12,000 for an organ, specially designed for its place and function, which has been built into the Music Shed and will be

ready for the performance next month by chorus and orchestra of Bach's B-Minor Mass.

Shirt sleeves tactfully ingratiate an art with a population still mindful of its pioneer and workaday origins. 'For my part,' says Miss Vilda (poets are under discussion) in a famous story of rural New England, 'I've always despised to see a strong, hulkin' man, that could handle a hoe or a pitchfork, sit down and twirl a penstalk.' But when sweat is seen streaming off the brows of musicians hatless and coatless in an open Music Shed entirely surrounded by farmlands, art begins to wear the look of honest toil. In Europe the musician was long an appanage of church or court, and even in the nineteenth century he was slowly emancipating himself from dependence on an aristocratical class; in America the musician's place must be devised within the framework of a democratic way of life. One sure sign that music is to become a main ingredient in American culture is this force of gravity which draws music more and more to the multitude, and the eagerness with which the multitude comes to music.

Summer is a season that is scored for full orchestra. Music, originally an out-of-door art, has been too much housed. Increasing artificialization has tended to carry it indoors under lamplight, into steam heat, air conditioning, and evening dress — most of all in these northern latitudes, where weather is element less than half of the year. An art sinks its roots deeply into the soil of a nation only when it goes to and comes from the people — which is to say, when it can live in the open. The Boston Symphony Orchestra has of necessity been city-fostered, but now this exotic hothouse plant, winter-grown under glass, is taken out into the Berkshire countryside to bloom by day under summer suns, to flower by night under summer stars, to grow in the open air, and to eat and sleep with the earth.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Essayists are invited to compete for membership in the Contributors' Club, and a prize of \$250 is offered each month for the most distinguished essay of a thousand words. The prize for July has been awarded to Mrs. Helen Everitt, of Ipswich, Massachusetts.

WE, THE LIVING

I've just been watching my baby make hash out of a piece of paper. He turned it a hundred ways; he tried it in one hand, then the other. He tried dealing with his feet and lost. Then he wanted my assurance that it had been well done. I said:—

'There is total war. You were born the day Chamberlain pronounced the war to end wars. In eight months, there is nothing but war. And still you, with ten million like you, are more important than diplomacy, than guns, than fear. You are life.'

I went out to look at the day-old chicks. I planted a row in the garden.

In the house I tore a map from the wall as one would the sheet of last month's calendar.

I wondered if the baby bed would hold together under the bouncing onslaught of this fourth tenant.

'Our only duty to the coming generation is not to beget them,' says Richard Aldington.

In my desk was a letter saying, 'I can't understand you reckless people who bring innocent souls into this dreadful world. Such tragic faith as you must have!'

Faith? Yes.

I thought back thirteen years to our first decision to have a child. I was running for honorable mention in the Lost Generation at the time.

My friends said, 'I shouldn't have thought this life was good enough to give to another.' It's not at all a new idea. I suppose the world has never been good enough for itself. It has probably never deserved its children. But I wonder who is to believe in humanity if not human beings.

We didn't know exactly why we wanted our first child. Like our friends, we thought there was a faint bourgeois odor about babies. Anyway, we went out to meet the reason.

The rhythm of being parents didn't come easily. We still wanted to be separate from our child; we still wanted to sit on the fence with the holdouts. This was in spite of the fact that the first labor pain had taken care of that separateness. It pitches you into a sea you didn't make and can't control. A sudden end to separate and arrogant ego.

When the marginal twenties came, we were no longer lonely pioneers in the field. So we endowed a second daughter from stock-market gains.

During 1929 and 1930, our isolationist policy got scrapped. The children were half of ourselves. Yet our outside world, the one which Mr. E. M. Forster so neatly labels 'the world of anger and telegrams,' was nothing to them. They were exploring the limitations of the word 'no' and learning what a joke was. The life within our relationship was inevitably quiet and solid, so that we might communicate with one another. We laughed a great deal. First, I think, because what children do is funny, and second because of a release. It didn't seem necessary any longer to pick at life. We were part of the stream, and there we found entity.

Since then we have had two more children, not recklessly, but 'soberly, advisedly, and in the fear of God.'

We talk about the war and the end of civilization.

People say, 'Aren't you afraid, because you have children?'

I say, 'I am not afraid for the reason that I have children.'

They will not all get through college without waiting on table or working in the college laundry. Worse than that, not one of them will grow up without a broken heart.

Maybe they can't make a living.

Maybe they will die in the trenches.

Who knows what kind of state they will live in?

They will know injustice, force, human meanness — much human meaninglessness.

Our world may be changed, but it is their world they are going to meet.

We have to remember there are many kinds of lives.

To be afraid makes no contribution to the ending of fear. And surely the greatest cowardice is to fear something for somebody else. If our children cannot take it straight and find it somewhere good, we shall have failed with them.

But we cannot fail with the statement we so earnestly desired to articulate by having children. We believe in life. We believe in the goodness of living.

When death is everywhere, denial and negation are just not important enough.

They say, 'This is the end.'

I live with the refutation of that rumor.

Daily, as events get blacker, I am grateful for the immediacy of giving food and rest to growing children. (Their own certainty of a future is manifest in every lusty demand.) I am nourishing something for the world that suffers, in return for the sustenance I draw from it. I am paying off something of what was behind me and goes ahead of me.

I take courage from the ferocious concentration with which children go about trying to belong — the large acceptance value which they have. Even their happiness reflects.

I welcome the necessity of sorting out my own values in order to offer them for consideration to my children. It is not a frayed or worldly trust which they give you. It is an absolute of rare quality that cannot be side-stepped by the excuse of your own inadequacy. Nor can you pull yourself together into a heap of worthiness tomorrow. They have asked the question today. No time is left over for disenchantment.

I couldn't have the jitters even if I thought they were anything but destructive. I believe a preoccupation with construction is a more effective answer to horror. Shall we accuse the earth of having her head in the sand because she goes about her business of renewal?

I understand why I bring innocent souls into this world which is, after all, made by us who are in it. Whether these four will, themselves, help to make it better, I don't know. But I do know that to make a pledge of active faith in living is what I as a citizen of a democracy can do.

HELEN EVERITT

THE ŒDIPUS COMPLEX

'Good morning, Mr. P,' said Mr. Pollfax, rinsing and drying his hands after the last patient. 'How's Mr. P?'

I was always 'Mr. P' until I sat in the chair and he had switched the lamp on and had my mouth open. Then I got a peerage.

'That's fine, my lord,' said Mr. Pollfax, having a look inside. Everything was fine to him.

'Dogged,' with its slight suggestion of 'doggish,' was the word for Mr. Pollfax. He was a short man, waggish, hair going thin, with rather protruding buttocks and a sway to his walk. He had two lines, from habitual grinning, cut deep from the nostrils, and scores of lesser lines like the fine hair of a bird's nest round his egg-blue eyes. There was something innocent, heroic, and determined about Mr. Pollfax, something of the English Tommy in tin hat and full pack going up the line. He suggested in a quiet way — war.

He was the best dentist I ever had. He got you into the chair, turned on the light, tapped around a bit with a thing like a spoon, and then, dropping his white-coated arm to his side, told you a story. Several more stories followed in his flat Somerset voice, when he had your mouth jacked up; and then, removing the towel and with a final 'Rinse that lot out,' he finished with the strangest story of all and let you go. A month or so later the bill came in. Mr. Pollfax presents his compliments and across the bottom of it, in his hand, 'Be good.' I have never known a dentist like Mr. Pollfax.

'Open, my lord,' said Mr. Pollfax. 'Let's see what sort of life his lordship's been leading. I shall have to do some cleaning up, I see.'

He tapped around and then dropped his arm. A look of anxiety came on his face. 'Did I tell you that one about the girl who went to the Punch and Judy show? No? Nor the one about the engine driver who was put on sentry duty in the war? You're sure? When did I see you last? What was the last one I told you? Lord, that sounds like last April! Well,' said Mr. Pollfax, tipping back my head and squirting something on to a tooth, 'we'll have a go at that root at the back. It's not doing you any good. It was like this. There was a girl sitting on the beach

at Barmouth with her young man watching a Punch and Judy show . . .

He took an instrument and began chipping his way through the tooth and the tale.

'Not bad, eh?' he said.

'Ah,' I mouthed.

'All right, my lord,' said Mr. Pollfax, withdrawing the instrument and relapsing into his dead professional manner. 'Spit that lot out.'

I spat and he began again.

There was just that root, Mr. Pollfax was saying. It was no good there. There was nothing else wrong; he'd have it out in a couple of shakes.

'Though, my lord,' he said, 'you did grow it about as far back in your throat as you could, didn't you, trying to make it as difficult as you could for Mr. Pollfax? What we'll do first of all is to give it a dose of something.'

He swiveled the dish of instruments towards me and gave a tilt to the lamp. I remembered that lamp because once the bulb had exploded, sending glass all over the room. It was fortunate, Mr. Pollfax said at the time, that it had blown the other way and none of it had hit me, for someone might have brought a case for damages against someone — which reminded him of the story of the honeymoon couple who went to a small hotel in Aberdeen. . . .

'Now,' said Mr. Pollfax, dipping things in little pots and coming to me with an injection needle, 'open wide, keep dead still. I was reading Freud the other day. There's a man! Ever read Freud? Don't move, don't breathe; you'll feel a prick, but for God's sake don't jump. I don't want it to break in your gum. I've never had one break yet, — touch wood, — but they're thin, and if it broke off you'd be in a nursing home three weeks and Mr. Pollfax would be down your throat looking for it. The trouble about these little bits of wire is they move a bit further into the system every time you swallow.'

'There now,' said Mr. Pollfax. 'Feel anything? Feel it prick?' he said. 'Fine.'

He went to a cupboard and picked out the instrument of extraction and then stood, working it up and down in his hand like a gardener's secateur. He studied my face. He was a clean-shaven man and looked like a priest in his white coat.

'Some of the stories you hear!' exclaimed

Mr. Pollfax. 'And some of the songs. I mean where I come from. "The Lot That Lily Lost in the Lottery" — know that one? Is your skin beginning to tingle? Do you feel it on the tip of your tongue yet? That's fine, my lord. I'll sing it to you.'

Mr. Pollfax began to sing. He'd give it another minute, he said, when he'd done with Lily; he'd just give me the chorus of 'The Night Uncle's Waistcoat Caught Fire.'

'Tra-la-la,' sang Mr. Pollfax.

'I bet,' said Mr. Pollfax sadistically, 'one side of Mr. P's face has gone dead and Mr. P's tongue feels like a pincushion.'

'Bluh,' I said.

'I think,' he said, 'we'll begin.'

So Mr. Pollfax moved round to the side of me, got a grip on my shoulders, and began to press on the instrument in my mouth. Pressing and drawing firmly, he worked upon the root. Then he paused and increased the pressure. He seemed to be hanging from a crowbar fixed to my jaw. Nothing happened. He withdrew.

'The Great Flood begins,' said Mr. Pollfax, putting a tube in my mouth and taking another weapon from the tray.

The operation began again. Mr. Pollfax now seemed to hang and swing on the crowbar. It was not successful.

'Dug himself in, has he?' muttered Mr. Pollfax. He had a look at his instruments. 'You can spit, my lord,' he said.

Mr. Pollfax now seized me with great determination, hung, swung, pressed, and tugged with increased energy.

'It's no good you thinking you're going to stay in,' said Mr. Pollfax in mid-air, speaking to the root. But the instrument slipped and a piece of tooth broke off as he said it.

'So that's the game, is it?' said Mr. Pollfax, withdrawing. 'A good rinse, my lord, while Mr. Pollfax considers the position.'

He was breathing hard.

Oh, well, he said, there were more ways than one of killing a cat. He'd get the drill on it. There were two men standing outside Buckingham Palace when a policeman came by, he said, coming down at me with the drill which made a whistling noise like a fishing line as he drew it through. The tube gurgled in my mouth. I was looking, as I always did at Mr. Pollfax's, at the crows busily twirling on the chimneys opposite. Wind or no wind, those crows always seemed to be twirling

round. Two metal cowl on two yellow chimneys, I always remember them.

'Spit, my lord,' said Mr. Pollfax, changing to a coarser drill. 'Sorry, old man, if it slipped, but Mr. Pollfax is not to be beaten.'

The drill whirled again, skidding and whining; the cowl twirled on the chimneys, Mr. Pollfax's knuckles were on my nose. What he was trying to do, he said, was to get a purchase.

Mr. Pollfax's movements got quicker. He hung up the drill, he tapped impatiently on the tray, looking for something. He came at me with something like a buttonhook. He got it in. He levered like a signal man changing points.

'I'm just digging,' he said. Another piece of tooth broke off.

Mr. Pollfax started when he heard it go and drew back.

'Mr. Pollfax in a dilemma,' he said. Well, he'd try the other side. Down came the drill again. There were beads of sweat on his brow. His breath was shorter.

'You see,' exclaimed Mr. Pollfax suddenly and loudly, looking bitterly up at his clock, 'I'm fighting against time. Keep that head this way, hold the mouth. That's right. Sorry, my lord, I've got to bash you about, but time's against me.'

'Why, damn this root,' said Mr. Pollfax, hanging up again. 'It's wearing out my drill. We'll have to saw. Mr. Pollfax up against it.'

His face was red now; he was gasping and his eyes were glittering. A troubled and emotional look came over Mr. Pollfax's face.

'I've been up against it in my time,' exclaimed Mr. Pollfax forcefully between his teeth. 'Heard of the Œdipus Complex?'

'Blah,' I managed.

'I started well by ruining my father. I took every penny he had. That's a good start, isn't it?' he said, speaking very rapidly. 'Then I got married. Perfectly happy marriage, but I went and busted it up. I went off with a French girl, and her husband

shot at us out in the car one day. I was with that girl eighteen months, and she broke her back in a railway accident and I sat with her two years watching her die. I've been through it. Then my mother died and my father was going to marry again, a girl young enough to be his daughter. I went up and took that girl off him, ran off to Hungary with her, married her, and we've got five children. Perfect happiness at last. I've been through the mill,' said Mr. Pollfax, relaxing his chin and shining a torch down my mouth, 'but I've come out in the end.'

'A good rinse, my noble lord,' said Mr. Pollfax.

'The oldest's fourteen,' he said, getting the saw. 'Clever girl. Very clever with her hands.'

He seized me again. Did I feel anything? Well, thank God for that, said Mr. Pollfax. Here we'd been forty minutes at this damned root.

'And I bet you're thinking why didn't Lord Pollfax let sleeping dogs lie, like the telephone operator said. Did I tell you that one about the telephone operator? That gum of yours is going to be sore.'

He was standing legs apart, chin trembling, eyes blinking, hacking with the buttonhook, like a wrestler putting on a headlock.

'Mr. Pollfax with his back against the wall,' he said.

'Mr. Pollfax making a last-minute stand.'

'On the burning deck!' he gasped.

'Whence,' he added, 'all but he had fled.'

'Spit,' he said. 'And now let's have another look.' He wiped his brow. 'Don't say anything. Keep dead still. For God's sake don't let it hear you. My lords, ladies and gentlemen, pray silence for Mr. Pollfax. It's coming, it isn't. No, it isn't. It is. It is! There!' he cried, holding a fragment in his fingers.

He stood gravely at attention.

'And his chief beside, smiling the boy fell dead,' said Mr. Pollfax. 'A good and final rinse, my lord and prince.'

V. S. PRITCHETT

TO THE
Indies



BY
C. S. FORESTER

CHAPTERS 12-17



TO THE
Indies
A NOVEL OF ADVENTURE

By C. S. FORESTER

Author of "Captain Horatio Hornblower"

NARCISO RICH, a clever lawyer of Barcelona, has been sent on the third voyage of Columbus as the personal representative of King Ferdinand, to make sure that the Admiral and his brother Bartholomew do not overstep their authority in the new lands which have been discovered for the Crown. Not himself of noble birth, Rich has a personal problem which involves his authority over the hidalgos. Guiding a shore party back from water and a native village, he realizes that García, a firebrand, disobeyed him and abused the natives.

The ships pass the northwestern corner of Trinidad. Coming on a chain of islands, Columbus asks Rich to take charge of another shore party to find a passage south toward the earthly Paradise. Reluctantly Rich assents, fearing recurrence of evil to the natives. They discover oysters, forests apparently immense, and at last burst upon an enormous fresh-water lake.

Having tasted the tender meat of iguana on the previous trip ashore, some of the gentlemen attack a huge one asleep on the sands — García's sportive idea. In the struggle of hidalgos with noose and crossbow, it is Rich who gives the creature its deathblow, so for the first time his sword wins him respect. A friendly party of Indians confirm the Spaniards' suspicion that the stinking beast is not edible, nor iguana, but caiman — a crocodile. In the Indian village the chief Malalé is much taken with Rich, whom he calls 'Lish,' and Rich, with his new prestige, is able to curb the hidalgos' easy ways with native women.

They return in four days to the flagship, reporting the mighty Orinoco, which seems to signify continent, not island, and other matters. Columbus is disbelieving and suspicious, but determines to push on to Española, leaving further discoveries for the future.

As they sail, Malalé, the native, comes by canoe to give the lawyer a parrot which calls 'Lish, Lish.' Rich is inexpressibly moved. . . .

TO THE INDIES

BY C. S. FORESTER

XII

THEY had left behind them the Pearl Islands and the coast of Paria, and had turned boldly to the northwest towards Española. The wind was blowing steadily from the east — sometimes backing towards the north so that the ships could hardly hold their course, sometimes veering southerly so that, with the wind over her quarter, the *Holy Name* put on her best speed, the spray flying from her bluff bows in gorgeous rainbows. Dolphins accompanied them, leaping in the waves of the wake like children playing a game. At the mastheads the lookouts kept keen watch over these seas which no ship had ever sailed before, but they saw no shoals, no land, only the blue clear water with the white wave crests in dazzling contrast. At noon the sun passed over their heads, so that a man's shadow lay round his feet; at evening it sank into the sea, leaving the eastward sky already dark with night even while the glows of sunset still colored the west.

Every hour they measured the speed of the ship through the water, chalking the figure on the board; at noontime the Admiral, balanced stiffly on the heaving deck, took the altitude of the sun as best he could with his astrolabe, and at night that of the Pole Star as it peeped over the horizon, while the ship, hove-to, pitched steadily over the regular swell. In his great cabin the Admiral had a grubby parchment, cracked along its folds, on which some German philosopher had inscribed, with colored pig-

ments, the signs of the zodiac and the corresponding heights of the sun — the sun was in Leo now, and it should have been easy to calculate their distance from the equator. But Rich, observing the pendulum of the astrolabe, swinging uncontrollably with the heave of the ship, was not so sure; and even in those clear, vivid nights the vagueness of the horizon — as he discovered when he timidly handled the quadrant — made the altitude of the Pole Star an equally vague figure.

The hidalgos were grouped near him now, all talking together, the fresh wind ruffling their beards, for the squadron was now close-hauled, trying to claw up to windward towards San Domingo. They drew him into their conversation, and he stood among them a little awkwardly, for he never felt at ease among these men of war, with their hundred and twenty-eight quarterings of nobility apiece.

'What is the delay?' fumed Bernardo de Tarpia. 'We are coming no nearer to the land.'

'Look, by God!' said Avila. 'We are turning away from the land now!'

'We are going on the other tack,' explained Rich. 'San Domingo lies to windward.'

They looked at him without understanding. Despite the length of the voyage none of them had acquired any knowledge of how a ship is worked. Horses and hawks and hounds they understood, because they had been

taught about them from boyhood; but none of them was possessed with the lively curiosity that urged Rich to learn about everything that came under his notice.

'How far is this San Domingo?' asked García.

'Five leagues.'

'And we shall not reach there to-night?'

'Perhaps not. But after dark there may be a wind off the land which would help us. There usually is.'

'Did the Admiral say so?'

'No.'

Rich could not explain that he had learned about land and sea breezes by night and day from simple observations while fishing in the Barcelona roadstead.

'But how will a wind off the land help us to reach the land?' asked Avila; his contorted features showed how hard he was trying to think.

'We shall have it on our beam and can get well to windward of San Domingo tonight, so that in the morning we can go straight in with the first of the sea breeze,' said Rich.

'You're as good a pilot as the Admiral, Don Narciso,' said García, looking at him curiously.

'Not a bit of it,' said Rich.

'At least it is not *your* fault that we have arrived the wrong side of San Domingo,' put in Acevedo. Rich rounded on him.

'You don't appreciate what a marvellous navigator the Admiral is,' he said. 'There is no other sailor living who could have brought the squadron so directly here. That is true, believe me. With ordinary piloting we might have been a hundred leagues away instead of five.'

'You must never say a word against the Admiral in Don Narciso's presence,' said García, half bantering and half serious; perhaps he was remembering the occasions when Rich had conscientiously reported the acquisition of treasure.

'Hullo, we're chasing our tails again,' said Tarpia.

The ship was going about again and standing in to the shore, and Rich was for a moment puzzled as to the motive for this manœuvre. But he guessed it when he saw the Admiral looking keenly shorewards and followed his gaze.

'There's a canoe coming out to us,' he said.

There it was, a dark spot bobbing on the waves; the sinking sun lit up a white speck in motion on it — somebody was waving to the ships from it.

'We'll get news of our friends now!' exclaimed Tarpia, eagerly.

Everybody rushed to the side of the ship and watched the canoe as it danced over the glittering water towards them. It was an Indian who paddled it, but not a naked one. He wore a shirt of coarse towcloth, as everyone could see when he scrambled up the side, but it was not that which specially caught Rich's notice — and the Admiral's notice, too. In his hand he carried a crossbow; it was rusted, and the cord was frayed, and the winding handle was bent lopsided, but it was a crossbow for all that, and in the Indian's belt of creeper was a single bolt. Before the Indian, blinking round at the ring of Spaniards, had time to collect himself, the Admiral was demanding where he had obtained the weapon. The seriousness of the island natives' possessing such weapons of precision was apparent to all.

'Loldan gave it me,' said the Indian; he could speak Spanish after a fashion.

'Roldan!' exclaimed the Admiral. 'The Alcalde Mayor?'

'Yes. We friends,' said the Indian proudly. 'I shoot bad Indians. Christian, I am.'

He bent his head and made the sign of the cross, and intoned something in a weird singsong which was just recognizable as the Pater Noster. Some of the group round him laughed, as they might at the antics of a performing ape.

'Where is my brother, His Excellency the *Adelantado*?' asked the Admiral.

'In the town,' said the Indian, pointing down the coast with an appearance of indifference. 'He not Loldan's friend.'

'Not Roldan's friend?' repeated the Admiral, blankly.

'No. He fight. Loldan fight. Indian fight.'

The Indian grinned a simpleton's grin. A gesture more eloquent than his bad Spanish called up a picture of bloody confusion throughout the island. Someone in the background whistled in amazement at his words.

'But why? *Why?*' groaned the Admiral. The Indian grinned again, and tried to explain. There was no sense in his words. Spanish quarrels meant nothing to him. Rich suspected him of being mentally subnormal, even when allowance was made for the difficulties of language.

At least the Admiral was prepared to waste no more time on him.

'Take that crossbow away from him,' he ordered, curtly. 'Put him over the side. Captain, lay the ship on the other tack.'

This was decision, activity. Only a few seconds were necessary to bundle the protesting Indian back into his canoe and to begin to claw seaward again away from the lee shore. Rich admired the Admiral as he stood on the high poop rapping out his orders. Firmness and decision of this sort would soon stamp out any disloyalty when they reached San Domingo.

The wind blew briskly past them as the *Holy Name* ploughed along, lying as close to the wind as she could; it set Rich's clothes flapping and blew the Admiral's white hair out in horizontal streamers as he stood staring forward.

If intensity of desire could carry the *Holy Name* along, the clumsy ship would fly, thought Rich, watching the Admiral's face. The Admiral did not take his eyes from the ship's course as he began to speak.

'It was bad news that Indian bore, Don Narciso,' he said.

'We know nothing of the truth of the matter yet, Your Excellency.'

'No. I find it hard to believe that Roldan would oppose himself to my brother, the *Adelantado* whom I myself appointed.'

'Who is this Roldan, Your Excellency?'

'The Alcalde Mayor—the Chief Magistrate. He owes that position to me.'

'Naturally,' said Rich. There was no appointment in the Indies which was not in the Admiral's direct gift. 'But who is he, Your Excellency? I do not know the name. Is he a gentleman? What rank did he hold before this appointment?'

'He was my servant,' said the Admiral. 'But I thought he was honest. I thought he was loyal. I thought —'

The Admiral checked himself with a sigh.

'Perhaps he is,' said Rich, with cheerful optimism. 'We cannot condemn him without knowing the facts.'

'If he has been fighting my brother he must be disloyal,' said the Admiral, conclusively. Rich was not so sure; it may have been mere professional sympathy, but he felt that a Chief Justice might easily find himself at odds with a Columbus and still have right on his side.

'Is he learned in the law, Your Excellency?' he asked. 'As I said, I am not acquainted with his name.'

'Of course he is not,' said the Admiral, petulantly. 'Did I not say he was my servant? He was my body servant, my valet.'

After that, Rich felt there was nothing more to be said. A Chief Justice who had been a valet would certainly be as great a source of trouble as any Columbus. Rich could only gaze forward anxiously as the Admiral himself, wondering what would be the situation he would find awaiting him when at last he reached San Domingo.

XIII

They entered the river mouth in the late afternoon, after two weary days of beating against head winds. The Spaniards on board were pleased and excited at the thought that at last their voyaging was really at an end, and at the prospect of seeing new white faces. The details grew clearer under their eager gaze as the sea breeze pushed them briskly into the inlet; there was the wooden church with its square tower, and beside it the fort — only the simplest arrangement of ditch, palisade, and parapet, but quite impregnable to the simple unarmed folk who were its only possible assailants. At the Admiral's order the *Holy Name* swung round the point of the shoal and headed across to the anchorage where there was deep water up to the foot of the church. Close on their left hand they opened up a clearing in the wild tangle of trees that came down to the water's edge, and there, starkly visible to all the interior, stood a gallows, from which dangled two corpses.

'Holy Mary!' said Moret, with genuine sincerity. 'It is good to be in a Christian country again!'

He pointed to the gallows.

'Are they Indians or Spaniards?' asked García, shading his eyes with his hands, but no one could answer that question. Rich read a moral lesson in the fact that death and putrefaction made the European indistinguishable from the Indian.

Cannon thundered with wreaths of white smoke from the citadel in salute to the Admiral's flag; the Admiral was standing proudly on the poop looking across at his town; armor winked and glittered in the setting sun over the citadel walls. A small crowd of people were already launching boats and canoes to come out and welcome them.

The leading boat was distinguished by a flag held up in the bows, displaying the Admiral's arms within a white bordure to indicate the presence of the Admiral's

deputy, the *Adelantado*. Bartholomew Columbus, when he came on board, looked round him with piercing blue eyes which at first glance gave him a striking resemblance to his brother, but he was more heavily built — a stoop-shouldered, burly man whose dense beard did not disguise the heavy jaw and the thick lips. An Indian woman mounted next after him; there were pearls in her ears, round her neck, and in her long loose hair. She was cloaked in blue velvet, but she made no effort to keep the cloak about her to conceal the slender naked body beneath. She was smiling and chattering excitedly, white teeth flashing, with her hand laid on the *Adelantado's* arm. Not even the harsh contrast between the blue velvet and her nudity could mar her beauty.

They were at the summit of the beach now, with the town before them — a hundred or so of brown huts built of timber and leaves.

'Where are all the people?' asked the Admiral.

'They are awaiting Your Excellency.'

Someone in the *Adelantado's* following had run on ahead, up one of the straight narrow lanes between the houses. They could see him wave his arm as he reached the farther corner, and they followed him. Pigs and fowls were rooting among the filth underfoot, but no human creature was to be seen. Now they emerged from the lane into a wide open space. The houses were on three sides, on the fourth was the forest. Two trumpets brayed in the heated air; there was a long roll of drums.

It took the sun-dazzled eye some time to note all the details. The three sides of the square, other than the one in the middle of which they stood, were lined with naked Indians, packed in dense masses; there must have been five or six thousand of them. At intervals before and behind the crowd stood Spaniards, conspicuous in their armor, all at the salute while the trumpets blew and the Admiral returned the compliment.

'There is a pavilion for Your Excellency,' said the *Adelantado* — close beside where they had emerged was a flat-roofed open-fronted shed of leaves, in which stood a row of chairs, and beside which the colors of Spain and of the Admiral drooped in the heat. But that was not all which the eye slowly took in. Standing in the square were a whole series of lofty stakes, on which hung chains. And round the foot of every stake was a pile of wood. Rich counted them; there were sixteen stakes, each with its chains and faggots. He felt a little chill, for he had an irrational dislike of burnings — he had witnessed very few. The Indian woman was trembling, he could see. There was appeal in her eyes as they met his.

'The ceremony will begin now,' said the *Adelantado*, ushering his brother to the central chair with the utmost formality. 'Have I Your Excellency's permission to sit?'

'I don't like this business, Bartholomew,' said the Admiral. 'I used to think them very harmless people. Must it go on?'

'They are relapsed heretics,' said the Dominican. 'It is God's law that they should burn.'

'I've kept five thousand Indians herded here all day,' said the *Adelantado*, 'expressly to see this. What would be the effect if I let them go?'

'But if it were I who pardoned them?' said the Admiral. 'What have they done? Is their guilt certain?'

'They are blasphemers as well as relapsed heretics,' explained the Dominican. 'After they had accepted baptism they not merely relapsed into idolatry — they burned down a chapel, and they broke the holy vessels and images to pieces.'

'Did they know what they were doing?'

'Having listened once to our teaching, they must have known. But even if they did not, it makes no difference to their guilt.'

'But why?' asked the Admiral. 'Why did they do it?'

'The devil prompted them,' said the Dominican.

'They were in rebellion over the gold quota,' said Bartholomew behind his hand.

'They are like children,' said the Admiral. 'Trying to do the wickedest thing they can think of.'

'And they succeeded,' said the Dominican. 'Children can be guilty of heresy and relapse.'

That was perfectly true, as Rich knew well. With his training in Roman law he found it hard to hear of condemnation for a crime committed without guilty intent, — this was one of the points over which Roman law and Church law disagreed, — but at the same time it was heresy to question the principles of the Church, and he had no intention of being guilty of heresy himself. He simply could not argue on this point, and he resolutely kept his eyes from meeting the pleading glance of the Indian woman.

'It is a golden opportunity,' said the *Adelantado*, 'of teaching these people a real lesson. I have given instructions that the heretics are not to be strangled at the stake. Perhaps then those that see them die will learn what it means to incur our wrath.'

'You misunderstand the intentions of the Church, Don Bartholomew,' said the Dominican, sternly. 'This is not intended as a punishment; it is to save these poor people's souls that they must pass through the fire.'

'It coincides all the same with the needs of government,' said the *Adelantado*, complacently.

'We are saving sixteen souls today,' returned the Dominican. 'We are not trying to make the collection of the gold quota easier.'

The procession was filing into the square. A friar bore a crucifix at the head of it, and following him a dozen Spaniards herded the victims along,

pricking them with their swords' points to force them to walk. The resources of the island had been sufficient to provide yellow fools' coats, gaudily daubed with red symbols, for the victims, whose hands were tied behind them. One of them screamed at the sight of the stakes; two of them collapsed into the dust of the square, writhing there until the escort kicked them to their feet again. The Indian woman beside Rich screamed too. She ran round between the Admiral and his deputy and flung herself on the earth before them, one hand on the knee of each of them, frantically jabbering the while.

'What does she say?' asked the Admiral.

'She wants us to spare these people,' explained his brother. 'Anacaona, don't be a fool.'

Anacaona lifted a face slobbered with tears, her beautiful mouth all distorted. She was trying to talk Spanish, but Indian words tumbled from her lips as well.

'She says some of these men are her brothers,' went on Bartholomew. 'She means cousins by that — it is the same word to them. But every Indian is everyone else's cousin, thanks to their mothers' habits.'

Anacaona bowed her head in the dust before them, her shoulders shaking under the blue velvet, before she lifted face and hands again to beg for mercy. There was a low moaning from all round the square, through which could be heard the rattle of chains as one man after another was fastened to the stakes.

XIV

Next morning Rich was desperately weary. There had been long debate the night before in the *Adelantado's* house within the citadel walls, — and even here they were not quite free from whiffs of stinking smoke from the square, — while through the town the newly landed Spaniards rioted as if they had taken it by storm. One of Bernardo de

Tarpia's handgunmen had allowed his spirits to rise so high that he had twice let off his weapon to the peril of passers-by, sadly interrupting the anxious argument regarding the treason of Francisco Roldan.

Nothing had been settled then; this morning the debate was to continue, and yet in the meanwhile he had not slept a moment, what with the strangeness of his new surroundings, the hideous events of the evening, and the plague of mosquitoes which had hung round him in a cloud all through the night — and Antonio Spallanzani, who had shared a leaf hut with him, had snored fantastically. Rich's head ached and he felt numb and stupid as he made his way past the sentry at the citadel gate up to the Governor's house again.

The debate began afresh, with all the Columbus clan present — the Admiral in his best clothes, and Bartholomew the *Adelantado*, and James, rather weak and foolish, and John Antony, more weak and foolish still. But hardly had the session opened when something happened to terminate it. The man who entered wore spurs that jingled as he strode in over the earthen floor; his face was yellow with fever, — like most of the new faces Rich had seen lately, — but he wore an expression of unruffled gravity. The *Adelantado* checked himself to hear what he had to say.

'The Indians are in rebellion again, Your Excellency,' he announced. 'Seriously, this time.'

'Where?'

'In the Llanos. By tonight there'll be twenty thousand of them at Socó.'

'How do you know this?'

'One of my Indian girls told me. I was the only Spaniard with a horse, so I left the others gathering at the fort and rode here through the night. At dawn five hundred or so tried to stop me at the ford, but they were too frightened of my horse and I broke through. Were those Indians burned yesterday, Your Excellency?'

'Yes.'

'That explains it, then. The rising depended on that, and the news has spread already.'

'You are not speaking with proper deference. Don't you recognize the Admiral here?'

'Your pardon, Admiral,' said the newcomer. 'But I was trying to tell my news in the shortest way possible.'

'What is your name?' asked the Admiral.

'Juan Ruiz, Excellency.'

'I remember you now. Go on with what you have to say.'

'I have said all that is necessary, Excellency. The Indians all have their sticks and stones. Some of those at the ford this morning were painted. They seem more bent on fighting than I have ever known them this last four years.'

'Is this Roldan's doing?' asked James Columbus; the words were no sooner out of his mouth than he received an angry look from Bartholomew.

'No,' replied Ruiz.

'Thank you. You may leave us now,' said Bartholomew, and the moment Ruiz was out of the room he turned on James. 'Will you never learn sense? Do you want the whole island to know we are afraid of Roldan? Over in the Vega Real how can he influence the Indians of the Llanos? You open your mouth only to utter idiocies.'

James shrank abashed before his brother's anger.

'We must send at once,' said the Admiral, 'and pacify these poor wretches. I know they have grievances. I wish I could go myself — they would listen to me.'

'Pacify them?' asked Bartholomew.

'That is what I said.'

'Brother, leave the pacification to me. I will pacify them as they ought to be pacified. This is the moment I've been waiting for. A sharp lesson is what they need.'

'I know your sharp lessons, Bartholomew,' said the Admiral, sadly.

'By God,' said Bartholomew, 'I'm glad I have your two hundred men. Without them I should have hardly two hundred to take out against them. If only the ships with the horses had come! I've barely fifty horses, and in those plains it's horses we need.'

'Bartholomew,' said the Admiral, 'I forbid you to be cruel. You must show them all the mercy possible.'

'That is what I will do,' said Bartholomew, grimly. 'Brother, you are too good for this world. And supposing I did what you think you want? Supposing I encouraged them to think they can rebel against our authority with impunity? What would happen to the gold quota? How much cotton do you think they'd grow for us? What would you say then, brother? Who was it who was complaining at the shortage of gold only five minutes ago? Kind words won't make these people work, as you know. Only the fear of death'll do that — and even then half of 'em prefer to die.'

'I suppose you've been promising them in Spain gold by the ton, as usual,' put in James, taking the side of his younger brother against the elder, who sat shaken and helpless before the double attack.

'I never expected my own brothers to turn against me,' he said pitifully.

'We haven't turned against you,' snapped Bartholomew. 'We're doing your work for you. And there's no time to lose unless we want the whole island in a blaze. We'll march this afternoon. James, set the drums beating and the church bells ringing.'

The room was in an immediate bustle. Bartholomew flung open the door and began to shout orders through it to the guard at the gate. The three Dominican friars — Brother Bernard who had supervised yesterday's act of faith, and the two who had just arrived — were whispering together in one corner.

'Don Narciso!' called the Admiral, and Rich went across to him. 'You must go with my brother. With this

cursed gout I can neither walk nor sit a horse. And there are so few I can trust.'

Rich contemplated with some distaste the prospect of marching out with four hundred men to fight ten thousand painted savages.

'I doubt if Don Bartholomew will welcome my presence,' he said.

'You must go. You must. Bartholomew told me last night he had a horse of mine in his stables. Bartholomew, I am giving Don Narciso my horse so that he can ride with you.'

'Come if you like,' said the *Adelantado* after a momentary grimace. 'I'd rather put a man-at-arms on that horse. Have you armor as well as that long robe?'

'I have,' said Rich.

Bartholomew was a man of action. It took him no more than two hours to assemble every European near, to select his expeditionary force, and to detail the fifty men he was leaving behind to their duties as garrison. The few stores which had been brought up out of the ships he divided among his army.

'There'll be food to be got in the villages,' he explained; 'but, with savages to fight, the whole secret lies in being able to march without a halt and give them no time to rally.'

Four hundred men marched out of San Domingo in the blazing heat of the day. Juan Ruiz rode ahead with six horsemen as an advanced guard in case of an ambush. Then came the long column of leather coats and dull armor, Bernardo de Tarpia with his handgunmen, and Moret's crossbowmen, the spearmen and handgunmen led by John Antony Columbus, — four years in Española had made these last familiar with the island, even to the extent of calling it by its native name of 'Hayti,' — and forty sailors from the ships under Carvajal's command, armed with pikes and swords. Bartholomew Columbus rode with forty horsemen, Cristobal García and Rodrigo and Gonzalo Acevedo among them. Rich had his place with these, a little uneasy even astride the gray horse with

which he had been provided, spiritless nag though it was.

The sun roasted him in his half armor, but he was determined to utter no complaint until his companions should, and they were full of high spirits at being mounted again and faced with the imminent prospect of action. On their right was the blue, blue sea, and on their left the high mountains, vivid green from base to summit, towering to the sky. Ahead of them lay a wide rolling plain, stretching from the mountains to the sea, green and luxuriant, broken only here and there by thickets and woodland. There were herds of cattle to be seen here, — in four years the few beasts brought by the second expedition had multiplied beyond all count, — and scattered patches of cultivated land where the Indians grew their roots and their corn. This was the famous plain of the Llanos, which the Admiral had compared, in extent and fertility, to the valley of Guadalquivir.

They were filing over a ford now, and everybody eagerly slipped out of the saddle to drink from the dark water; Rich found himself, after two hours' riding, already so stiff that he could hardly swing his leg over, but fortunately no one noticed. The column halted to rest in the shade along the banks, the sweating infantry lying stretched out flat with their weapons beside them until the *Adelantado* set the trumpet blowing to call them to their feet again. Rich scrambled somehow back into the saddle — he was already sore, and his body shrank from contact with the harsh leather. By the end of the day he was in misery. The chatter went on unnoticed round him, blended with the squeaking of leather and the occasional ringing of hoofs or accoutrements. The final order to halt found him quite stupid with fatigue. He tried vainly to make some pretense of attending to the sorry gray horse, and experienced unfathomable relief and gratitude when Rodrigo Acevedo relieved him of the task unobtrusively.

'I can't thank you,' was all Rich was able to say, white-faced.

That had been a day of sunshine; the next was a day of rain, perpetual rain falling in torrents from a gray sky. It soaked everyone to the skin, finding its way remorselessly down inside the necks of leather coats and from there into the leather breeches so that the horsemen had wet squelching bags of water round their thighs. The men on foot sank to their ankles in the mud, the horses to their fetlocks. The little streams from the mountains became broad rivers bordered by knee-deep marsh; armor and weapons rusted almost perceptibly under their very eyes, and every man was daubed and streaked with mud. In those conditions, not nearly so prolonged a march could be made as the *Adelantado* had wished — it had been his plan to camp that night so near to Soco as to make it possible to surprise the besiegers at dawn. With ten miles of slippery ground and three watercourses still between his army and the fort, he was forced to give up the project.

'But, marching at dawn, we shall be at Soco by noon,' he said to the disgruntled group of hidalgos round him. 'Time enough then for the lesson I want to teach them.'

XV

It rained until dawn, men and horses suffering miserably under the continued drenching, but with morning came a fiery sun which put new life into them — into all save a score or so of the earlier colonists, who lay shuddering and with chattering teeth despite the heat. They were in the grip of malaria — everyone who lived long in the island went down with it in course of time, apparently, and exposure to wet and to night air was certain to bring on an attack. One of the shivering victims begged with blue lips to be left with his companions where they lay.

'So that when we have gone the Indians can beat you to death with

their clubs, I suppose,' commented the *Adelantado*. 'You could not raise a finger to stop them if they did. No. You must come with us. There are horses enough until we reach Soco.'

And then they came over a gentle rise to open up a fresh vista of the plain. Two miles ahead stood a low gray building with a black speck fluttering over it — the fortress of Soco with its flag; evidently the dozen colonists there had made good their defense.

'Here they come!' said the *Adelantado*. 'Form your square, men.'

Rich had no time to see more during the bustle of forming up.

'Invalids here in the centre!' called the *Adelantado*. 'Gentlemen, mount your horses. Pikemen! Crossbowmen!'

Rich helped his invalid to the ground. There were a dozen helpless men lying there already, but his own invalid was convalescent by now and with one more curse lurched away to join the ranks of his fellows. Ruiz and the advanced guard came clattering up as Rich climbed on the gray horse. Other horses cannoned into him, and he lost a stirrup and nearly lost his helmet before he found himself in the mass of cavalry grouped round the invalids. The foot soldiers had formed a square round the cavalry, facing outwards, the handgunmen with their matches alight, the crossbowmen with their bows wound up.

Pouring up towards them was an enormous crowd of naked Indians. It was like a brown sea rolling upon them, thousands and thousands of Indians — not merely men, Rich saw as they approached, but women and children as well, all shrieking and yelling, as they waved their arms over their heads, with a noise like surf on the beach.

'Please God they charge,' said the *Adelantado*, and then, raising his voice: 'Remember, no man is to fire a shot until I give the word. Don Bernardo, see to it.'

Rich, fidgeting with his reins and his sword, marveled at the *Adelantado's* sentiments. It seemed to him the most

necessary thing in the world that the guns should start firing at once. Through his muddled brain coursed a sudden desire to wheel his horse round and break through the ranks and gallop away; panic was making his heart beat painfully fast and clouding his intellect, and it was only with difficulty that he restrained himself from acting on the impulse.

'If we shoot one now the whole lot'll run away,' explained the *Adelantado* to the hidalgos round him. 'I want to close with them.'

The huge crowd poured up towards the square. Then it halted a hundred yards from the nearest face, came on again, halted again in the centre, while at the sides it still poured forward until in the end the whole square was surrounded at a discreet distance. A few more daring Indians ran closer still, and with frantic gestures flung stones which fell to earth far in front of the waiting Spaniards.

'No shooting!' said the *Adelantado* loudly again.

The crowd eddied round the square like mist, forward here and back there. The din was tremendous. Then at last came the rush, as some indetectable impulse carried the whole mob inwards towards the square.

'Fire!' yelled the *Adelantado*.

The crash of the handguns drowned the noise of the discharge of the crossbows. Rich saw one Indian fall, and next moment the two nations were at grips. The Indians carried heavy sticks for the most part, with which they struck at the helmets in front of them, clumsily, like clowns in a comedy. Perched up on his horse, Rich caught vivid glimpses of brown faces, some of them striped with red paint, distorted with passion. He saw the expression on one turn to mild dismay as a Spaniard drove his sword home. Rich's horse was chafing at the bit as the smell of blood reached his nostrils; close in front of him a crossbowman was winding frantically at his moulinet.

There came a loud bang as one of the recharged handguns went off, and then another and another. The brown masses began to hesitate, and ceased to crowd up against the sword-points.

'They're going to break!' said the *Adelantado*. 'Gentlemen, are you ready?'

The crossbowman thrust his loaded weapon forward between the two swordsmen who were protecting him, and released the bolt with a whizz and a clatter.

'Open out when you charge, gentlemen. Ride them down and show no mercy,' said the *Adelantado*. 'There! They're breaking! Sailors, make way! Open your ranks, sailors! Come on, gentlemen!'

This was madly exciting to Rich, this wild pursuit on a horse galloping at top speed, with Indians scurrying in all directions. Behind him the handguns were still banging, and faint shouts indicated that the infantry were in pursuit as well. Rich struck again and again. He found himself leaning far out of the saddle, like an accomplished cavalier, to get a fairer sweep, and the discovery delighted him. He was carried away by the violence of his reaction from his previous panic; there were enemies all about him, running like rabbits. He yelled with excitement and slashed again. An Indian, crazed with panic, ran blindly across his course, and fell with a scream under the forelegs of the gray horse. The gray horse came down with a crash, and Rich found himself sailing through the air.

The earth which received him was soft, and he was not stunned by the fall, but the breath was driven from his body as if he were a burst bladder. Dazed and winded, sword and helmet gone, he groveled about on the ground trying to recover himself. An Indian woman saw his plight; she still had her club in her hand, and apparently she was not as affected by panic as most of her companions. She ran up and struck at Rich, screaming the while for assistance. Two more women arrived, one with a pointed

cane which she stuck painfully into Rich's left arm, overbalancing him just as he was on the point of regaining his feet. The club clanged on his breast-plate, the sharpened cane scraped over it. But the screams of the women changed from excitement to fright. A horse's head loomed hugely over them; one woman fell across Rich, deluging him with blood from her half-severed neck; the others disappeared. García was there, riding a maddened chestnut stallion with graceful dexterity; the blood slowly dripped from his reddened sword and his white teeth flashed in a smile.

'Wounded? Hurt?' he asked.

'No,' said Rich, sliding disgustedly from under the woman's corpse.

'I'll catch your horse,' said García, wheeling the chestnut towards where the gray was standing, his reins over his head and his sides heaving.

Rich picked up his sword and helmet and received the reins which García handed him.

'All well?' asked García. 'Right!'

García uttered some inarticulate yell and urged his horse into a gallop again, wheeling his sword in circles; Rich stood with the reins in his hand and watched him catch an Indian and strike him down.

He rode slowly up towards the fort of Soco, where the horsemen were rallying, breathing their horses and tightening their girths. A dozen men on foot — the garrison of Soco, presumably — were standing with them, everyone talking and laughing excitedly. Dead Indians lay in swathes all about them, marking the area wherein their retreat had been cut off by the garrison's sally.

'Mount again, gentlemen,' said the *Adelantado* as Rich came within earshot. 'We can beat back over the ground. Plenty of game broke away, and the foot are there to head them off for us.'

The Spaniards who had dismounted got back into their saddles. They were like men who had been drinking — some

were giggling like schoolboys with the excitement of slaughter.

'One long line,' said the *Adelantado*. 'Fifty yards apart. My standard in the centre. Spread yourselves out, gentlemen.'

The *Adelantado* ran an interested eye over Rich as he trotted up — Rich was conscious of the blood and mud with which he was smeared. He bore clear enough proof that he had played his part in the battle.

'Don Cristobal said you had a fall,' said the *Adelantado*.

'I had,' said Rich, 'but nothing serious.'

'Are you wounded?'

'Nothing serious again,' answered Rich.

'You can have your revenge now.'

'Do you really mean what you say, Don Bartholomew? Are you going on with this killing?'

'Why, of course. There are four hours more of daylight.'

'Haven't enough been killed?'

'No, by God. I mean this to be a lesson that they will never forget.'

'But they are your brother's subjects — *your* subjects, Your Excellency. Don't you want them to earn revenue for you?'

'They'll breed again. And we've had no chance of sport like this for months. Don't be mealy-mouthed, Doctor. . . . Trumpeter!'

The trumpet set the long line in motion again in its sweep back across the plain. It was sport for the infantry too; crossbows and handguns found plenty of targets as the frantic Indians were driven within range. The spearmen and swordsmen, even, hampered though they were with clothes and equipment, were often able to run down on foot the naked Indians who were already exhausted. Some of them showed a pretty wit in their choice of the place in which to plant their weapons when they caught their victims — the same idea had occurred to the horsemen, and shouts of laughter

and approval ran along the line as each man vied with the others in displaying his dexterity or strength of arm. Rich followed, fascinated.

XVI

In San Domingo, when the *Adelantado* returned from his chastising of the Llanos, there was nothing new. The fifty men of the garrison who had remained there with the Admiral had done nothing, heard nothing. Most of them were fever-ridden and asked nothing more than to stay tranquil. Apparently the Admiral had made some attempt to persuade them to heave up the three ships which lay in the harbor and make them ready for sea again, but they had vehemently refused to do such heavy work, and the Admiral had abandoned his attempt. Those sailors who had not deserted to Roldan took more kindly to the suggestion when it was put to them on their return with the conquering army. The ships would sail for Spain when they were ready, with messages and treasure, and the sailors were sure of a passage home.

'There are two hundredweights of gold,' said Diego Alamo, the assayer. Rich had had hardly a word with him since they had left Trinidad, and it was delightful to encounter him again and hear the results of his observations.

'That sounds enormous to me,' said Rich.

'Large enough,' said Alamo with a shrug. 'Their Highnesses do not receive that amount of gold in a year's revenue. And there are pearls besides, of more value still, I should fancy, if the market is not too hurriedly flooded with them.'

'This one island, then, is worth more than all Spain?' said Rich, eagerly. Solid facts of this sort were reassuring, especially when retailed by someone as hard-headed and learned as Alamo. But Alamo shrugged again in dampening fashion.

'Perhaps,' he said. 'But part of that

gold is what the Indians have saved for generations. And nowhere does the earth breed gold rapidly. A speck here, a grain there, in the sand. One gathers them, and it is years before another speck is formed. During the last few years most of the grains available have been gathered, and in my opinion the annual amount of gold found in the island will diminish rapidly.'

'Oh,' said Rich, disappointed. 'Does everyone think that?'

'No. They know nothing about the subject. Nor have they read the ancients. You, Doctor, you have read your Livy, your Polybius? Don't you remember how our own Spain was conquered by the Romans and Carthaginians? They found gold there, quantities of gold. Spain was to Carthage what these islands are to Spain. But what gold is there now to be found in Spain? A vein or two in the Asturias. A vein or two in the South. No more.'

Rich found all this a little frightening. If the gold returns were to diminish, as Alamo predicted, and the spice trade were to prove valueless, as Rich had long ago suspected, the colony of Española could not be worth having discovered. The three thousand Spanish lives which had already been expended were quite wasted. But Alamo was ready to reassure him.

'The island has treasures beside gold and spices,' he said. 'It has a soil fifty times more fruitful than Andalusia. The rain and the sun give it a fertility which it is hard to estimate. One man's labor will grow food for ten — see how these wretched Indians have always contrived to live in abundance. Cattle multiply here amazingly. My calculations go to prove that by breeding cattle here a handsome profit would be shown merely by selling the hides in Spain — and I know well enough the cost of sailing a ship from here to there.'

'Cattle? Hides?' said Rich. There was a queer sense of disappointment. A prosaic trade in hides was not nearly as

interesting as a deal in hundredweights of gold.

'Oh, there are other possibilities,' said Alamo, hastily. 'Have you ever tasted sugar?'

'Yes. It is a brown powder beneficent in cases of chills and colds. There is a white variety, too, in crystals. I have had packets sent me as presents occasionally. It has a sweet taste, like honey, or even sweeter. Why, is there sugar to be found in this island?'

'Not as yet. But it could grow here — it is expressed from a cane exactly like the canes we see growing everywhere in this country. The sugar cane is grown in Malaga a little, and in Sicily. My friend Patino retails it at five hundred maravedis an ounce. Once start the cultivation here and in a few years we might be exporting sugar, not by the ounce, but by the ton.'

That was a more alluring prospect than chaffering in hides. A spark of enthusiasm lit in Rich's breast, and then died away to nothing again as he began to consider details.

'It means husbandry,' he said, despondently.

'It means hard work,' agreed Alamo, a smile flickering over his lips.

'There is another possibility,' said Alamo.

'What?'

'It was João de Setubal who put it in my mind,' said Alamo.

It was a queer world in which a cultured man like Alamo could be indebted for ideas to a clumsy barbarian like the Portuguese knight; Rich must have looked his surprise, because Alamo hastened to explain.

'He was complaining of the uselessness of the Indians, just as everyone else does,' said Alamo. 'And then he went on to say how in Lisbon they have Negro slaves nowadays. Stout dependable laborers, brought from the African coast. I had heard about that before, but it had slipped my memory until Don João reminded me of it. They breed freely,

do the Negroes. If Their Highnesses could arrange with the King of Portugal for a supply of Negroes to be sent here . . .'

'You are right, by God!' said Rich.

'This hot climate would be native to them,' said Alamo. 'They could do the heavy work and our Spanish gentlemen fresh out of the jails would not think it beneath them to supervise.'

'And the Indians could be spared,' said Rich, with kindly enthusiasm. 'Perhaps part of the island could be set aside for them to live in without interference — save for Christian teaching, of course.'

This last was a hurried addition.

'The Church would give her blessing,' went on Alamo. 'The Negroes would be brought out of heathen darkness in Africa to lead a Christian life here.'

They eyed each other, a little flushed and excited.

'Sir,' said Rich, solemnly, 'I think that today you have made a suggestion which may change the history of Spain. In my report to His Highness —'

'I would rather, if possible, that His Highness were not reminded of my existence,' said Alamo. 'Torquemada . . .'

'I understand,' said Rich, sadly.

Rich thought how lucky Alamo was. There had been a time when he himself had been delighted at the thought of taking part in the administration of a new empire, but there was no pleasure in it now for him. Those endless conferences in the citadel of San Domingo only left him with an exasperated sense of frustration. It was hard for any decision to be reached — at least, it was hard for the Admiral to reach a decision. There was the pitiful difficulty that Roldan, thanks to his appointment as Alcalde Mayor, could claim a legal justification for his actions.

That was the trouble. Once let the Court of Spain know that there was rebellion in her new colony, that the Admiral could not control his subordinates, and Their Highnesses would have every

justification for removing their Viceroy from office. There was suspicion in the old man's eyes as he looked round the room. Who would be his successor in that case? Bartholomew, the hero of the Indian rebellion? Rich, who had been sent out for no obvious good purpose? Rich could see the struggle in the Admiral's face. His position, his power, — even such as it was, — were very dear to him. After a lifetime of unimportance, he now found himself Admiral and Viceroy, and he did not want to lose the splendid position his genius had won for him, even though his genius was not of the kind to make his position supportable. He was bound to regard with suspicion any advice which came from those who might hope to succeed him. He felt alone and friendless, and his first instinct was to temporize.

That meeting, like those preceding it, broke up without any decision. The next seemed to call for a plan even more urgently because now there was a new and disastrous development. The sentinel on the citadel ramparts announced a ship — she was the caravel *Rosa*, one of the three which had parted from the main expedition to sail direct to Española and which should have arrived three months back. Anxiously they watched her, running gayly down before the eternal east wind, the Admiral and the *Adelantado* and the rest of the Columbus clan, Rich and Alamo and the Acevedo brothers.

'She's the *Rosa*!' said Perez with satisfaction.

'She carried most of the horses,' said the Admiral.

'Did she, by God!' said Bartholomew. 'Then that will end our friend Roldan's career, if enough have survived this infernal long voyage they have made.'

'A big "if,"' whispered Alamo to Rich. 'Why?'

'I know more about those horses than the Admiral does. The horses that came on board are not the same ones as Their

Highnesses paid for. The contractors showed the Admiral two hundred horses on land for his approval, and shipped two hundred quite different horses when they had received it. Four months at sea? Half of them would not survive four days!'

They watched the *Rosa* catch the sea breeze and head for the river mouth.

'No sign of the other two,' said Bartholomew, anxiously. He scanned the horizon unavailingly. 'Lost at sea? Parted company? We shall know soon.'

They knew soon enough; there were three captains on board the *Rosa* with reports to make. It was a rambling story, of losing their way, of finding themselves among the unexplored cannibal islands to the southeastward, and of finally anchoring at Isabella in the north of the island — Roldan's headquarters.

'Holy Mary!' exclaimed Bartholomew. 'What next?'

Ballester, the captain of the *Rosa*, spread helpless hands.

'Half the men in our crews left us,' he said. 'Sixty men — there had been much sickness, as I said. They took the other two caravels. They took the stores out of the *Rosa*. Those of us who would not join them they allowed to sail round to here. That man with no ears — Martinez — would have made us walk across the mountains, sick though we all were. But Roldan let us take the *Rosa*. He said —'

Ballester checked himself.

'What did he say?'

Ballester had no desire to repeat what Roldan had said.

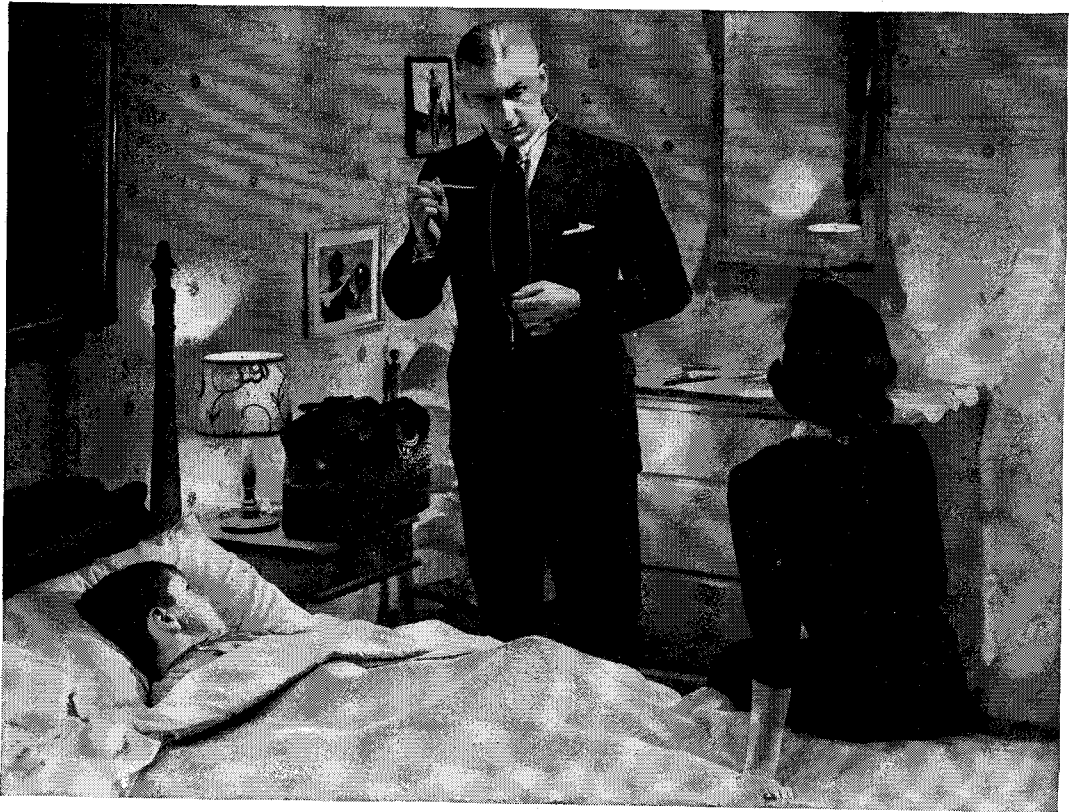
'Really, sir, it was not important. I could not —'

'What did he say?'

'Well, he said we should soon come sailing back to him after a little experience of San Domingo.'

There was an awkward pause, until Bartholomew changed the subject.

'How many men did you leave at Isabella?'



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'Sixty-two. Twenty of them were sick.'

'How many horses?'

'Five.'

'Five? Where are the other hundred?'

'Dead, sir. We were short of water for a long time. And on the voyage —'

'That's all right, man. If Roldan has them, I would rather they were all dead. How many men have you brought in the *Rosa*?'

'Forty-seven, sir. That includes five sick who are likely to die, and two friars.'

The council looked at each other.

'The balance is hardly altered, then,' was Bartholomew's comment. 'We can still fight him.'

Despite the heat and the drumming of the rain outside, Rich found his brain working fast. The newly landed Spaniards at Isabella would be a source of dissension there, very likely. They would not — jailbirds though they might be — take kindly to fighting Spaniards the moment they had landed. They might have slipped easily into mutiny after the hardships of the voyage, but they might hesitate at treason. An immediate move on Isabella would cause them to hesitate, and hesitation is infectious. Roldan's men would hesitate as well. The passive rebellion might be borne down by a bold stroke.

'The sooner the better,' he said, without time to wonder at himself for such advocacy of energetic action.

Everyone looked at the Admiral now, and the Admiral shifted in his seat and eyed them uneasily. With the arrival of the squadron there could be no question of further postponement of the decision. And Rich, watching, noticed how he gazed first at him and then at the *Adelantado*; he guessed what wild conclusions the Admiral was drawing from the unwonted circumstance of the two of them being of one mind. Rich was paralleling the Admiral's thoughts quite closely, yet even he was surprised at

what the Admiral decided eventually to do. The decision was not reached easily. There was argument, — of course there was argument, — and a little spurt of old man's rage, but it was agreed to in the end. The Admiral was to sail round in the *Rosa* to Isabella, and there he was to make one last effort to recall Roldan and his supporters to their allegiance, and, in the event of their refusal, he was to denounce them as traitors.

'One more wasted month,' sneered the *Adelantado*, reluctantly agreeing.

Rich thought the same, but in the face of the old man's unreasoning obstinacy there was only one alternative to agreement, and that was to raise a fresh mutiny in San Domingo.

XVII

The Admiral had sailed, and Rich had leisure now for his other duties, to make plans for the future government of the colony, to try to estimate its future worth, to put the final touches on the report to Their Highnesses which had already grown to such inordinate length. It called for a good deal of consideration to discover the right wording of the suggestion that in place of shiploads of gold and pearls Their Highnesses would be better advised to expect sugar and hides, and of the advice that negotiations should be opened with the half-hostile Court of Lisbon for the supply of Negroes.

Food was scarce. The fifty men who constituted the garrison should have been amply fed from the surrounding country, where thousands of Indians cultivated the soil under the direction of the Spaniards. But naturally these supplies for the government had to be paid for with government funds — with the gold that came from the fifths and tenths and thirds that were levied on the treasures of the island as collected by the Spaniards outside the town. And, when the Spaniards paid it in again, being gold it was subject once more to those

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• *Taking just a few examples at random, we are reminded of the way our equipment helped a pharmaceutical house to step up the manufacture of pills and tablets; of how we aided another laboratory to hasten the cooling of creams and salves for quicker packing. Or take rayon, for example—its manufacture would be almost impossible if it were not for the part air conditioning plays in the drying of the fibres. Air travel, too, is a lot safer because flying instruments are now calibrated more accurately in air conditioned rooms.*

• *Naturally, to produce air conditioning for such a wide variety of applications requires engineering skill of the highest order, plus a range of equipment which extends in our case from a small self contained home unit to a 100 ton compressor.*

• *With such equipment now available, air conditioning is rapidly fulfilling its promise of becoming one of America's leading industries.*

fifths and tenths and thirds, until it was a most unprofitable business even to sell roots to the garrison, certainly not worth the enormous trouble of bringing them in. In San Domingo the healthy sickened and the sick died and discontent seethed, and the *Adelantado* dared not use strong measures for fear of further defections to Roldan, and Rich scratched his head unavailingly to try to make some sense out of the tangle of laws and privileges which had already grown up in that part of the island, which still remained lukewarm in the government's cause.

There were times when Rich wondered whether he was really awake, or whether he was not deep in some prolonged and fantastic nightmare, from which he would presently awake to find himself safe in bed in Barcelona. All this might well be a dream; in clairvoyant moments he realized how quite unlikely it was that it should be reality — that he should have crossed the ocean, and explored new lands, and ridden in a cavalry charge striking down living men with his sword, and should have taken part in high political debate seriously discussing the hanging of hidalgos. It was a marvelous moment to be invited to the *Adelantado's* table, there to eat gluttonously of turtle when a fortunate catch had provided several of the creatures. Rich remembered his shuddering disgust at turtles in the Cape Verdes, where lepers congregated to seek a cure by daubing themselves with turtles' blood. Now he was hungry enough to eat them with appetite — that was a nightmare in itself.

The parrot that Malalé had given him in Paria had died long since, while under Diego Alamo's care during his absence at Soco. It had been a disappointing piece of news to receive on his return; in the brief time that he had owned the lovely thing of red and blue he had grown fond of it, with its comic habits and its crowbar of a beak which prized open any buckle which bound it.

Rich had an uneasy feeling that this island was fated, that everything Spanish that lived in it was doomed to an early end, whether parrots or codes of law. He was aware of a growing disgust for the place.

And then the *Rosa* came sailing back into the harbor, the Admiral's flag flying at the masthead, and Alonso Perez blowing fanfares on his trumpet, startling the sea birds into flight all round the river mouth. The *Adelantado* put off hastily from the shore to welcome his brother; all the others congregated on the beach in anxious expectancy, wondering what had been the outcome of the negotiations with Roldan. They watched for some time before they saw the Admiral descend slowly and painfully into the boat — apparently the brothers had plunged immediately into a long discussion without waiting to return to land.

Apparently, too, the discussion had not been very friendly, to judge by the *Adelantado's* black brow as he splashed through the shallows to the shore; he stood digging his toes irritably into the sand and meeting no one's eyes while the Admiral was being helped ashore, feeble and almost tottering, by Alonso Perez and a couple of Indians. But the Admiral was no sooner within earshot again than Bartholomew turned upon him to renew the discussion.

'Have you a copy of this precious treaty, brother?' he asked.

'Yes,' said the Admiral. He halted in his slow course up the beach and fumbled in his pocket.

'Oh, it can wait until we reach the citadel,' said Bartholomew. 'Gentlemen, come with us and hear what His Excellency the Admiral has agreed upon.'

The Admiral fluttered a thin hand in protest, only to call forth another bitter comment from his brother.

'Why should they not know?' demanded Bartholomew. 'You say the news is to be proclaimed publicly. That is one of the terms.'

The Atlantic

ANNOUNCES THREE SCHOLARSHIPS

*Awarded by The Summer Institute
for Social Progress at Wellesley*

The Summer Institute for Social Progress at Wellesley College, Massachusetts, in co-operation with the Atlantic Monthly, awards three scholarships for the 1940 session of the Institute, July 6 through July 20: —

ONE SCHOLARSHIP, including tuition, board, and room, to RUTH SAFRAN, School of Journalism, University of Missouri, Columbia, Missouri, for her paper, "Democracy Is Like Butter," the best essay on the theme of the conference, "Building Democracy," entered in the 1939-1940 Atlantic Essay Contest for College Students

ONE SCHOLARSHIP, covering tuition, to FRANCES GRINSTEAD, the instructor of Ruth Safran

ONE SCHOLARSHIP, including tuition, board, and room, to ELEANOR RICHMOND, L. C. Humes High School, Memphis, Tennessee, for the best essay on "Democratic Procedures I Use in Teaching," by a college, high school, or private school instructor on the 1939-1940 Atlantic School List

HONORABLE MENTION

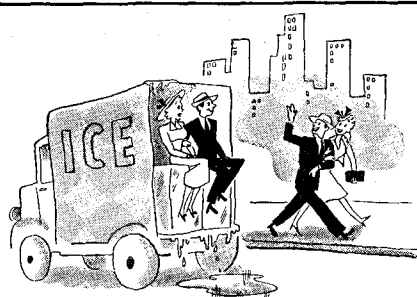
PRISCILLA ALDEN BLACKETT
Wellesley College, Massachusetts
Instructor, Harper G. Brown

SUE WILSDORF
Ward-Belmont College, Nashville, Tennessee
Instructor, Anna Pugh

JEAN A. ISENBURG
University of New Hampshire
Instructor, Carroll S. Towle

KUMUT CHANDRUANG
University of California at Los Angeles
Instructor, Margaret S. Carhart

Correction: The June Atlantic included an announcement of the awarding of honorable mention in the ATLANTIC COLLEGE POETRY CONTEST to the poem, "Autumn," by ALFRED A. ANDERSON, Northern State Teachers College, Lena C. Durboraw, instructor. The address of the college was incorrectly noted as Wisconsin. The correct address is Marquette, Michigan.



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It was only the least of the terms. Bartholomew read the document aloud in the council room, while Rich and the others looked at each other in unbelieving astonishment. It seemed quite incredible that such a treaty could have been made. Item by item Bartholomew read it out, with its unlettered travesty of legal terminology, its 'where-ases' and 'aforesaid's' which a group of ignorant people had put in in an attempt to imitate lawyers' expressions.

By the first clause Roldan and all who followed him were given a pardon for anything they might have done during their stay in the Indies. By the second clause they were, each and severally, to receive from the Admiral a certificate of good conduct. By the third clause a proclamation was to be made throughout the island, to the effect that everything Roldan and his followers had done had met with the Admiral's entire approval. By the fourth clause Roldan was to select who should be allowed to go back to Spain, and those that he should nominate should be allowed to transport whatever property they might desire, either of valuables or of slaves. By the fifth clause the Admiral guaranteed that whoever should remain in Española should receive, free of obligation, as much land as a horse could encircle in a day, with the inhabitants thereof, the recipients to select both the land and the horse. The sixth clause merely confirmed that Roldan was invested with the office and powers of Alcalde Mayor, but added that these powers — as the original document had merely implied without express statement — were of course given in perpetuity to Roldan and his heirs forever, as long as the Admiral's viceregal authority and that of his heirs should endure.

The *Adelantado* interrupted his reading and tapped the document with a gnarled forefinger.

'You did not tell me about this last

one, brother,' he said, and then, turning to the rest of the meeting: 'That appears to be all of importance, gentlemen. The rest is merely a résumé of the titles of His Excellency the Admiral of the Ocean and of the Right Honorable the Alcalde Mayor of the Indies; I think I can spare myself the trouble of reading them.'

There was only a murmur in reply, and a shuffling of feet. Rich's mind was already deeply engaged upon a legal analysis of the treaty he had just heard read, and the others were too stunned to speak.

'Would any of you gentlemen care to comment?' asked the *Adelantado*, but the Admiral spoke before anyone else could open his mouth.

'I will not have the matter discussed,' he said. 'This treaty is your Viceroy's decision, and it would be treason to question it.'

The Admiral sat in his chair, with his hands on his thin knees. He had spoken with an old man's querulousness, and yet — and yet — there was a suspicion of triumph in his glance, a self-satisfied gleam in the blue eyes. It was as if he thought he had done something clever, hard though that was to believe. Rich remembered earlier discussions. Perhaps the Admiral had decided that to retain his power he needed to create some new party for himself which he could play off against the *Adelantado's* brutal bullying, or against Rich's vague powers. Or possibly he wanted to send a dispatch to Spain saying that he had arrived to find the island in disorder, and had dissipated the disorder immediately by a few judicious concessions. Or perhaps he knew he had been weak and would not admit it. Or — anything was possible — he might by now have deluded himself into thinking that he had brought off a really creditable *coup*, just as he believed he had discovered the mines of Ophir and the Earthly Paradise. Meanwhile, Rich saw various loopholes of escape from this treaty.

The Atlantic

presents to those who love biography a new book worthy to be placed beside *The Education of Henry Adams*. It is entitled AS I REMEMBER

AS I REMEMBER HIM

HIM, and its author is a doctor, a great scientist, and a poet — HANS ZINSSER. Here is the life story of a physician who might have been a man of letters, a pathologist who fought infection, notably typhus, in Montenegro and Serbia, Mexico and China, in France during the war, in Russia during the famine years — wherever, in fact, rats, lice, and disease were interfering with contemporary history. It is the story of a great teacher who taught at three American universities, at the University of Paris, and at Peking, a man who loved music, the classics, horses, and humanity. ¶ *As I Remember Him* is the July selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and in recommending it Henry Seidel Canby wrote: "In material of human experience, thought, and imagination, this is one of the richest books that the Book-of-the-Month Club has sent out."

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CHAD HANNA

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'Your Excellency signed of your own free will?' he asked. 'You were not coerced into it?'

'Of course not,' said the Admiral indignantly.

'A promise entered into under compulsion is not binding, Your Excellency,' persisted Rich.

'I know that.'

'And these gifts of land, Your Excellency. . . . Land is a tricky thing to deed away. It is Crown property. I doubt — please pardon me, Your Excellency, but of course we are all anxious to have everything as legal as possible — if Your Excellency's viceregal authority entitles you to dispose of the property of the Crown. The recipients would be well advised to have their title confirmed by Their Highnesses, and until Their Highnesses have given that confirmation I myself, for one, would be chary of entering into any dealings regarding those properties.'

'My agreement with Their Highnesses gives me full powers.'

'Powers can only be expressly given, Your Excellency. Any powers not named are by every rule of law retained by Their Highnesses.'

'Oh, why split these hairs?' broke in the *Adelantado*. 'Their Highnesses are two thousand leagues from here, the treaty is signed, and there's an end of it for a year or so. Roldan and his men will have the land if anything my brother can do can ensure it. There is no profit in continuing this debate, I fancy, gentlemen.'

Rich was of the same opinion. He escaped from the room as soon as he could, and went to sit in the tiny apartment which he shared with Antonio Spallanzani. The *Holy Name* and the

Santa Ana would be sailing soon, and his report must go in one ship while he sailed in the other. He thought longingly of Spain, of his cool stone house and the fountain in the courtyard, the while he sat sweating and fighting the flies.

It would be a long voyage home, reaching far to the northward to avoid the path of the eternal easterly breezes, but in three months at most he would be in Spain. The King would be at Valladolid or Toledo, and he might be kept cooling his heels round the court for weeks. But six months at most, and he would be home again, in his own house, leading a decent and orderly life. He could sit in his big leather chair reading through the pleadings of law-abiding merchants, or, with a hushed band of students behind him, he could issue his judgments, in stately Latin, to the expectant litigants assembled in his hall.

That was the world he knew and loved, not this mad new world of rain and mosquitoes, of slaughter and mutiny, of mad theories and madder politics. And yet, mad though it all was, he was conscious of a queer regret that he was leaving it. He would have liked to stay a while longer, even though he knew that he would be bitterly disappointed if some unforeseen circumstance compelled him to stay. He told himself that he was as mad as everyone else in Española.

Meanwhile the report had to be written, and he had to make up his mind what to write. As he repointed his pen he began to form phrases in his mind. He did not want to word them too strongly — the contents of the report would need no emphasis of phrasing.

(To be concluded)

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